WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

SOMERSET MAUGHAM portrait by Karsh of Ottawa

IN THIS ISSUE

The Language of Love • Austria

Our Founding Fathers • Movie Maker

APRIL 1957

ONE DOLLAR

WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

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THE COVERS – Although he professes to look at life as an amused spectator, W. Somerset Maugham has studied it quite seriously for over 60 years. Indeed, he is so far from being cheerful and optimistic that he has often been accused, by critic and public alike, of cynicism. Photographer Karsh of Ottawa has ignored popular conceptions of Maugham the writer in order to portray on our covers Maugham the man, the thinker, the student of human behavior, whose insatiable curiosity about people and places has resulted in a volume of work almost unequaled among contemporary writers.

RIAY ATKESON PHOTO

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ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

FREDERICK MAYER has devoted his "Invitation to Understanding," a regular contribution to WISDOM'S pages, to some critical remarks on the work of W. Somerset Maugham. In previous issues, Professor Mayer has reviewed the work of such savants as Socrates, Kant, Thoreau and Schweitzer. Professor Mayer is professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands.

FRED RODELL has combined his interest in law, literature and public affairs in his article "Our Founding Fathers," taken from his book *Fifty-five Men*, published by the Stackpole Co. and © 1936. Mr. Rodell has taught at Yale Law School since 1933. He was assistant literary editor of Century Publishing Co. and a member of the *Fortune* board of editors. He has contributed to many major national magazines and also written several books. His public activities have included service on several Governmental committees and councils.

KLAUS W. JONAS is a member of the German Department of Rutgers University. He is the author of many book reviews and articles dealing with modern German literature. Somerset Maugham is, however, a particular interest of Mr. Jonas, and his biographical portrait of Maugham is from his book *The Maugham Enigma*, published and © 1954 by Peter Owen Ltd. He is also founder and curator of the Center of Maugham Studies.

RICHARD ALDINGTON, born and educated in England, has made his home in the United States since 1939. His appraisal of Somerset Maugham in this issue is from his *W. Somerset Maugham: An Appreciation*, published and © 1939 by Doubleday & Co. Inc. In addition to poems and novels, Mr. Aldington has published translations from Greek, French and Medieval Latin authors and biographies of D. H. Lawrence and Voltaire.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, novelist and playwright, has made a remarkable contribution to the literary world of his generation. His autobiography, *The Summing Up*, © 1938 by the author and published by Doubleday & Co. Inc., is sampled here in "The Wisdom of Somerset Maugham." Maugham has been consistently well received by his readers, and two of his works, *Rain* and *The Moon and Sixpence*, have been made into highly successful motion pictures. He now lives in the South of France.

RAYMOND A. WOHLRABE was born in Wisconsin and was schooled at the University of Washington, Purdue University and the University of Southern California. A teacher by profession, he has combined his interests in photography and travel (during summer vacations) to produce illustrated travel literature.
WERNER KRUSCH is a native of Germany, attended schools there and has traveled throughout his homeland. Now a resident of Canada, he met Mr. Wohlrabe in Banff, and out of their meeting came the decision to travel in Europe together and to write a story in collaboration. The selection on Austria is from their book *The Land and People of Austria*, © 1956 by the authors and published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

LIONEL TRILLING has achieved wide recognition as a critic, scholar and teacher. He received his A.B., A.M. and Ph.D. degrees from Columbia University, where he is now professor of English. Professor Trilling's critical acumen is demonstrated here in "Huckleberry Finn – A Commentary on the Story of America's Boyhood Hero," taken from an essay in his book *The Liberal Imagination: Essays on Literature and Society*, published by the Viking Press and © 1950 by the author. This essay, in a slightly different version, first appeared as the introduction to *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, by Mark Twain, in Rinehart Editions, Rinehart & Co. Inc., © 1948 and 1950 by the author.

ELEAZER LECKY studied at the University of Pittsburgh and Harvard and taught at Pittsburgh and Columbia. In 1938, he joined the staff of the University of Southern California, where he is now professor of English. This long professional background, from which his article "The Spider's Web" is something of a departure, has been reflected in the scholarship of Professor Lecky's special interests, semantics and the theory of tragedy.

GROVE WILSON, author and newspaper editor, was born in Greenville, O., and attended public schools there. During his career, he worked for several metropolitan newspapers. He served also as associate editor of Hearst's *International and Smart Set* and of *Popular Science Monthly*. "Healer in the Dawn" is from Mr. Wilson's book *Great Men of Science*, © 1929 by the author and reprinted here by permission of Doubleday & Co. Inc.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE is the author of many books and essays on nature and matters of the spirit and is, by special legislation, poet laureate of South Carolina. Mr. Rutledge's insight into human affections is demonstrated in "The Language of Love," taken from his book *Love's Meaning*, published and © 1943 by Fleming H. Revell Co. In retirement, Mr. Rutledge resides at the family plantation, which he restored, in South Carolina.

MICHAEL AYRTON has had broad experience as an author, painter, sculptor, theatrical designer and illustrator. He has studied in London, Vienna and Paris, and his work has been exhibited throughout the British Isles and the Continent. "Marc Chagall – Poet of the Palette" is from a condensed version of Mr. Ayrton's introduction to one of his books, *Chagall*, © 1948 and published by Faber & Faber Ltd. in its series *The Faber Gallery*.

C. E. MONTAGUE, English journalist and author, was associated with the Manchester *Guardian* from 1890 until his retirement in 1925. During World War I, Mr. Montague served as an intelligence officer, and his essays and novels reflect his experiences and his antiwar sentiments. "The Blessing of Adam" is taken from his *A Writer's Notes on His Trade*, © 1952 by Chatto & Windus Ltd.

LEWIS ATHERTON is professor of history and from 1944-50 was chairman of that department at the University of Missouri, from which he received his A.B., A.M. and Ph.D. degrees. "The Battle of Brands" is part of Professor Atherton's book *Main Street on the Middle Border*, published and © 1954 by the Indiana University Press. An authority on small-town Americana, he draws on his experience gained in youth and early life in the Middle West.

EARNEST ALBERT HOOTON, one of the outstanding authorities on anthropology in America today, is a former Rhodes Scholar and is now a professor at Harvard. The essay "The Nakedness of Man" was originally part of his book *Apes, Men and Morons*, © 1937 by the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. In addition to his work on primates, early man and physical anthropology, he has also studied the physical traits of criminals.

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Somerset Maugham

Invitation

TO UNDERSTANDING

by Frederick Mayer

There are two good things in life — freedom of thought and freedom of action. — SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Somerset Maugham has the profound simplicity of genius. He never pretends; he is never condescending to his audience. He avoids obscurity; he writes to be understood, not to create a structure in symbolism. Although he is extremely well educated both in the humanities and in the sciences, he does not exhibit his knowledge. Urbane and sophisticated, he is never shocked by human behavior. His stories have become milestones in realism.

He has often been called a cynic. His critics feel that his philosophy of life is dominated by a spirit of disenchantment and that he delights in irony. They forget that a writer is not primarily a moralist and that he has the obligation to describe life as he sees it, not as it ought to be. Maugham sees human existence as a strange mixture of biology and poetry, of reality and illusion, of bondage and freedom.

Actually, Maugham believes in idealism, although he does not find an abundance of this spirit in contemporary society. Take his portrait of Larry, the young American, in *The Razor's Edge:* Larry is dissatisfied with materialism and conventional goals; hence he studies ancient thought in Paris and later learns about Hindu philosophy in India. Larry is interested in finding a frame of reference which will guide him amidst the uncertainty and turmoil of everyday existence. Realizing that so many of his friends are desperately unhappy and tortured by envy, he yearns for a faith which will give him serenity. His final insight is that knowledge must be combined with action and that compassion is the fundamental good of life.

Of the great values of human existence, Maugham is skeptical about absolute truth. So often, he feels, the "truth" of one period may be only a sign of ignorance and an exhibit of vanity. A great thinker may merely represent the fashion of his time. Maugham remarks that "man lives not by truth but by make-believe." As a writer, he is concerned with the inner motivation of individuals rather than with their intellectual pretensions.

As for art, Maugham celebrates its imperfection rather than its completeness. A work of art is fleeting and transitory; unlike Plato, Maugham sees it as a biography of the moment rather than as the copy of eternity. Frequently, Maugham, as he relates in *The Summing Up,* is attracted to the novel or painting which has certain deficiencies and yet appeals to the imagination.

Maugham, at the same time, is skeptical about romantic love. Too often, as he shows in "Red," we are blinded by biology and mistake our physical yearnings for spiritual ideals. In many cases, romantic love rests on an illusion which is destroyed by the passage of time. Yet Maugham believes in a spiritual type of love which overcomes the gulf between selfhood and society and which is a mark of genuine enlightenment.

Freedom, to Maugham, is life's highest value. It means that man has a choice: He can be guided by irrational passion or by reason. Passion, as he relates in *Of Human Bondage,* leads to spiritual serfdom, to irrational attachments and to excessive subjectivity, while reason leads to emancipation, to detachment and to benevolence toward man and society.

The United States Constitution
Was Shaped by the Faith in Democracy
and Courageous Foresight of...

Our Founding Fathers

by Fred Rodell

THERE WERE NO AIRPLANES, no railroads, no four-lane concrete highways in those days. They came to Philadelphia on horse and by stagecoach over narrow dirt roads, or aboard ships that needed wind in their sails to make them go. From the great plantations of the South and from the bustling cities of New England they came, these men who were to build in a written document – and handwritten, for there were no typewriters – the foundation of the United States.

They had planned to meet on the 14th of May. But travel was so slow and uncertain in 1787 that it was not until Friday the 25th, almost two weeks later, that enough of them had reached Philadelphia to let the Convention get under way. Even then, only 29 members had arrived. And for weeks men from the farther States up and down the Atlantic Seaboard kept straggling into town, until finally 55 of them, representing 12 of the 13 States, had taken their seats.

Only little Rhode Island refused to send down delegates. Jealous of its powers as an independent State, afraid that under a national government of any kind the larger States would take away those powers, it decided to keep a wary hands-off. And for more than three years after the Constitution was written, little Rhode Island stuck to its guns, refusing to have any part of the new Government until at length it was literally forced by circumstances to become the last of the original States to join the Union.

And of the men appointed by the other States, seven felt as strongly as did Rhode Island about the dangers of national power and declined to take their places at Philadelphia. One of the seven was Patrick Henry, who saw in the business of the Convention a threat to the liberty he prized so highly.

But George Washington was there, representing Virginia, and others, as respected then as they are famous now. There were the Morrises, Gouverneur and Robert, speaking for Pennsylvania. There were Oliver Ellsworth and Roger Sherman from Connecticut. South Carolina sent the Pinckneys and John Rutledge. Alexander Hamilton talked for New York. James Madison and Edmund Randolph joined General Washington from Virginia. John Dickinson represented Delaware. Massachusetts sent Elbridge Gerry and Rufus King. And Benjamin Franklin, whom the other members reverently called "Doctor," 81 years old but still young in spirit, attended the sessions as often as his health would allow.

Among those who met in Philadelphia were eight who had signed the Declaration of Independence 11 years before. Its author, Thomas Jefferson, was not one of them. He was in Paris, acting as Minister to France. And there are many who think that the Constitution might be a different document had he sat in the Convention that framed it. For Jefferson was one of the men who later insisted that the powers originally given the Government be softened by adding to the Constitution the Bill of Rights, as the first 10 Amendments are often called.

Unknown of course to themselves or the others, there sat in the Convention two future Presidents of the Nation they were founding. A future Vice-President was also there. And five future members of the Supreme Court, two of whom were to become Chief Justices, helped write the Court into the Constitution. Judged by their activities both before and after they met in Philadelphia, the Convention was made up of a remarkable group of public men.

Strangely enough, they had not officially come together to set down a constitution. They had been sent by their States only to make a few changes in the flimsy Articles of Confederation, under which the States had been working as a sort of 13-man team since they had won their independence from England. Most of the delegates had been carefully warned that they had no right to do more than amend the Articles. And any changes made, no matter how slight, were to be agreed to by each of the States themselves, through their Legislatures, before they went into effect.

Under the Articles of Confederation there was really no national

government at all. There was a Congress in which, as in the Senate today, each of the States had equal voting power. Each State, in other words, no matter how large or how small, had one vote. And that Congress was the only official body that kept the 13 States together.

There was no separate president, no vice-president, no cabinet, no real executive officer of any kind. There were no federal courts of law. The Congress could pass laws but it had no way of enforcing them. That was up to the States, which in turn, if they did not like what Congress did, had only to pay no attention to it.

The Congress could vote to use money for some national purpose. But it could not, on its own hook, get the money to use. The money had to be supplied, if at all, by gifts from the State Treasuries. Or if the money was borrowed from private citizens, then it could not be repaid until the State Legislatures voted Congress the funds to repay it.

The Congress could declare war. But it could not fight a war unless the States supplied men. It could not regulate money or trade; it could not enforce foreign treaties; it could not push back the Indians on the Western frontier without the consent and voluntary aid of the separate States themselves. The members of this ridiculously helpless Congress were even paid, not out of a national fund, but by the States that sent them.

This Congress, which was all there was of a federal government, was really not much more than an interstate conference. Each State was bound only so far as it wanted to be bound. Concerted action could be taken only when enough States felt like taking that action separately.

Under the Articles of Confederation, it had been the small farmers and the ever-growing debtor class who had fared the best. The State Legislatures were pretty much under their control. No wonder then that they tried to tie the hands of the men they sent to the Convention in Philadelphia. No wonder they made it painfully clear that they would accept no more than a slight revision of the Articles. They did not want to lose, under a strong national government, the upper hand that they held in the separate States.

But the men who put the Convention across had different ideas. They had seen one convention, called for Annapolis the year before, break up in failure. Only five of the 13 States had sent delegates. The rest had been frightened off by the mere suggestion of strengthening the central government.

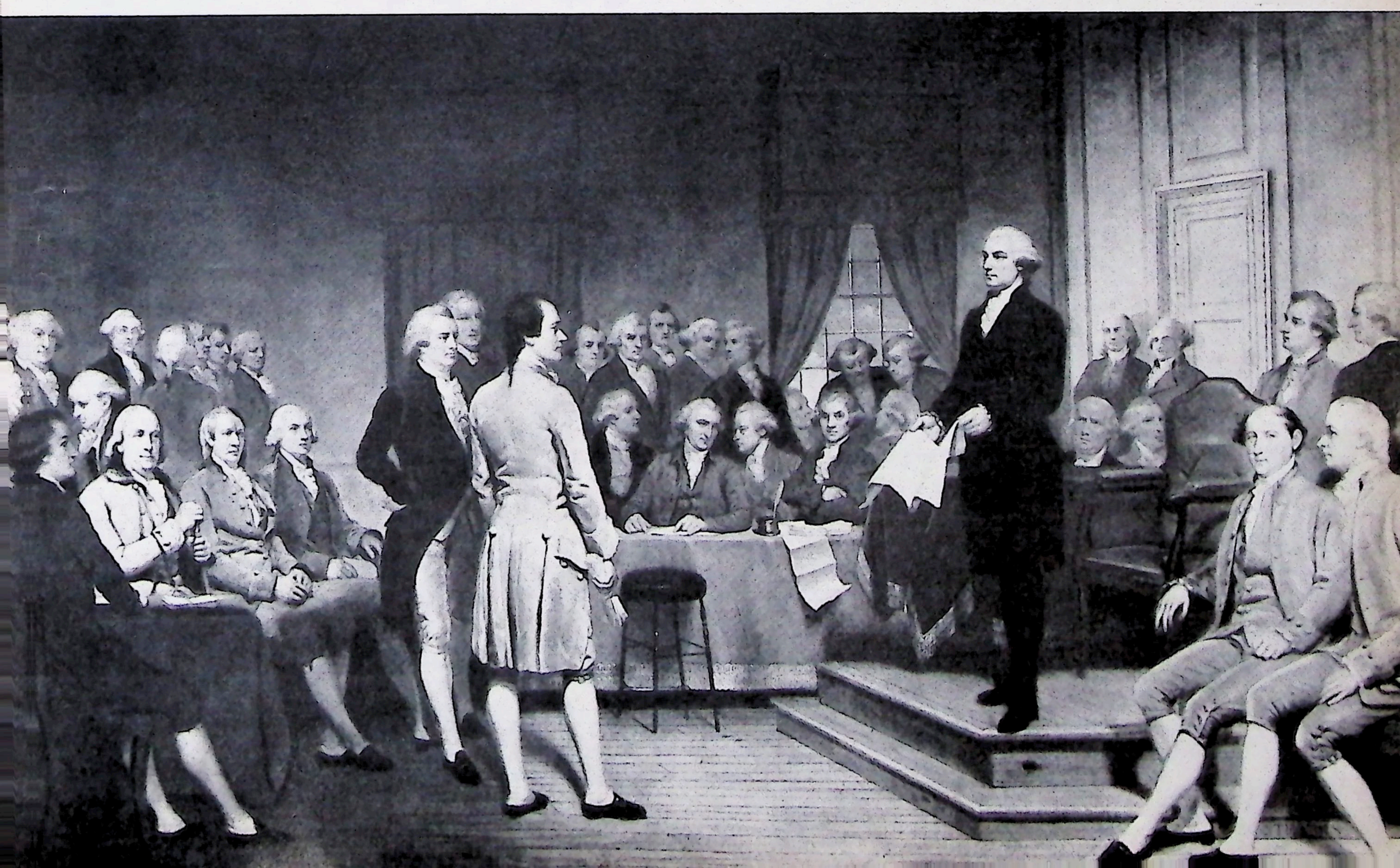
So this time the men who wanted a convention were more cautious. They sent out a call to the States for delegates. The call, warily worded by Alexander Hamilton, made the whole plan sound as harmless as possible. All that was wanted was to make a few minor changes in the Articles of Confederation. Even these changes, after they were made, were to go back to the States, which could then decide whether or not they wanted to accept them.

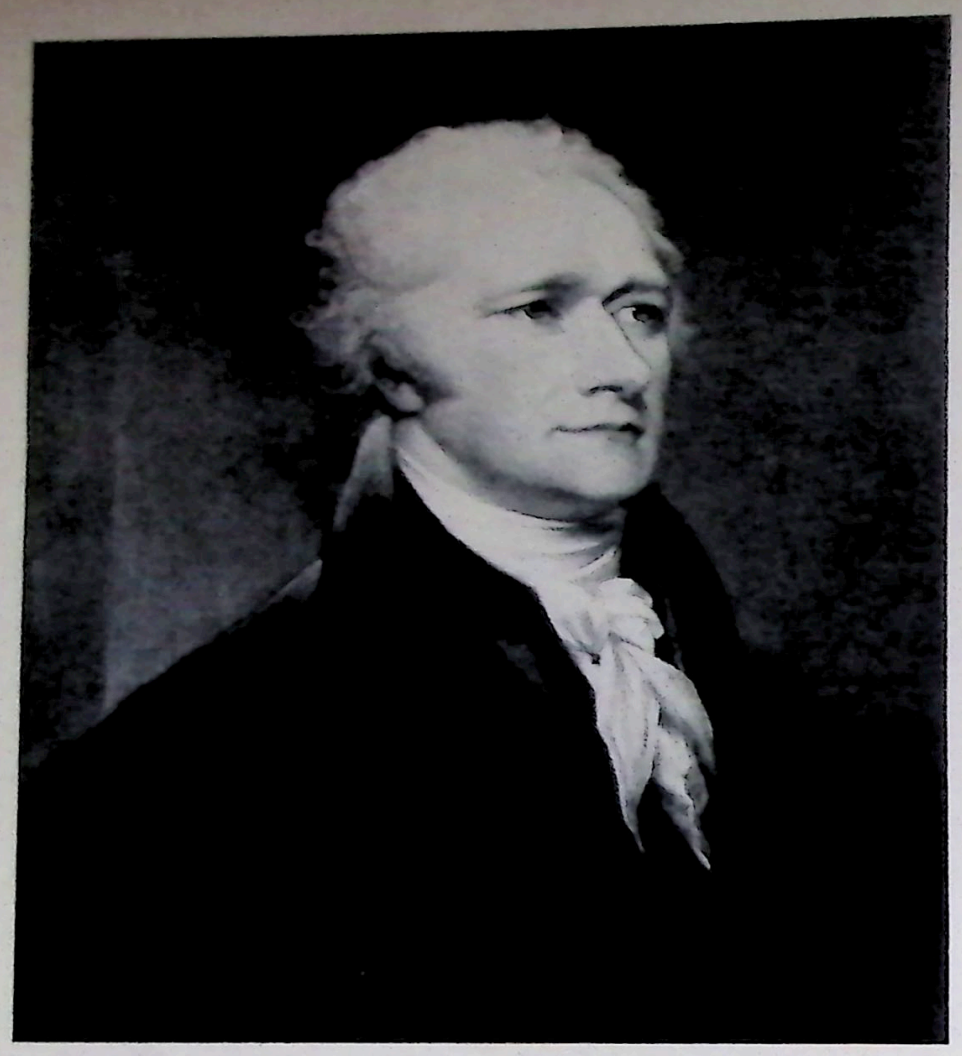
The States — all except cagey little Rhode Island — could not object to this. Treating the whole business almost casually, they appointed their delegates. And for the most part, these delegates were the men who had worked for the Convention, and who now put themselves forth as candidates and were accepted almost as a matter of course.

It is a mistake to think of these men as visionary dreamers, playing around at Philadelphia with abstract conceptions of political theory, pulling a whole scheme of government out of the air like a rabbit out of a hat.

True, many of them had read and studied enough about the science of politics to put the average politician of today to shame. But political science was to them an extremely practical topic of

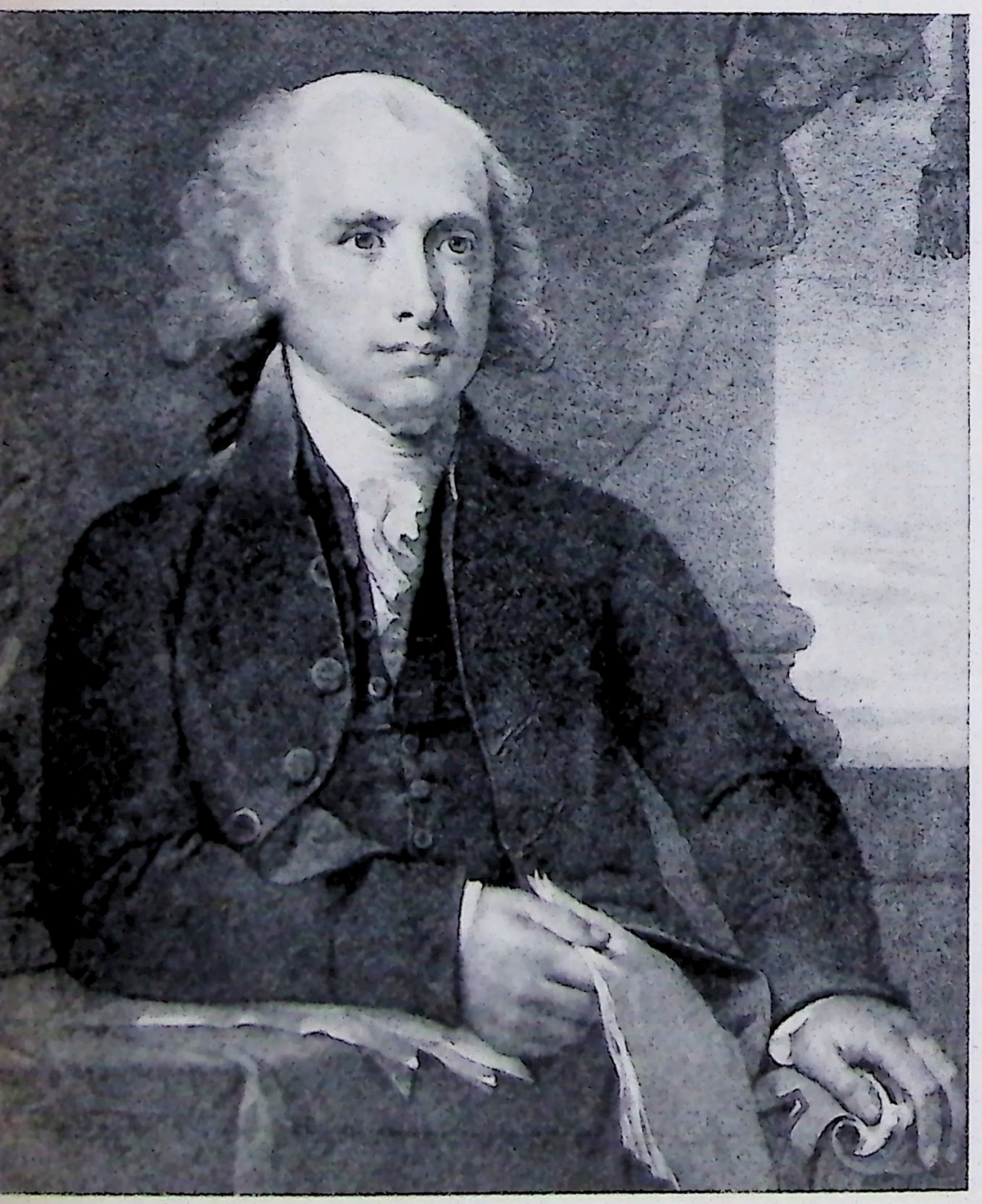
George Washington was chosen unanimously by the 55 delegates to head the Constitutional Convention.





Alexander Hamilton, one of the men responsible for the calling of the Constitutional Convention, typified the extreme reaction to incipient anarchy under the Articles of Confederation. A brilliant orator, he argued vehemently for strong central government.

James Madison was a Jeffersonian liberal whose political insight perhaps went beyond Hamilton's. Madison saw that central government was needed by the loosely federated States, but he also knew that tyranny threatened if individual States should relinquish all sovereignty.



discussion, dealing with the extremely practical business of running a government — not, as today, a branch of higher learning reserved for the use of graduate students.

They were essentially hardheaded men of affairs. Almost all of them were wealthy or well-to-do. They and their friends were among those who missed most the hand of a strong national government. They knew what such a government could do for business, in many ways. And they believed that only under such a government, capable and willing to protect business and trade and property from the dangers that threatened on every side, could the new Nation grow.

So they came to Philadelphia with their tongues somewhat in their cheeks. It did not take them long to untie the knots with which the States thought their hands were safely bound. The knots had been nothing but slipknots all the time.

Unquestionably, these men went far beyond the limits that the States which sent them there intended to put on them. Inasmuch as they did so, it might perhaps be said that the writing of the Constitution was unconstitutional. The job they were given to do was to change the Articles of Confederation.

But when they went back to their homes, after working and debating through four long months of a hot Philadelphia summer, they had done a great deal more. They had set down on paper the foundation of the United States.

The first business before the Convention on its first day was the choosing of a president. Robert Morris nominated George

EDMUND RANDOLPH

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY

GEORGE MASON

The authors of the Constitution were a heterogeneous group in their political ideals. Randolph and Mason, both Virginians, disagreed on the new Constitution. Mason felt that individual liberties had been usurped and, allied with Patrick Henry, fought against ratification by Virginia. Randolph had early misgivings about its validity but finally sought his State's approval. Pinckney, a South Carolinian, helped to frame the Constitution as it was finally offered for ratification.

Washington. There were no other nominations. The election was unanimous. The man who was to become the Nation's first President took the chair to preside over the meeting which created that Nation. Not being an old hand at this sort of job — he was, after all, used to a more active life — he apologized for his inexperience and hoped he would not make too many mistakes. Then a committee was appointed to draw up rules for the Convention and the members adjourned for the weekend.

The rules, adopted the following Monday, show how seriously these men went about their work. One of the rules required that "Every member, rising to speak, shall address the President; and whilst he shall be speaking, none shall pass between them, or hold discourse with another or read a book, pamphlet or paper, printed or manuscript." The impressive and businesslike air that must have hung over an assembly, where this rule was rigidly enforced and followed, makes a queer contrast with the casual or else riotous scene that is often enacted on the floor of Congress today.

Today, also, any such meeting as this would have its flock of newspaper reporters jotting down notes, interviewing members, rushing their stories off by phone or telegraph. Tomorrow's papers would carry streamer headlines and syndicated features by special writers. Important speeches would be broadcast over a national network. But the Constitutional Convention ruled that its deliberations should be kept strictly secret: "that nothing spoken in the House be printed, or otherwise published or communicated without leave."

These men felt that they had come together, not to make speeches, but to get things done. They did not want publicity of any sort. It is said that when Benjamin Franklin, good-natured and garrulous, went out at night to dinner, a close-mouthed member was always at his side to see that the old gentleman did not talk too freely.

Even in the official minutes of the Convention, kept by its secretary, none of the discussion, none of the debates, were set down. Nothing but the formal motions themselves and the lists of ayes and noes were put on record. And even that record was closed to outsiders until the Convention was over.

But James Madison, sitting with his back to Washington, facing the other members, made himself the real reporter of the Convention. Day in and day out he sat there, writing down in a sort of makeshift shorthand the debates, the speeches, everything that went on.

The other members, knowing of course what he was doing, knowing that they could trust him for both accuracy and secrecy, gave him their silent approval. They helped him fill out his notes with their own copies or memories of what they had said. And it was not until after Madison, the last living member of the Convention, had died, that his notes were published.

It is only in these notes of Madison's that there exists today any nearly complete record of what really happened back in 1787, when 55 men from 12 young States got together in Philadelphia and hammered out a Constitution. ◆

The U. S. Constitution was forged out of divergent ideals and temperaments and is a lasting monument to the spirit of perseverance, compromise and justice characteristic of the Convention. Originally, it contained only seven articles and a preamble, but assured government by the principle of majority rule. Reproduced on the following pages is the original Constitution.

In Convention Monday September 17th 1787.

Present

The States of

New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Mr Hamilton from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

Resolved,

That the preceding Constitution be laid before the United States in Congress assembled, and that it is the Opinion of this Convention, that it should afterwards be submitted to a Convention of Delegates, chosen in each State by the People thereof, under the Recommendation of its Legislature, for their Assent and Ratification; and that each Convention assenting to, and ratifying the Same, should give Notice thereof to the United States in Congress assembled.

Resolved That it is the Opinion of this Convention, that as soon as the Conventions of nine States shall have ratified this Constitution, the United States in Congress assembled should fix a Day on which Electors should be appointed by the States which shall have ratified the same, and a Day on which the Electors should assemble to vote for the President, and the Time and Place for commencing Proceedings under this Constitution.

That after such Publication the Electors should be appointed, and the Senators and Representatives elected: That the Electors should meet on the Day fixed for the Election of the President, and should transmit their Votes certified, signed, sealed and directed, as the Constitution requires, to the Secretary of the United States in Congress assembled, that the Senators and Representatives should convene at the Time and Place assigned; that the Senators should appoint a President of the Senate, for the sole Purpose of receiving, opening and counting the Votes for President; and, that after he shall be chosen, the Congress, together with the President, should without Delay proceed to execute this Constitution.

By the unanimous Order of the Convention

Go: Washington Presidt

W. Jackson Secretary.

We The People

of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common Defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Article. I.

Section 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People of the several States, and the Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature.

No Person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the Age of twenty five Years, and been seven Years a Citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an Inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen.

Representatives and direct Taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective Numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole Number of free Persons, including those bound to Service for a Term of Years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other Persons. The actual Enumeration shall be made within three Years after the first Meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent Term of ten Years, in such Manner as they shall by Law direct. The Number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty Thousand, but each State shall have at least one Representative; and until such enumeration shall be made, the State of New Hampshire shall be entitled to chuse three, Massachusetts eight, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations one, Connecticut five, New York six, New Jersey four, Pennsylvania eight, Delaware one, Maryland six, Virginia ten, North Carolina five, South Carolina five, and Georgia three.

When vacancies happen in the Representation from any State, the Executive Authority thereof shall issue Writs of Election to fill such Vacancies.

The House of Representatives shall chuse their Speaker and other Officers; and shall have the sole Power of Impeachment.

Section 3. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof, for six Years; and each Senator shall have one Vote.

Immediately after they shall be assembled in Consequence of the first Election, they shall be divided as equally as may be into three Classes. The Seats of the Senators of the first Class shall be vacated at the Expiration of the second Year, of the second Class at the Expiration of the fourth Year, and of the third Class at the Expiration of the sixth Year, so that one third may be chosen every second Year; and if Vacancies happen by Resignation, or otherwise, during the Recess of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temporary Appointments until the next Meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such Vacancies.

No Person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the Age of thirty Years, and been nine Years a Citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an Inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen.

The Vice President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no Vote, unless they be equally divided.

The Senate shall chuse their other Officers, and also a President pro tempore, in the Absence of the Vice President, or when he shall exercise the Office of President of the United States.

The Senate shall have the sole Power to try all Impeachments. When sitting for that Purpose, they shall be on Oath or Affirmation. When the President of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice shall preside: And no Person shall be convicted without the Concurrence of two thirds of the Members present.

Judgment in Cases of Impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from Office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any Office of honor, Trust or Profit under the United States: but the Party convicted shall nevertheless be liable and subject to Indictment, Trial, Judgment and Punishment, according to Law.

Section. 4. The Times, Places and Manner of holding Elections for Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by Law make or alter such Regulations, except as to the Places of chusing Senators.

The Congress shall assemble at least once in every Year, and such Meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by Law appoint a different Day.

Section. 5. Each House shall be the Judge of the Elections, Returns and Qualifications of its own Members, and a Majority of each shall constitute a Quorum to do Business; but a smaller Number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the Attendance of absent Members, in such Manner, and under such Penalties as each House may provide.

Each House may determine the Rules of its Proceedings, punish its Members for disorderly Behaviour, and, with the Concurrence of two thirds, expel a Member.

Each House shall keep a Journal of its Proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such Parts as may in their Judgment require Secrecy; and the Yeas and Nays of the Members of either House on any question shall, at the Desire of one fifth of those Present, be entered on the Journal.

Neither House, during the Session of Congress, shall, without the Consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other Place than that in which the two Houses shall be sitting.

Section 6. The Senators and Representatives shall receive a Compensation for their Services, to be ascertained by Law, and paid out of the Treasury of the United States. They shall in all Cases, except Treason, Felony and Breach of the Peace, be privileged from Arrest during their Attendance at the Session of their respective Houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and for any Speech or Debate in either House, they shall not be questioned in any other Place.

No Senator or Representative shall, during the Time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil Office under the Authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the Emoluments whereof shall have been encreased during such time; and no Person holding any Office under the United States, shall be a Member of either House during his Continuance in Office.

Section. 7. All Bills for raising Revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with Amendments as on other Bills.

Every Bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it become a Law, be presented to the President of the

United States; & If he approve he shall sign it, but if not he shall return it, with his Objections to that House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the Objections at large on their Journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such Reconsideration two thirds of that House shall agree to pass the Bill, it shall be sent, together with the Objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two thirds of that House, it shall become a Law. But in all such Cases the Votes of both Houses shall be determined by yeas and Nays, and the Names of the Persons voting for and against the Bill shall be entered on the Journal of each House respectively. If any Bill shall not be returned by the President within ten Days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the Same shall be a Law, in like Manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their Adjournment prevent its Return, in which Case it shall not be a Law.

Every Order, Resolution, or Vote to which the Concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary (except on a Question of Adjournment) shall be presented to the President of the United States; and before the Same shall take Effect, shall be approved by him, or being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by three fourths of the Senate and House of Representatives, according to the Rules and Limitations prescribed in the Case of a Bill.

Section. 8. The Congress shall have Power To lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to pay the Debts and provide for the common Defence and general Welfare of the United States; but all Duties, Imposts and Excises shall be uniform throughout the United States;

To borrow Money on the credit of the United States;

To regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian Tribes;

To establish an uniform Rule of Naturalization, and uniform Laws on the subject of Bankruptcies throughout the United States;

To coin Money, regulate the Value thereof, and of foreign Coin, and fix the Standard of Weights and Measures;

To provide for the Punishment of counterfeiting the Securities and current Coin of the United States;

To establish Post Offices and post Roads;

To promote the Progress of Science and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to Authors and Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective Writings and Discoveries;

To constitute Tribunals inferior to the supreme Court;

To define and punish Piracies and Felonies committed on the high Seas, and Offences against the Law of Nations;

To declare War, grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal, and make Rules concerning Captures on Land and Water;

To raise and support Armies, but no Appropriation of Money to that Use shall be for a longer Term than two Years;

To provide and maintain a Navy;

To make Rules for the Government and Regulation of the land and naval Forces;

To provide for calling forth the Militia to execute the Laws of the Union, suppress Insurrections and repel Invasions;

To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining, the Militia, and for governing such Part of them as may be employed in the Service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively, the Appointment of the Officers, and the Authority of training the Militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress;

To exercise exclusive Legislation in all Cases whatsoever, over such District (not exceeding ten Miles square) as may, by Cession of particular States, and the Acceptance of Congress, become the Seat of the Government of the United States, and to exercise like Authority over all Places purchased by the Consent of the Legislature of the State in which the Same shall be, for the Erection of Forts, Magazines, Arsenals, dock Yards, and other needful Buildings;—And

To make all Laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into Execution the foregoing Powers, and all other Powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any Department or Officer thereof.

Section. 9. The Migration or Importation of such Persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the Year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a Tax or duty may be imposed on such Importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each Person.

The Privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in Cases of Rebellion or Invasion the public Safety may require it.

No Bill of Attainder or ex post facto Law shall be passed.

No Capitation, or other direct, Tax shall be laid, unless in Proportion to the Census or Enumeration herein before directed to be taken.

No Tax or Duty shall be laid on Articles exported from any State.

No Preference shall be given by any Regulation of Commerce or Revenue to the Ports of one State over those of another: nor shall Vessels bound to, or from one State, be obliged to enter, clear, or pay Duties in another.

No Money shall be drawn from the Treasury, but in Consequence of Appropriations made by Law; and a regular Statement and Account of the Receipts and Expenditures of all public Money shall be published from time to time.

No Title of Nobility shall be granted by the United States: And no Person holding any Office of Profit or Trust under them, shall, without the Consent of the Congress, accept of any present, Emolument, Office, or Title, of any kind whatever, from any King, Prince, or foreign State.

Section. 10. No State shall enter into any Treaty, Alliance, or Confederation; grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal; coin Money; emit Bills of Credit; make any Thing but gold and silver Coin a Tender in Payment of Debts; pass any Bill of Attainder, ex post facto Law, or Law impairing the Obligation of Contracts, or grant any Title of Nobility.

No State shall, without the Consent of the Congress, lay any Imposts or Duties on Imports or Exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection Laws: and the net Produce of all Duties and Imposts, laid by any State on Imports or Exports, shall be for the Use of the Treasury of the United States; and all such Laws shall be subject to the Revision and Control of the Congress.

No State shall, without the Consent of Congress, lay any Duty of Tonnage, keep Troops, or Ships of War in time of Peace, enter into any Agreement or Compact with another State, or with a foreign Power, or engage in War, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent Danger as will not admit of Delay.

Article. II.

Section. 1. The executive Power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his Office during the Term of four Years, and, together with the Vice President, chosen for the same Term, be elected, as follows:

Each State shall appoint, in such Manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a Number of Electors, equal to the whole Number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress: but no Senator or Representative, or Person holding an Office of Trust or Profit under the United States, shall be appointed an Elector.

The Electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by Ballot for two Persons, of whom

the same State with themselves. And they shall make a List of all the Persons voted for, and of the Number of Votes for each; which List they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the Seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall in the Presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the Certificates, and the Votes shall then be counted. The Person having the greatest Number of Votes shall be the President, if such Number be a Majority of the whole Number of Electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such Majority, and have an equal Number of Votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately chuse by Ballot one of them for President; and if no Person have a Majority, then from the five highest on the List the said House shall in like Manner chuse the President. But in chusing the President, the Votes shall be taken by States, the Representation from each State having one Vote; A quorum for this Purpose shall consist of a Member or Members from two thirds of the States, and a Majority of all the States shall be necessary to a Choice. In every Case, after the Choice of the President, the Person having the greatest Number of Votes of the Electors shall be the Vice President. But if there should remain two or more who have equal Votes, the Senate shall chuse from them by Ballot the Vice President.

The Congress may determine the Time of chusing the Electors, and the Day on which they shall give their Votes; which Day shall be the same throughout the United States.

No Person except a natural born Citizen, or a Citizen of the United States, at the time of the Adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the Office of President; neither shall any Person be eligible to that Office who shall not have attained to the Age of thirty five Years, and been fourteen Years a Resident within the United States.

In Case of the Removal of the President from Office, or of his Death, Resignation, or Inability to discharge the Powers and Duties of the said Office, the Same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress may by Law provide for the Case of Removal, Death, Resignation or Inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what Officer shall then act as President, and such Officer shall act accordingly, until the Disability be removed, or a President shall be elected.

The President shall, at stated Times, receive for his Services, a Compensation, which shall neither be encreased nor diminished during the Period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that Period any other Emolument from the United States, or any of them.

Before he enter on the Execution of his Office, he shall take the following Oath or Affirmation:— "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my Ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Section. 2. The President shall be Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the Militia of the several States, when called into the actual Service of the United States; he may require the Opinion, in writing, of the principal Officer in each of the executive Departments, upon any subject relating to the Duties of their respective Offices, and he shall have Power to grant Reprieves and Pardons for Offences against the United States, except in Cases of Impeachment.

He shall have Power, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, to make Treaties, provided two thirds of the Senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, shall appoint Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, Judges of the supreme Court, and all other Officers of the United States, whose Appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by Law: but the Congress may by Law vest the Appointment of such inferior Officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the Courts of Law, or in the Heads of Departments.

The President shall have Power to fill up all Vacancies that may happen during the Recess of the Senate, by granting Commissions which shall expire at the End of their next Session.

Section. 3. He shall from time to time give to the Congress Information of the State of the Union, and recommend to their Consideration such Measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may, on extraordinary Occasions, convene both Houses, or either of them, and in Case of Disagreement between them, with Respect to the Time of Adjournment, he may adjourn them to such Time as he shall think proper; he shall receive Ambassadors and other public Ministers; he shall take Care that the Laws be faithfully executed, and shall Commission all the Officers of the United States.

Section. 4. The President, and all civil Officers of the United States, shall be removed from Office on Impeachment for, and Conviction of, Treason, Bribery, or other high Crimes and Misdemeanors.

Article III.

Section. 1. The judicial Power of the United States, shall be vested in one supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The Judges, both of the supreme and inferior Courts, shall hold their Offices during good Behaviour, and shall, at stated Times, receive for their Services a Compensation, which shall not be diminished during their Continuance in Office.

Section. 2. The judicial Power shall extend to all Cases, in Law and Equity, arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties made, or which shall be made, under their Authority;— to all Cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls;— to all Cases of admiralty and maritime Jurisdiction;— to Controversies to which the United States shall be a Party;— to Controversies between two or more States;— between a State and Citizens of another State;— between Citizens of different States;— between Citizens of the same State claiming Lands under Grants of different States, and between a State, or the Citizens thereof, and foreign States, Citizens or Subjects.

In all Cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, and those in which a State shall be Party, the supreme Court shall have original Jurisdiction. In all the other Cases before mentioned, the supreme Court shall have appellate Jurisdiction, both as to Law and Fact, with such Exceptions, and under such Regulations as the Congress shall make.

The Trial of all Crimes, except in Cases of Impeachment, shall be by Jury; and such Trial shall be held in the State where the said Crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any State, the Trial shall be at such Place or Places as the Congress may by Law have directed.

Section. 3. Treason against the United States, shall consist only in levying War against them, or in adhering to their Enemies, giving them Aid and Comfort. No Person shall be convicted of Treason unless on the Testimony of two Witnesses to the same overt Act, or on Confession in open Court.

The Congress shall have Power to declare the Punishment of Treason, but no Attainder of Treason shall work Corruption of Blood, or Forfeiture except during the Life of the Person attainted.

Article IV.

Section. 1. Full Faith and Credit shall be given in each State to the public Acts, Records, and judicial Proceedings of every other State. And

Congress may by general Laws prescribe the Manner in which such Acts, Records and Proceedings shall be proved, and the Effect thereof.

Section. 2. The Citizens of each State shall be entitled to all Privileges and Immunities of Citizens in the several States.

A Person charged in any State with Treason, Felony, or other Crime, who shall flee from Justice, and be found in another State, shall on Demand of the executive Authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having Jurisdiction of the Crime.

No Person held to Service or Labour in one State, under the Laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in Consequence of any Law or Regulation therein, be discharged from such Service or Labour, but shall be delivered up on Claim of the Party to whom such Service or Labour may be due.

Section. 3. New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the Jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the Junction of two or more States, or Parts of States, without the Consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned as well as of the Congress.

The Congress shall have Power to dispose of and make all needful Rules and Regulations respecting the Territory or other Property belonging to the United States; and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to Prejudice any Claims of the United States, or of any particular State.

Section. 4. The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican Form of Government, and shall protect each of them against Invasion; and on Application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened) against domestic Violence.

Article. V.

The Congress, whenever two thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose Amendments to this Constitution, or, on the Application of the Legislatures of two thirds of the several States, shall call a Convention for proposing Amendments, which, in either Case, shall be valid to all Intents and Purposes, as Part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three fourths of the several States, or by Conventions in three fourths thereof as the one or the other Mode of Ratification may be proposed by the Congress; Provided that no Amendment which may be made prior to the Year One thousand eight hundred and eight shall in any Manner affect the first and fourth Clauses in the Ninth Section of the first Article; and that no State, without its Consent, shall be deprived of its equal Suffrage in the Senate.

Article. VI.

All Debts contracted and Engagements entered into, before the Adoption of this Constitution, shall be as valid against the United States under this Constitution, as under the Confederation.

This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the Authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the Contrary notwithstanding.

The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the Members of the several State Legislatures, and all executive and judicial Officers, both of the United States and of the several States, shall be bound by Oath or Affirmation, to support this Constitution; but no religious Test shall ever be required as a Qualification to any Office or public Trust under the United States.

Article. VII.

The Ratification of the Conventions of nine States, shall be sufficient for the Establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the Same.

The Word "the" being interlined between the seventh and eighth Lines of the first Page, the Word "Thirty" being partly written on an Erasure in the fifteenth Line of the first Page. The Words "is not" being interlined between the thirty second and thirty third Lines of the first Page and the Word "the" being interlined between the forty third and forty fourth Lines of the second Page.

Attest William Jackson Secretary

done in Convention by the Unanimous Consent of the States present the Seventeenth Day of September in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and Eighty seven and of the Independance of the United States of America the Twelfth In Witness whereof We have hereunto subscribed our Names,

Go. Washington — President and Deputy from Virginia

New Hampshire	John Langdon, Nicholas Gilman
Massachusetts	Nathaniel Gorham, Rufus King
Connecticut	Wm. Saml. Johnson, Roger Sherman
New York	Alexander Hamilton
New Jersey	Wil. Livingston, David Brearley, Wm. Paterson, Jona. Dayton
Pennsylvania	B. Franklin, Thomas Mifflin, Robt. Morris, Geo. Clymer, Thos. FitzSimons, Jared Ingersoll, James Wilson, Gouv. Morris
Delaware	Geo: Read, Gunning Bedford jun, John Dickinson, Richard Bassett, Jaco: Broom
Maryland	James M'Henry, Dan of St Thos Jenifer, Danl Carroll
Virginia	John Blair, James Madison Jr.
North Carolina	Wm. Blount, Richd. Dobbs Spaight, Hu Williamson
South Carolina	J. Rutledge, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Charles Pinckney, Pierce Butler
Georgia	William Few, Abr Baldwin

Biographical portrait of a writer:

Somerset Maugham

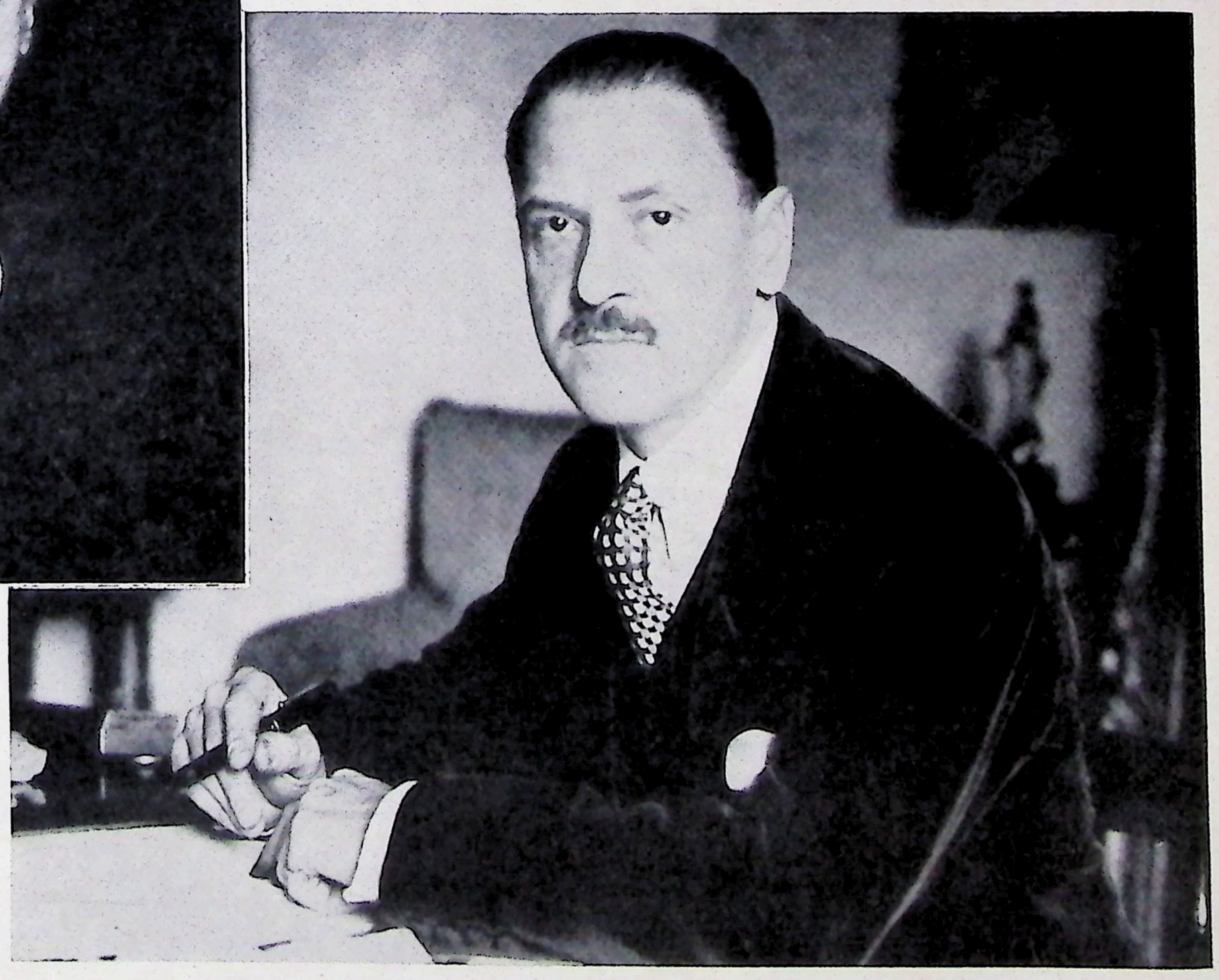
WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM was born in Paris on January 25, 1874. His family is of Irish origin. One of his forefathers migrated to Westmorland, and for centuries his ancestors lived as gentlemen-farmers and local government officials. Robert Armand Maugham, the author's grandfather, was a distinguished barrister who had written extensively on legal subjects. He was one of the founders of the Incorporated Law Society and for many years editor and proprietor of the *Legal Observer*.

Maugham's father, Robert Armand Jr., was a man of the world who, like his youngest son, enjoyed travel and books. After extensive trips to Asia Minor and Africa he was appointed, in 1850, solicitor to the British Embassy in Paris, where he settled in the Rue d'Antin. His beautiful wife, a woman of great cultivation, was 20 years his junior, completely devoted to him and his interests. Their acquaintances included statesmen, artists and writers; among their friends they counted men like Prosper Mérimée and Gustave Doré. Maugham's eldest brother, Frederick, is also a lawyer: He has attained an eminent position as Chief Justice of England and, in 1935, was raised to the peerage.

In 1882, Mrs. Maugham died from tuberculosis, and two years later her husband succumbed to cancer. William Somerset, the youngest of six sons, was sent to live with an uncle, the Rev. Henry MacDonald Maugham, vicar of Whitstable, and his German-born wife Sophie, daughter of Baron von Scheidlin. At 13 he attended King's College, Canterbury, a small public school for gentlemen's sons, where he was bullied by the masters and his fellow students. In 1890 he contracted tuberculosis; following a cure in Southern France, he completed his secondary schooling. He was extremely unhappy, small, in poor health, shy and afflicted with a bad stammer. Throughout his life the memories of the pleasant years in France, the gay atmosphere of Paris and the miserable seven years in Kent have never left him.

In 1891 Maugham went to Heidelberg, where he spent the happiest year of his life. Though he was not officially registered as a student, he attended lectures in its old university, enjoying discussions on philosophy, poetry, religion and art. On his return to England he worked for some time in the office of a chartered accountant, but, having no taste for this type of work, he entered St. Thomas's Hospital, a medical school established in the 13th century, where, after six years of study, he was qualified as a member of the Royal College of Surgeons and a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. Except for a year in the London slums as an intern, he never practiced his profession. Instead he became what he had wanted most of all to be: a writer.

In 1897 he went to live for some time in Spain. He filled his notebooks with material on the life of that country, which resulted in his two books *Andalusia* and *Don Fernando*. In 1899 his first book of short stories, *Orientations*, was published. It seems charac-



Somerset Maugham has been successful in almost every genre of literature. His long career began when he was only 23, with the publication of his first novel; his work praised most, "Of Human Bondage," was published when he was 41. Although now officially "retired," he continues to write and to enjoy wide popular acclaim.

by Klaus W. Jonas

teristic that Maugham's lifelong love for Spain is reflected in his use of this country as the setting for the first and last short stories of the book: "Don Sebastian" and "The Point of Honour."

In his first novel, *Liza of Lambeth*, Maugham draws on his experiences as a medical student who had delivered 62 babies in the slums of London. The *St. Thomas's Hospital Gazette* of June 1898 said of this book that it had achieved a great and well deserved success: "It deals with one aspect of Lambeth life in a powerful and perhaps rather lurid way; the uncompromising vigor of both plot and style will appeal strongly to all lovers of realism. Mr. Maugham is to be congratulated on it, and we surmise and hope that we may have the opportunity of reading more of his work in the future."

In his first efforts as a dramatist Maugham was not successful: Producer after producer refused to accept his plays and therefore the drama critic of the English *Saturday Review*, Max Beerbohm, advised him to abandon the theater altogether. But Maugham was not easily discouraged. In 1904 he returned to Paris, rented a small flat in Montparnasse, studied art and moved in the society of sculptors, painters and writers, among them Gerald Kelly (his oldest friend) and Arnold Bennett. In collaboration with Laurence Housman, he revived a mid-19th century annual, the *Venture*, of which two issues were published, in 1903 and 1904. Among the contributors were Masefield, Chesterton, Hardy, A. E. Houseman, Edmund Gosse, Arthur Symons and James Joyce.

In 1907 his luck finally turned: His play *Lady Frederick* established his reputation as a man of letters. The next year four of his plays were given simultaneously in London's Strand. In 1911 Maugham, now a popular dramatist, bought a fashionable villa in Mayfair.

At the outbreak of World War I he became a member of a Red Cross ambulance unit in France and worked for some time as a dresser, then as an ambulance driver. But soon his particular qualifications were needed by the Intelligence Department, and for the next two years he served his government as a secret agent, at first in Geneva and later in Russia – on a special mission to Petrograd to prevent the outbreak of the Bolshevik Revolution.

In 1915 Maugham's major work, *Of Human Bondage*, was published. "The book did for me," Maugham once said, "what I wanted, and when it was issued to the world (a world in the throes of a terrible war and too much concerned with its own sufferings to bother with the adventures of fiction), I found myself free forever from those pains and unhappy recollections. I put into it everything I then knew, and, having at last finished it, prepared to make a new start." In an interview with Ward Morehouse in 1940, Maugham said of this book: "I wrote that in nineteen-fifteen. I didn't know then it would be my best, but I have come to accept the public's judgment. Nelson Doubleday tells me they're still selling about thirty thousand copies a year."

Maugham spent some time in the United States during World War I, and before returning to England he made the first of numerous journeys to the South Seas, staying for a time on Tahiti. Toward the end of the war he was in poor health, suffering again from tuberculosis, and, since it was virtually impossible for him to go to Switzerland to recover, he chose a sanatorium in Nordroch-on-Dee in Scotland. For the next two years he stayed there as an invalid, enjoying his leisure by writing and reading.

After the war Maugham traveled in the Far East, visiting China, the Federated Malay States, Indochina, the Shan States, Borneo and Java. These trips gave him the material for a great many stories: Among the results are his books *On a Chinese Screen*, *The Gentleman in the Parlour* and *The Narrow Corner* and his play *East of Suez*.

In 1915 Maugham married Gwendolen Syrie Barnardo. In May 1929 his wife, now an interior decorator in Canada, obtained a divorce. They have one daughter, Elizabeth.

In 1928, Maugham, grown tired of traveling, bought his famous Villa Mauresque from a Catholic bishop who had spent most of his time in Algeria. From this home, situated at St. Jean on Cap Ferrat, the writer can drive to Nice or Monte Carlo in a quarter of an hour. On the door of Villa Mauresque is a small symbol which Maugham also uses on his books and letter paper. It originated in the Atlas Mountains, and his father first discovered it in Morocco. In Africa this sign is thought to ward off the evil eye and is understood to be a stylization of the human hand.

At the outbreak of World War II, Maugham again served in the British Intelligence Department in France. In the summer of 1940 he escaped the approaching German armies, leaving behind his home and all his belongings. He came to the United States that autumn under an arrangement with the British government and remained until the summer of 1946. He spent his time mostly

Maugham's 1915 marriage and the subsequent birth of his only child, Elizabeth, did not prevent him from continuing to travel widely.

in Parker's Ferry, South Carolina, in a small cottage on the plantation of Nelson Doubleday, residing each spring and autumn for some time in the Ritz Carlton in New York. In the summers his favorite residence was the Colonial Inn in Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard, where he wrote parts of *The Razor's Edge*.

In 1946 he returned to his home in Southern France, but in spite of his age Maugham did not give up traveling. He celebrated his 75th birthday on the Pacific Coast with his friend Bertram Alanson of San Francisco, thus fulfilling a promise he made 25 years before. He returned to New York again in 1951, has visited Spain, Morocco, Portugal, Italy and the Netherlands and often stays in England. He is still restless.

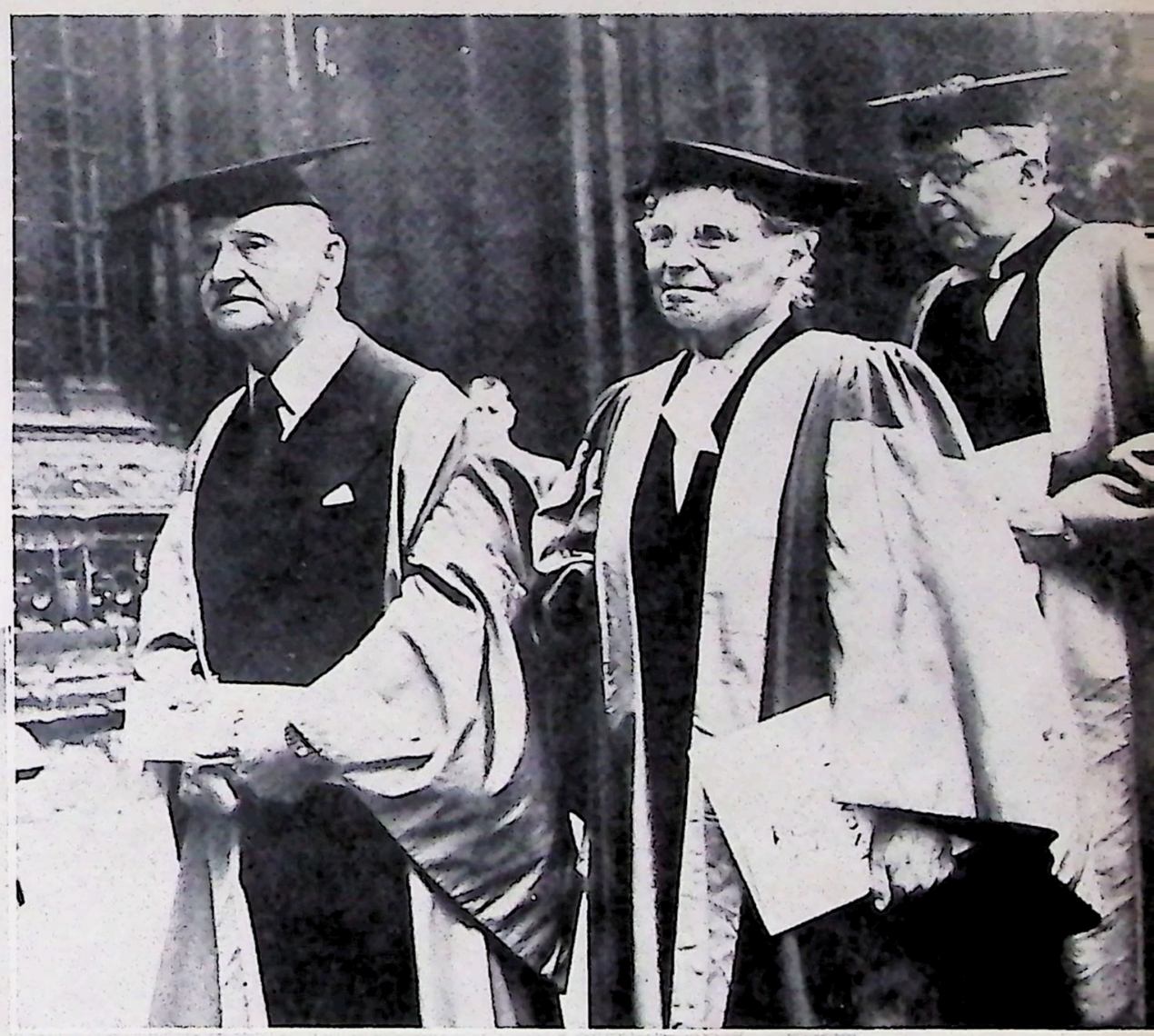
His hobbies, besides traveling, are swimming, tennis, walking,

collecting paintings, playing bridge and, above all, reading. He is reading again all the great novels of the world. At 75 he looked upon his life work as completed, and officially retired — a professional writer who henceforth would write no more fiction or plays. A man who has written almost every day for over 60 years (Maugham began at 18) is not likely to give it up altogether; however, he has confined himself to writing essays, which he greatly enjoys: The results of his reading and research during the last few years are his essay on Kipling and the collection *The Vagrant Mood.*

Although on his travels to the Far East he twice nearly died of malaria and once was very nearly drowned, he modestly describes his life as quiet and uneventful.

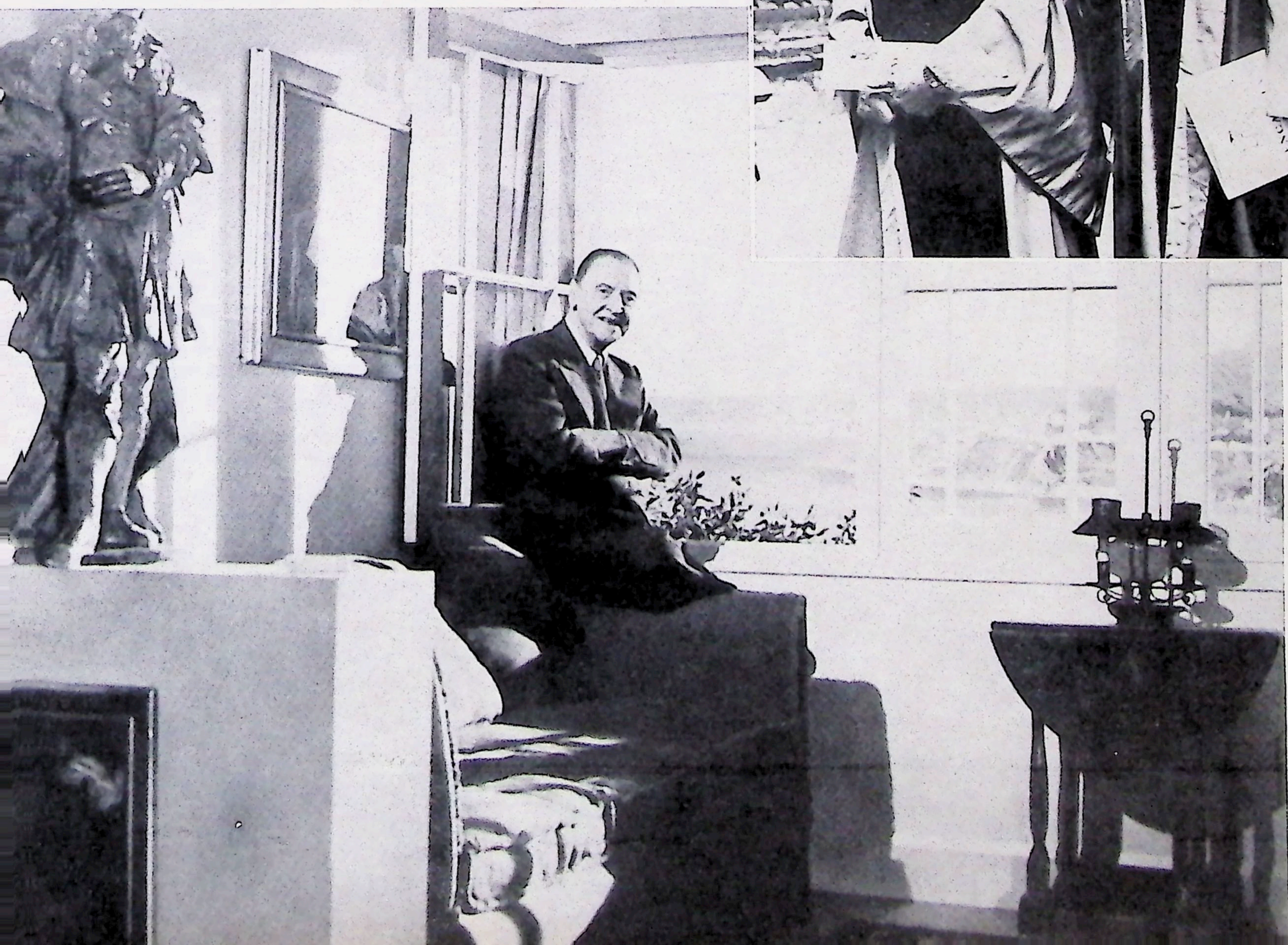
Somerset Maugham likes to quote a passage from one of his favorite authors, Fray Luis de Leon: "The beauty of life is nothing but this, that each should act in conformity with his nature and his business." ◆

Honoring his half-century of writing, the Overseas Press Club made Maugham, at 75, a life member. H. V. Kaltenborn holds the certificate.



In 1952 Maugham received an honorary degree from Oxford in recognition of his work. Next to him is archaeologist Dr. Gisela Richter.

Maugham's famous Riviera villa, flanked by the Alps and the Mediterranean, is a port of call for the world's most interesting persons.



PORTRAIT BY KARSH, OTTAWA

Somerset Maugham

An Appreciation of the Author

by Richard Aldington

SOMERSET MAUGHAM has been and still is one of the most consistently successful authors of his time; at the same time he has almost stubbornly maintained his own point of view toward life – and his slightly austere integrity as an artist. His attitude toward life is the not especially popular one of truth-seeker and truthteller, and his method as an artist is the exacting one of unadorned and uncompromising precision and clarity.

In Maugham you will find none of those soft, comforting half-truths so eagerly snatched at by an uncritical public; none of those purple passages of eloquence which are aimed more at the viscera than at the brain; none of the pretentious vagueness which so easily passes as profundity. With an art as unflattering to human weaknesses as Stendhal's he has succeeded in attracting far more than Stendhal's "happy few."

On the face of it, you may think that here is a situation exactly made for those "serious critics" who, in their own rather unctuous phrase, "are concerned to maintain the standards of contemporary literature." How do they explain the persistent popular success of a writer who never flatters his audience, never compromises with the truth as he sees it, never plays stylistic tricks and remains quite indifferent to the ins and outs of literary fashion? They haven't attempted to do so. Dazzled and possibly a bit annoyed by the success, they have seen nothing else and hastily and erroneously conclude that a writer who has continued to delight large audiences all over the world for several decades must be ephemeral and in some unspecified way unworthy of "serious consideration."

It is a great error on the part of the critics to suppose that a writer is uncultivated because he does not chatter the æsthetic jargon of the epoch and parrot the sayings of one or two intellectualist clique leaders. A really cultivated man like Maugham reads and judges for himself. When Maugham writes criticism (as in *The Summing Up* and the preface to his *Collected Short Stories)*, he is both interesting and acute. His remarks on Chekhov and Maupassant, for example, are wholly admirable.

But it is an even greater error to suppose that "culture" is any indication of a writer's ability to produce good plays, stories and novels. Nobody ever went to a play because the author was an expert on baroque architecture or got excited about a novelist because he knew Greek. Vastly more to the point is a wide and extensive knowledge of human beings, a genuine interest in them for their own sake. Here, I think, we come to the first reason for Maugham's success as a writer. He is greatly gifted as both an unconscious and a conscious observer of human beings, and he possesses an exact and vivid memory. Maugham is naturally a shy man, and the shy man's instinctive wish to avoid his fellow creatures could have been broken down only by an even greater interest in them and passion for the art of presenting them in words.

I once heard a pretentious high-brow say languidly that he couldn't read Maugham, "because he always writes about the *bourgeoisie*." What an absurd remark! And besides in Maugham's case it simply isn't true. In *The Moon and Sixpence* he has produced a vivid and convincing picture of the artist who will sacrifice everything for the sake of art. (Incidentally, the popular success of that book is one of Maugham's triumphs. It would be difficult to imagine a more unpleasant and unpopular character than

Strickland, who occupies the whole center of the book. Yet by sheer mastery of his art Maugham compelled multitudes of readers to find matter for entertainment in the impossible Strickland.)

Again, in *Cakes and Ale*, there is the most amusing "private life" of the writer who, from a shabby and disreputable past, became a grand old man of English letters, merely because he lived to a great age and had a second wife and a literary Egeria who were experts in dissimulation and intrigue. The same book contains a ruthless exposure of the successful literary faker of our own time, so true and so vivid that Alroy Kear becomes a living symbol of the whole literary racket in London.

Here, offhand, are three nonbourgeois characters. *Of Human Bondage*, with its astonishing profusion of principals, will alone furnish many more. Think of Mildred, the waitress, who inspires Philip with so disastrous a passion; the poor little hack writer and super, Norah, who consoles him; Sally at the hop-picking; and then the working-class people Philip gets to know as a doctor. In the same book there are clear-cut sketches of the Paris bohemians — Lawson, Clutton, Cronshaw, Miss Price. And, not to multiply examples from other books, remember Maugham's portraits of Chinese and Malays, and the riffraff of the East, like Ginger Ted or the superbly vulgar prostitute in the story "Miss Thompson" (the play *Rain)*. And this is the author who "always writes about the *bourgeoisie*" and *therefore* is not an artist!

I know very few incidents in fiction so deeply moving as the death in childbirth of the girl-wife and the inarticulate grief and despair of the young husband in *Of Human Bondage*. The sobriety and clarity with which the scene is presented make the pathos almost unendurable. I cannot imagine why a writer with such genuine and profound compassion in him should be described as "cynical" and "cruel." Or rather, I *can* imagine. People would like him to falsify his clear-sighted vision of truth and put false pathos into situations and characters Maugham rightly sees to be deserving only of ridicule and contempt.

But for a dramatist and fiction writer it is not enough to have a profound knowledge of people and the ability to present them in words as they really are. There must be a pattern of action. We must see them entering a situation, involved in it, and in the end admit freely that a life or lives have been changed. Merely to suggest "atmosphere" (and to leave the reader to invent significance and imagine an ending) is evading the difficulty.

The art of successful plotting may seem an inferior one to those who have never attempted it. Those who have made the attempt know better. It is a natural gift, which may be developed and perfected but cannot be acquired by mere industry. And the same is true of the *art de raconter*, which is not quite what is meant in English by "telling a story." It is the art of telling a story in such a manner that in spite of himself the reader or listener is compelled to give his attention and interest. That, too, is a natural gift.

All the "art-and-craft-of-fiction" theories about how these two gifts may be acquired or simulated are so much moonshine. Good stories — well told in print, well presented on the stage — are what the world is prepared to reward handsomely. If the art or knack of producing them could be taught or acquired, what a rush there would be! It is obvious from his early novels and plays that Maugham started with both the gift of narrative and the gift of plotting. It is also obvious that he has given much thought and effort to perfecting these gifts. The critics have recognized this by dubbing Maugham "competent." The right word is "masterly."

Maugham is one of those uncommon writers who think, and think clearly and thoroughly, before they begin to write. He never rambles or improvises. You feel that before he puts his pen to paper he is the master of all his characters and knows exactly what he intends to do with them. One result of all this is the uniformly high level of his writing, something of the same unstrained excellence you find in the prose of Voltaire. If Maugham has good days and off days, there is no sign of it in his writing. When a story or a play seems better than some of the others, the only assignable reason is that somehow the intrinsic interest and excitement of the subject are greater. That is a purely personal matter for the reader and perhaps explains why readers differ so much about what is Maugham's best work.

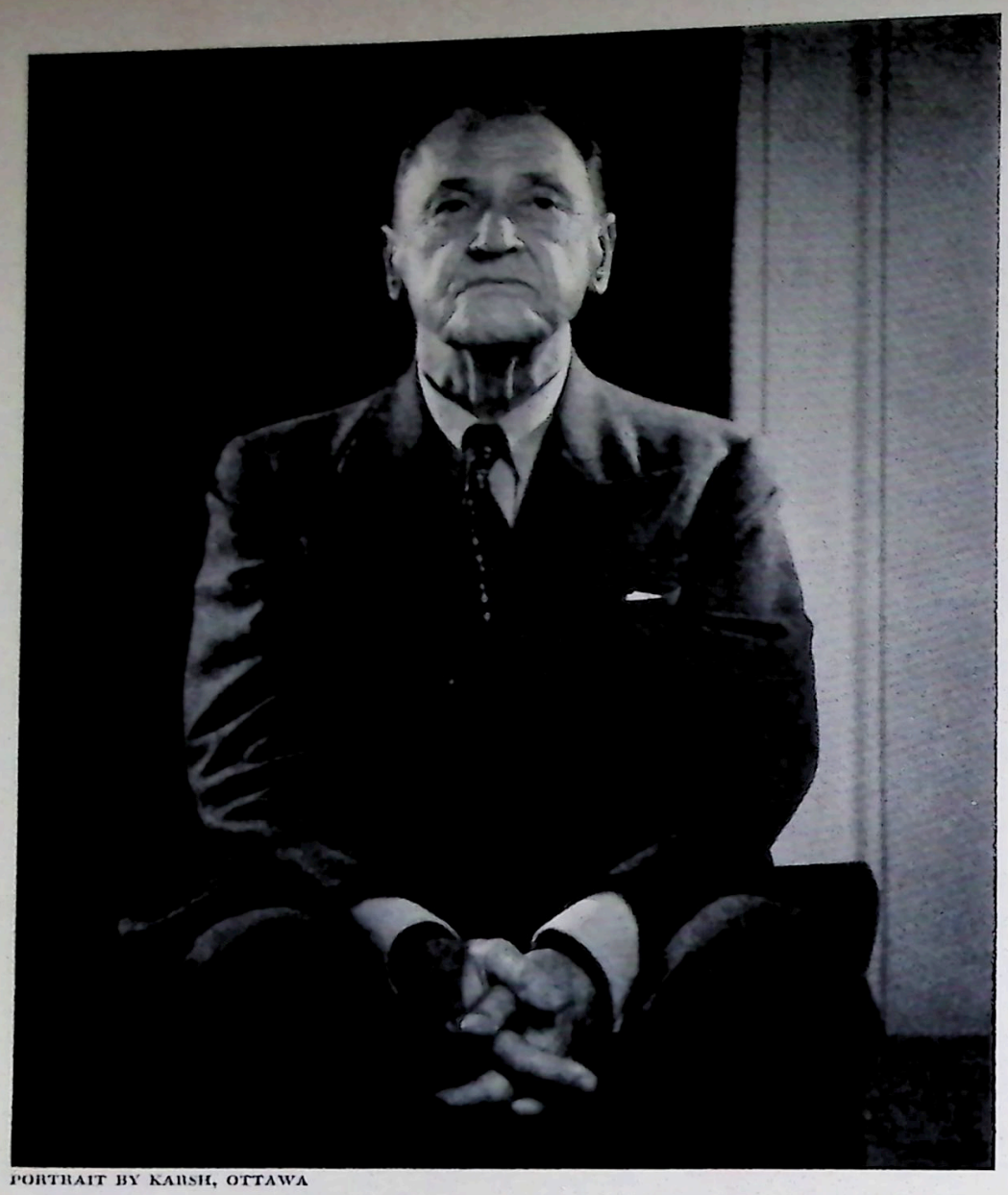
However unpleasant the experience may have been, Maugham undoubtedly profited as a writer by contact with other kinds of life before literary success enabled him to live as he chose. And in later life it has been a distinct asset to him that he rather dislikes the company of literary people and is not a social star. His early stage successes forced him to meet well known theatrical people and the prewar social world of London. His work *(Theatre*, for instance) shows that he made excellent use of the opportunity, but he refused to tie himself to fashionable social life.

Most authors now travel extensively, but Maugham has the distinction of having traveled intelligently and observantly. What Spain has meant to him we know from *Don Fernando*. His wanderings in the Pacific, the Malay States and China have been made vivid for us in stories and plays. And the Ashenden series of works comes out of his experiences in the Secret Service during World War I. All of it nonliterary life.

Thus, Maugham's work gives the impression of coming from an accomplished man of the world and not from a man in a library. People enjoy this, and I believe it to be one of the secrets of his success. There is a double advantage. He has been able to make close observation of many types of persons usually ignored or despised by the littérateur. And, as I say, readers like his manner. It is so entirely free from any trace of condescension, pretentiousness and superciliousness. It is not merely a question of good manners but also of an attitude to life.

He refuses to conform to anybody's idea of what he ought to think and feel and do and has labored with the utmost sincerity to discover what he really does think and feel, what sort of things he really wishes to do. If he finds that he prefers to go to the South Seas rather than cash in socially on his success in London, he will go to the South Seas, however much the prevailing opinion may be that he "ought" to prefer dining out with the upper classes. If he finds he prefers Voltaire's prose to that of the Bible, he will say so, whatever the prevailing fashion. Out of such essential integrity and truth to himself comes the genuine artist.

Maugham has achieved popular and artistic success with plays, novels and short stories. This is quite exceptional — think of Shaw's novels and Flaubert's plays. *The Gentleman in the Parlour*, *Don Fernando* and *The Summing Up* are fascinating books of travel, reminiscence, anecdote and criticism. *Don Fernando* is one of the pleasantest books on Spain I know and conveys a great deal of knowledge about Spanish life, literature, history and art with such ease and lightness of touch that a superficial reader might fail to see how much and how accurately he is instructed. *The Summing Up* contains admirable remarks on the art of writing, the more persuasive since they are presented with exquisite measure and modesty. It is a wonderfully varied record of fine achievements. What variety there is in his novels, from *Of Human Bondage*, with its tragic irony, to the cordially acid wit of *Cakes and Ale;* in the short stories, from "Miss Thompson" and "The Downfall of Edward Barnard" to "The Alien Corn" and "The Hairless Mexican"; in the plays, from *Our Betters* and *The Constant Wife* to the poignant tragedy of *For Service Rendered*. It is indeed extraordinary that one man should write so much, so well, in such different genres. ♦



PORTRAIT BY KARSH, OTTAWA

from the Wisdom of SOMERSET MAUGHAM

We know that all men are mortal, but it remains for us little more than a logical premise till we are forced to recognize that in the ordinary course of things our end can no longer be remote.

No one can tell the whole truth about himself. It is not only vanity that has prevented those who have tried to reveal themselves to the world from telling the whole truth; it is also direction of interest: Their disappointment with themselves, their surprise that they can do things that seem to them so abnormal, make them place too great an emphasis on occurrences that are more common than they suppose.

There is only one thing about which I am certain, and this is that there is very little about which one can be certain.

I have never had much patience with the writers who claim from the reader an effort to understand their meanings. You have only to go to the great philosophers to see that it is possible to express with lucidity the most subtle reflections.

A good style should show no sign of effort. What is written should seem a happy accident.

A pleasure is none the less a pleasure because it does not please forever.

I have not been afraid of excess: Excess on occasion is exhilarating. It prevents moderation from acquiring the deadening effect of a habit.

I wonder how anyone can have the face to condemn others when he reflects upon his own thoughts.

I think what has chiefly struck me in human beings is their lack of consistency. I have never seen people all of a piece. It has amazed me that the most incongruous traits should exist in the same person and, for all that, yield a plausible harmony.

It seems to me that what makes genius is the combination of natural gifts for creation with an idiosyncrasy that enables its possessor to see the world personally in the highest degree and yet with such catholicity that his appeal is not to this type of man or to that type, but to all men.

It is astonishing how varied life can be when you stay in bed all day and how much you find to do.

I have always wondered at the passion many people have to meet the celebrated. The prestige you acquire by being able to tell your friends that you know famous men proves only that you are yourself of small account.

In practice, men are very much alike. They are divided into comparatively few types. The same circumstances mold them in the same way. Certain characteristics infer certain others. You can, like the paleontologist, reconstruct the animal from a single bone.

We know very little even of the persons we know most intimately; we do not know them enough to transfer them to the pages of a book and make human beings of them. People are too elusive, too shadowy, to be copied; and they are also too incoherent and contradictory. The writer does not copy his originals; he takes what he wants from them, a few traits that have caught his attention, a turn of mind that has fired his imagination, and therefrom constructs his character. He is not concerned whether it is a truthful likeness; he is concerned only to create a plausible harmony convenient for his own purposes.

In my twenties the critics said I was brutal, in my thirties they said I was flippant, in my forties they said I was cynical, in my fifties they said I was competent and now in my sixties they say I am superficial.

The writer is not one man but many. It is because he is many that he can create many, and the measure of his greatness is the number of selves that he comprises.

By the time I was 24 I had constructed a complete system of philosophy. It rested on two principles: The Relativity of Things and the Circumferentiality of Man. I have learned since that the first of these was not a very original discovery. It may be that the other was profound, but, though I have racked my brains, I cannot for the life of me remember what on earth it meant.

Men are passionate, men are weak, men are stupid. men are pitiful; to bring to bear on them anything so tremendous as the wrath of God seems strangely inept.

Most people think little. They accept their presence in the world; blind slaves of the striving which is the mainspring, they are driven this way and that to satisfy their natural impulses, and when it dwindles they go out like the light of a candle. Their lives are purely instinctive. It may be that theirs is the greater wisdom.

The difficulty of self-realization, that bringing to the highest perfection every faculty of which you are possessed, so that you get from life all the pleasure, beauty, emotion and interest you can wring from it, is that the claims of other people constantly limit your activity.

With all my limitations, physical and mental, I have been glad to live. I would not live my life over again. There would be no point in that.

The complete life, the perfect pattern, includes old age as well as youth and maturity. The beauty of the morning and the radiance of noon are good, but it would be a very silly person who drew the curtains and turned on the light in order to shut out the tranquillity of the evening.

I have never been much of a sightseer. So much enthusiasm has been expended over the great sights of the world that I can summon up very little when I am confronted with them.

Though I have been in love a good many times I have never experienced the bliss of requited love. I have loved people who cared little or nothing for me, and when people have loved me I have been embarrassed. I have been jealous of my independence. I am incapable of complete surrender. And so, never having felt some of the fundamental emotions of normal men, it is impossible that my work should have the intimacy, the broad human touch and the animal serenity which the greatest writers alone can give.

The value of culture is its effect on character. It avails nothing unless it ennobles and strengthens that. Its use is for life. Its aim is not beauty but goodness.

The only important thing in a book is the meaning it has for you; it may have other and much more profound meanings for the critic, but at second hand they can be of small service to you. I do not read a book for the book's sake, but for my own.

The audience of a play is a very curious animal. It is shrewd rather than intelligent. Its mental capacity is less than that of its most intellectual members. If these were graded from A to Z, decreasing with succeeding letters to the zero of the hysterical shopgirl, I should say its mental capacity would come round about the letter O.

I can think of no serious prose play that has survived the generation that gave it birth.

To conceive ideas is exhilarating, but it is safe only when you conceive so many that you ascribe no undue consequence to them and can take them for what they are worth. People who conceive few find it very difficult not to regard them with inordinate respect.

Old age has its pleasures, which, though different, are not less than the pleasures of youth.

The fool's old age will be foolish, but so was his youth.

Perfection is a trifle dull. It is not the least of life's ironies that this, which we all aim at, is better not quite achieved.

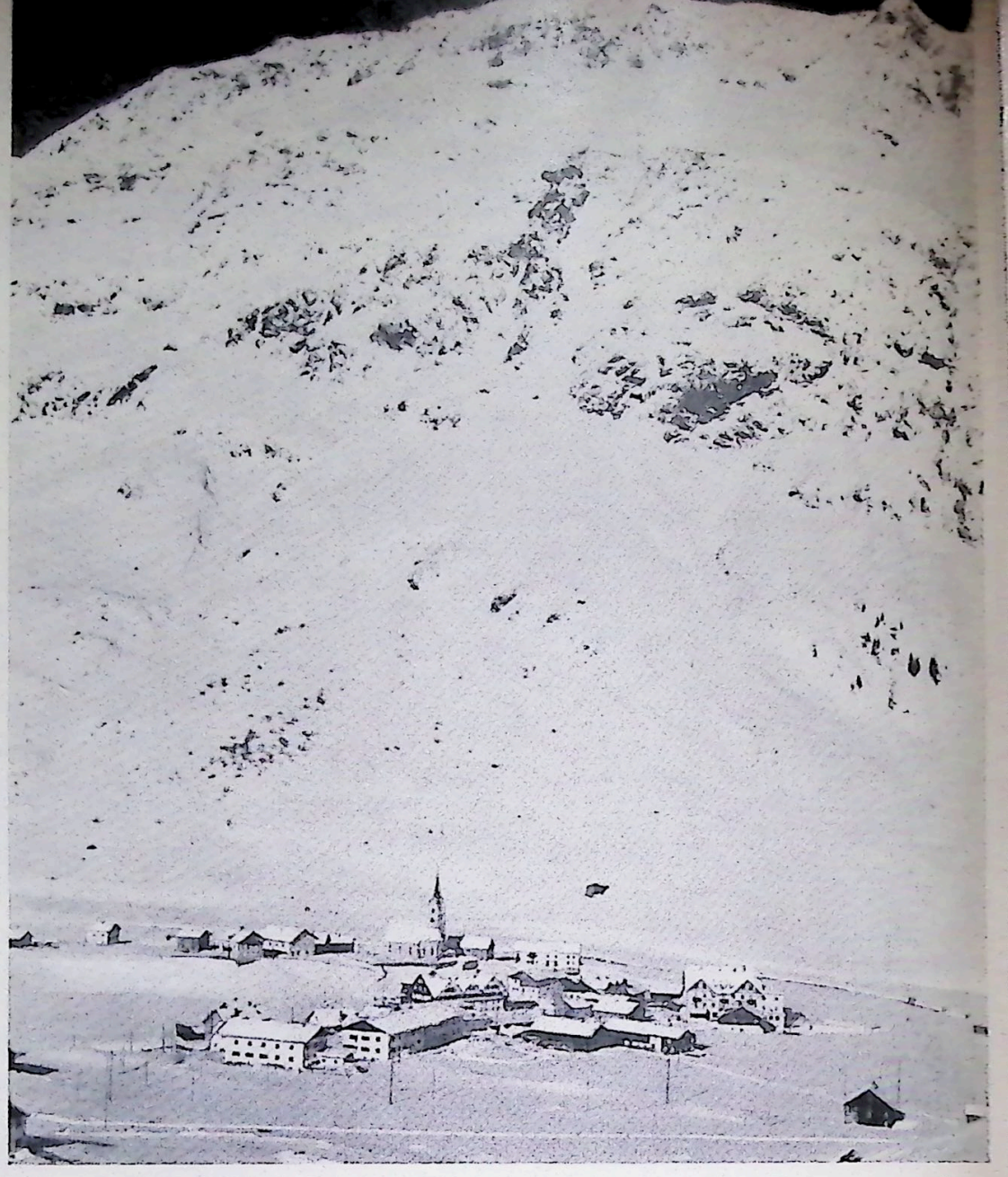
Looking at certain pictures or statues, listening to certain music, I have had an emotion so strong that I could describe it only in the same words as those the mystics use to describe the union with God. That is why I have thought that this sense of communion with a larger reality is not only the privilege of the religious, but may even be reached by other paths than prayer and fasting.

The great tragedy of life is not that men perish, but that they cease to love.

Reverence is often no more than the conventional homage we pay to things in which we are not willing to take an active interest.

Art, if it is to be reckoned as one of the great values of life, must teach men humility, tolerance, wisdom and magnanimity. The value of art is not beauty, but right action.

Austrian slopes, graded from steep to gentle for the convenience of skiers (above), lead to such delightful places as Liebestal — the Valley of Love. At right, two Vorarlbergers wait the arrival of guests coming to the local inn.

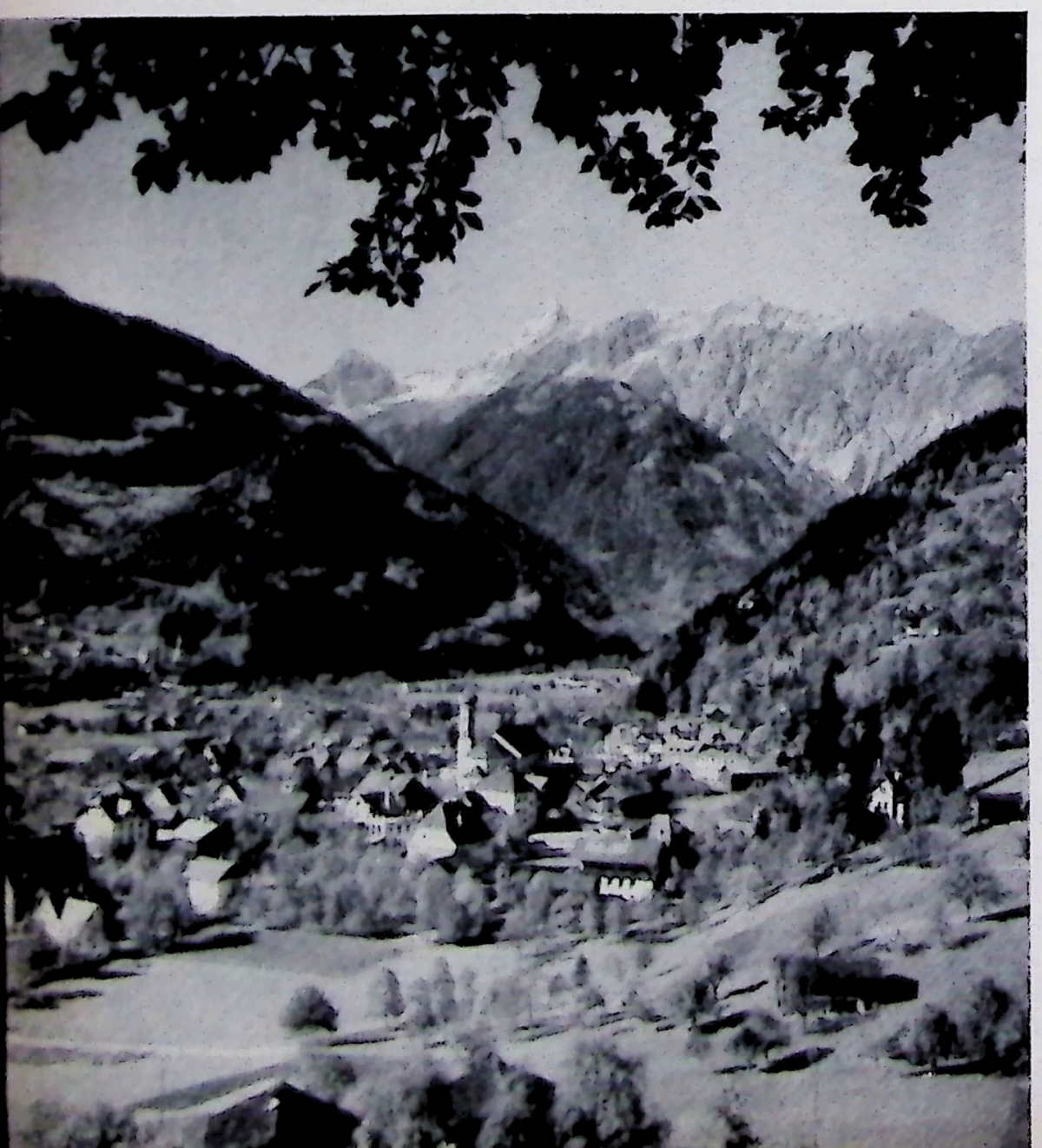


Galtur, a Tyrolese village, is a favorite winter resort of such notables as Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands and his daughters.

Austria

Land of Mountains, Music and Memories

by Raymond A. Wohlrabe and Werner Krusch



Schruns is one of the lovelier villages in the Montafon Valley, Vorarlberg.

AUSTRIA, RIBBED WITH THE RANGES OF THE ALPS and furrowed with the valleys that lie between them, has been through the centuries the meeting place and the battleground of the nations of East and West. Ancient travelers' tales told by merchants and adventurers who followed the Danube River and the prehistoric "amber road," two major trade routes of early times, brought people of many races to settle in this land. Austria lies in the very heart of Central Europe; beyond the Danube, in the north, are Germany and Czechoslovakia. Its western boundaries touch Switzerland and the tiny principality of Liechtenstein. To the south lie Italy and Yugoslavia; to the east, Hungary.

In the earliest days of Austrian history she was invaded time after time by tribes from all over Europe and Asia. The Hapsburgs, ruling Austria from the 13th to the 20th century, eventually welded the many races under their rule into a vast and powerful empire. Under the greatest Hapsburgs, the sprawling empire extended to Spain, the Netherlands and the New World. Then, during the 16th and 17th centuries, Austria formed a strong bulwark against vast hordes of Turkish warriors who swept down upon Europe from the east. Since the golden age of the Hapsburgs, recurrent wars have diminished the empire so that today's boundaries encompass but a tiny part of the great Austria of the past.

Austria is primarily a land of mountains, and its people have adapted their lives to this type of terrain. The peaks are highest in the narrow western portion toward Switzerland, where many small villages, their roofs weighted with rocks to prevent sudden winds from ripping them away, are tucked in deep valleys.

The Alps of Austria consist of mountain chains running west to east. Peaks with summits at 11,000 feet or more occur in the west; toward the east they taper off, although many reach 8000 feet. In the central range, gentle slopes permit cattle to be raised and crops to be grown. The ranges in the north and the south have rugged peaks with steep, forest-clad slopes and deep, narrow valleys. In these regions farming and settlement have been general only along the valley floors.

The Danube is the national river, just as the Rhine is the national river of Germany. The Danube rises in Germany's Black Forest and empties into the Black Sea, flowing for 272 miles through Northern Austria, from the German city Passau near the northern border to the Hungarian Gate. History has been made along the Danube's route. It was a major avenue followed by the Crusaders on their way to the Holy Land in the 12th and 14th centuries. Its current carried the salt barges of early times.

The Austrian people, directly descended from the Bavarian settlers who built in forest clearings almost 1500 years ago, have customs and traditions influenced by people of other tribes and races the nation has absorbed. The language is principally German – the religion, about 90 percent Catholic.

The Federal Republic of Austria is slightly larger than the State of Maine – 32,369 square miles. Within that area is a population not quite equal to that of New York City. It is divided into nine federated states, or *bundeslaender*, which are commonly called provinces – Vorarlberg, Tyrol, Carinthia, Styria, Burgenland, Vienna, Upper Austria, Lower Austria and Salzburg. The largest city and capital, which started as a trade center on the Danube, is Vienna, with a population of 1,766,000. Other major cities are Linz, Salzburg, Innsbruck, Graz and Lienz.

Vorarlberg, Austria's smallest province (it covers slightly more than a thousand square miles), is a land of many contrasts. In the west it begins along the shores of Lake Constance and in the picturesque Bregenzerwald. It is a region of snow-covered peaks and deep valleys, like its neighbor to the east, Tyrol, and of a few plains and marshlands where the Rhine cuts through the province.

In all of Austria there is no land more romantic, more picturesque, than Tyrol. It is the home of a hardy, freedom-loving people descended from the many races that, through the centuries, migrated through its mountain passes. The mellow tinkle of cowbells from mountainside pastures, the ringing of bells atop Tyrolean farmhouses to call workers from the fields to meals, the screeching of dry snow underfoot in village streets in winter – all are sounds dear to the Tyrolese heart. Window boxes brimming with pink and red geraniums, lonely wayside shrines and jagged, snow-capped peaks are as much a part of this alpine paradise as the warmth of the huge tile stoves of the village inns.

Styria, a province in Southeastern Austria which is slightly smaller than New Jersey, is called Steiermark by its people. Graz, the capital, is Austria's second-largest city, with a population of nearly a quarter-million. There are many remnants of the Graz of centuries ago. But it also has wide, tree-shaded avenues in the vicinity of its city park. Band concerts, a beautiful sculptured fountain that is lighted at night and its formal gardens make this a very popular park. Modern hotels, crowded sidewalk cafés, shops and the Graz Theater, with a stage built for outdoor operas during the festival season, are also in this section.

Burgenland is a long province, extremely narrow in its midsection, stretching along the eastern edge of Austria. It is a land where the fringes of the Alps melt into the prairies, the *puszta*, of the Hungarian Plain. Toward the east, it faces Hungary, of which much of it was once a part. Its western boundary touches Lower Austria and Styria. Its principal rivers rise in the foothills of the Alps beyond its western border and flow out of the province into Hungary before they empty into the Danube.

It is a land quite different from other parts of Austria. Regions of Burgenland are flat, like the Hungary from which some of its earliest inhabitants came in the 16th century. Strong winds whip across its seas of grass and grain. Reeds grow along the shores of big Neusiedler Lake, which lies in its northern portion and extends into neighboring Hungary. Flocks of wild waterfowl wing their way above salt lakes and marshes and heaths. Some areas are typical steppe country. In the north and central parts there are large estates of wealthy landowners and villages of squat, white-walled homes.

Eisenstadt is Burgenland's capital and largest town, with a population of 8000. The homes of the large landowners are in Eisenstadt. Among these is the palace of the Esterhazy family, which has been prominent for centuries in Austrian and Hungarian history. Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy, in 1761, hired Joseph Haydn to be the conductor in the palace chapel. (It was in Eisenstadt that Haydn's singing, in 1740, caught the ear of the organist of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna. Haydn was taken to Vienna to become a choir boy in the great cathedral. Later, when his voice changed and its tonal qualities no longer pleased the organist, he was dismissed from the choir and turned into the streets of Vienna. Fortunately, he found friends who encouraged him in his work as musician and composer.) In Eisenstadt, visitors find the Haydn home, the museum, and the tomb of the great composer in the Bergkirche.

The sweet scent from fields of clover, the broad leaves of patches of corn and sugar beets glistening in the sun, the many acres of rye and buckwheat – all are born of the silt carried into the valleys of Carinthia from the ranges of the Alps by the Drau, the Gail, the Moell and other streams. Bathers bask in the summer sun along the shores of its 10-mile-long lake, the Woerthersee, the heart of the vacation playground for thousands of Austrians.

Lower Austria, the largest province in the republic, is divided into almost equal halves by the Danube River, which crosses it from west to east. Most of the land of the province which is not rugged mountains is devoted to farming and the growing of grapes.

Plots of grain checker the plains; vineyards are terraced on hillsides and mountain slopes; orchards and villages dot the valleys. The Wienerwald, lying west of Vienna, is one of Austria's largest forest regions.

Upper Austria, a large province lying north of Styria, has within its boundaries most of the beautiful Salzkammergut lake country. Its eastern border skirts Lower Austria. Due west are Salzburg and Germany. Germany and Czechoslovakia face its northern border. The province has mountains, plateaus, woodlands and several rivers. The lakes of the Salzkammergut are tucked among the wooded mountains. The largest of these are the Traunsee, Attersee, Mondsee, Wolfgangsee and Hallstattersee.

Bad Ischl is one of Austria's most modern spas, with many beautiful chateaux and villas built in the vicinity. The villa of Franz Lehár, composer of the operetta *The Merry Widow*, is now a museum. The Traun River flows through Bad Ischl on its way to join the Danube.

Upper Austria has become one of the major recreational areas of the republic. The winter resorts in its rugged mountains and hill country attract thousands of skiers. In summer, its festivals and the Salzkammergut resorts are the mecca of holiday-minded thousands. Its abbeys, castles and salt mines and the Danube bring many memories of the Austria of long ago.

Salzburg is the holy city of Austria. Here, in pagan times, the first Christian services were held on Austrian soil. The stones of its monastery paths were worn smooth by the sandaled feet of its monks. Thousands have knelt before its altars of marble and gold. In Salzburg, No. 9 Getreide Gasse is the birthplace of Mozart, whose father was a violinist in the service of the archbishop. Getreide Gasse is a very narrow street of interesting shops, with beautiful metal signs projecting above the cobblestones.

The province of Salzburg has many picturesque villages where the approaching traveler sights first the onion-shaped dome of the church. Some cling to the mountain slopes. Others are built along the shores of lakes. A few crop up in the plains spreading out from the banks of the Salzach. In many, the villagers wear their quaint folk costumes on Sundays and during festivals. Throughout the province, at various seasons, are held ceremonies derived from old pagan rites performed on sacrifice grounds in pre-Christian days. In the heart of the capital city, just below the Hohensalzburg, is one of Europe's greatest music centers.

Vienna's history would fill many volumes. At the crossroads of trade routes in the heart of the Continent, it was in the path of the armies of many a major war. It was a center of art, music and scientific research and was often dubbed "the capital of Europe."

The old city, the Innerstadt, which the Turks besieged, is now encircled by the Ringstrasse, one of Europe's most beautiful streets. The meadows formerly spreading beyond the walls have become parks surrounding splendid buildings of many architectural styles. Vienna has many famous churches (the Karlskirche is one of the finest examples of the work of the great Austrian architect Fischer von Erlach) and palaces galore.

During the many centuries of the Hapsburg rule, priceless treasures of art were brought to Vienna from all parts of the world. Many of these have been housed in the various museums of the city. Portions, or all, of some of the former palaces have been converted into museums. The beautiful National Library, also designed by Von Erlach, has huge collections of writings on papyrus, more than 12,000 manuscripts of music, many works of art and enormous numbers of rare and valuable books.

Vienna is so closely associated with the birth of great musical classics that many an ancient home used by some one of the great composers can be found on almost any side street. Near St. Stephen's is the house where Mozart composed *The Marriage of Figaro;* not far away is the house where Haydn created the national anthem of Hapsburg Austria. The great St. Stephen's is linked with Schubert as well as Haydn – the former, too, was a choir boy there. The Vienna of today is a bustling city. The President of the republic has taken the place of the Hapsburg Emperor. But its memories, its associations with the past, meet one everywhere and make it one of Europe's most fascinating cities.

Ninety percent of the Austrians are Catholics, and saints' days and Church holidays are frequent events. Besides the religious festivals, there are gala national and local holidays with ancient rituals that originated in pre-Christian Austria. Both religious and secular festivals are made especially colorful by the folk costumes that are family heirlooms, and Austrian holidays often include pageants in which costumed actors re-enact historical events.

Winter builds a skier's paradise in most parts of Austria. In 1907, Hannes Schneider was invited by a hotelkeeper in St. Anton am Arlberg, not far from his native village, to open a ski school for the hotel guests. He accepted the invitation and became the world's most famous ski instructor. Today, on the top of the Arlberg Pass at St. Christoph, is the Austrian State Ski School, the finest in the world.

In Austria, art and literature have never flourished as extensively as music. Artists have painted great pictures, and wood carvers have turned out church altars of intricate design. Cathedrals, abbeys and palaces stand as monuments to the skill of Austrian architects – but the masters of music have far outnumbered them.

Austria holds an enviable position among the nations of the world in regard to scientific research. Medicine, psychology, chemistry, physics, botany, zoology, geology – the whole world of science has profited by discoveries made through experiments carried out in Austrian universities, monasteries and hospitals.

The roster of Austrian (or Austrian-born) men of science is a long one. World-famous psychologist Sigmund Freud made some of the greatest studies of the human mind and human behavior. Christian Doppler, born in Salzburg in 1803, and both mathematician and physicist, made discoveries about sound and light that brought him into prominence. Victor Hess, born in 1883, was one of the discoverers of cosmic rays. The research of Ludwig Boltzmann in physics in the latter part of the 19th century led him to formulate scientific laws regarding heat, and theories about the movement of the particles of gases. Contributions in the field of electricity came through the careful study of natural phenomena by Franz Exner.

In the years between the end of hostilities in World War II and the signing of the Austrian State Treaty in Vienna, restrictions prevented the mingling of races in the new Austria to the same degree they had mingled in the past. Now the currents of peacetime travel are growing stronger toward the land that was once the heart of the Hapsburg Empire. Again it is becoming the meeting place of people from many nations – friendly people who have chosen Austria for their holiday. Tourism is helping the new Austria lift itself from its war-engendered economic plight.

The Second Republic of Austria has become a nation of people more firmly united by common interests and better fitted to maintain the principles of democracy. Austrians have always had a strong national pride in the achievements of their men of music and the discoveries made by their men of science. There are new moves to perpetuate the quaint customs of its peasant folk and to plan for the improvement of the national economy by the development of new industries and by finding markets for Austrian products. The hospitality and friendliness of its people are making new friends among the peoples of other lands. The new Austria looks to a future much brighter than anything it has seen for many decades. ♦

The Hofburg, located on Vienna's beautifully landscaped Heldenplatz, was once the city residence of the Emperor. In front of the palace are monumental statues of Austria's heroes, Prince Eugene (left, background) and the Archduke Charles (right, foreground). It now serves as the residence for the President and contains a museum.

VIENNA

Vienna is often called the "city of dreams" or "city of romantic memories"; it is always the city of "gemütlichkeit," a word translatable only in terms of song and beer gardens.

The University of Vienna's main building is on the Ringstrasse, the pride of Vienna: a bustling avenue, with tree-shaded streets and parks, forming a wide green belt around the heart of the "old city." It was constructed during the mid-19th century and is graced by many of the city's finest buildings, designed by the foremost talent then available. These structures, which make the Ring a cultural center as well as a showplace, include the Opera House, Academy of Fine Arts, Parliament, Rathaus and Natural History and Art Museums.

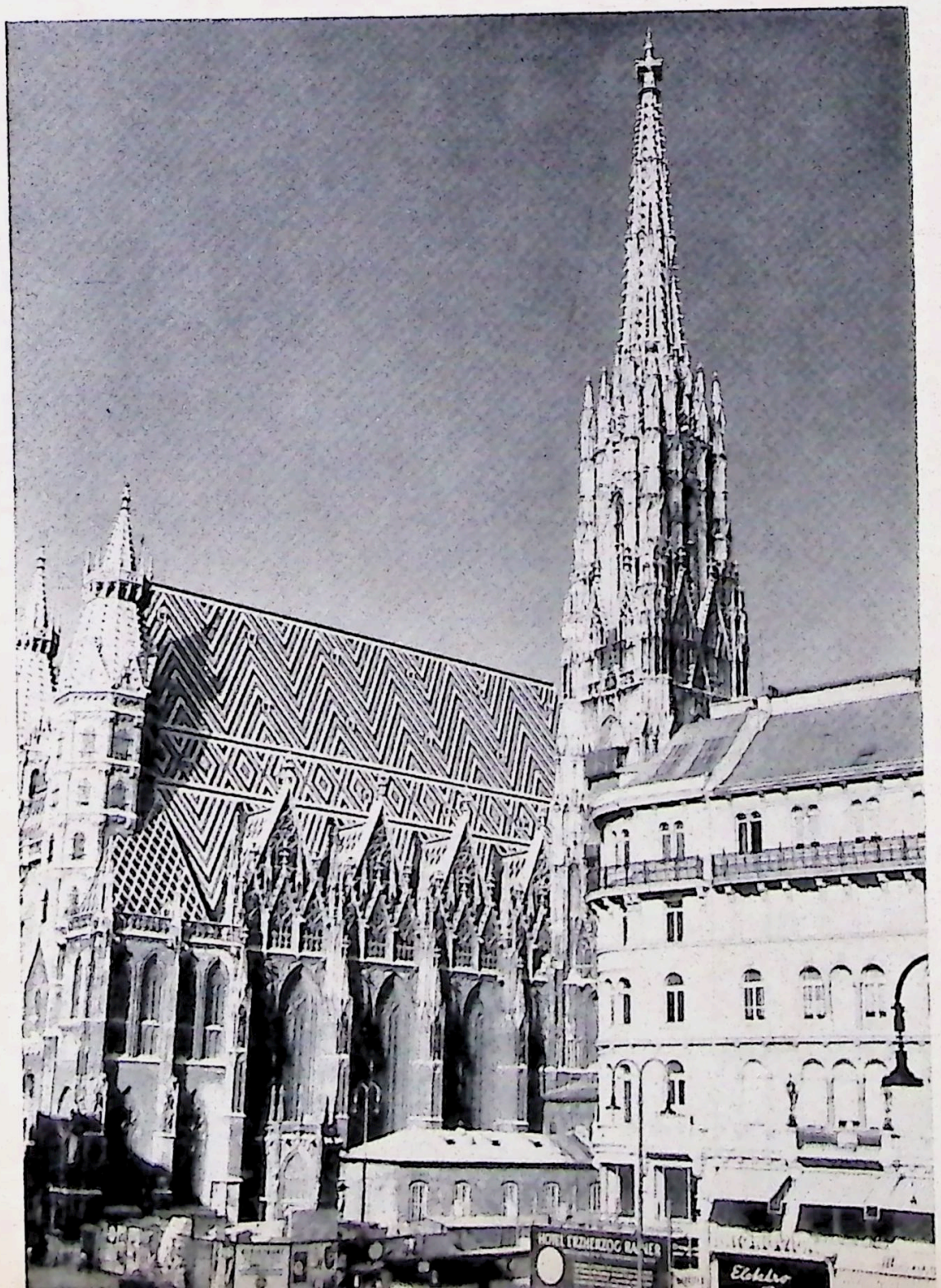
VIENNA

The rococo splendor of the Great Gallery (above) is the crowning glory of Schönbrunn Palace. Magnificent chandeliers accent the blue frescoed ceiling by Italian painter Guglielmi. Across the wide palace grounds (right) is the Gloriette, a pavilion constructed in 1775.

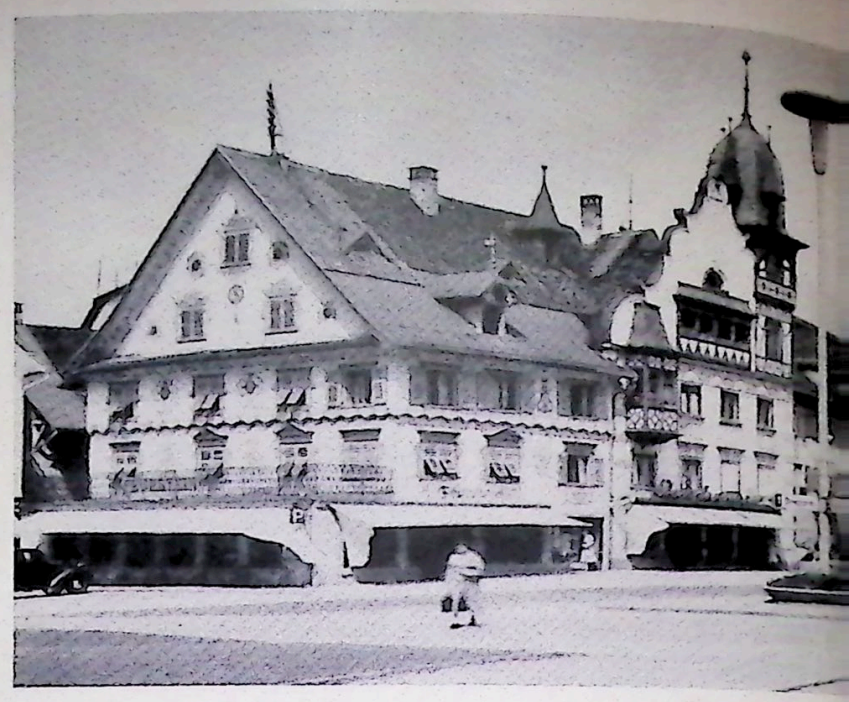
Once a summer residence of Austria's great soldier, Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Belvedere is another example of the peerless baroque palaces for which Vienna is famous. Seen here is a view of the palace through the main gate, a typical rococo wrought-iron archway. The State Treaty was signed here in 1955.

The Opera House, beautifully executed in the style of the French Renaissance, was almost completely destroyed during World War II. It recently underwent 10 years of costly, painstaking restoration, and its reopening at the Vienna Opera Festival in 1955 highlighted Austria's return to sovereignty. Part of its rich interior and grand stairway is shown at right.

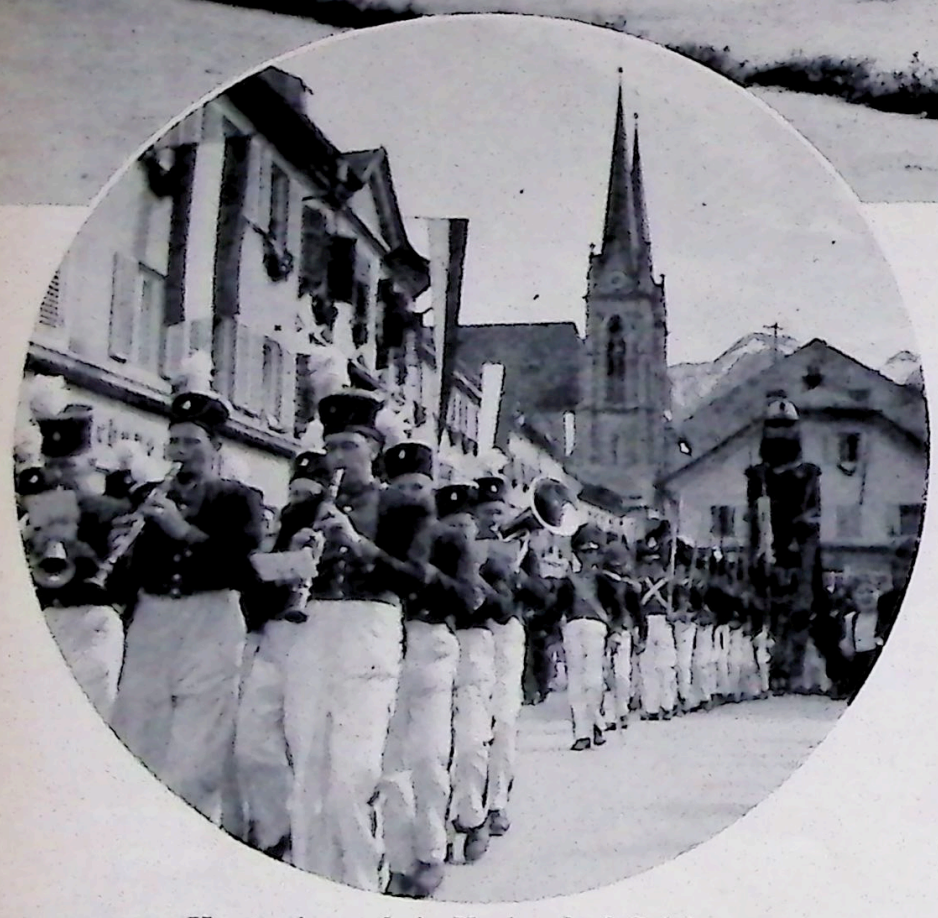
St. Stephen's Cathedral, in the heart of Vienna, is its most venerated landmark. The green-and-gold mosaic roof was burned during the war, but the great tower was undamaged.



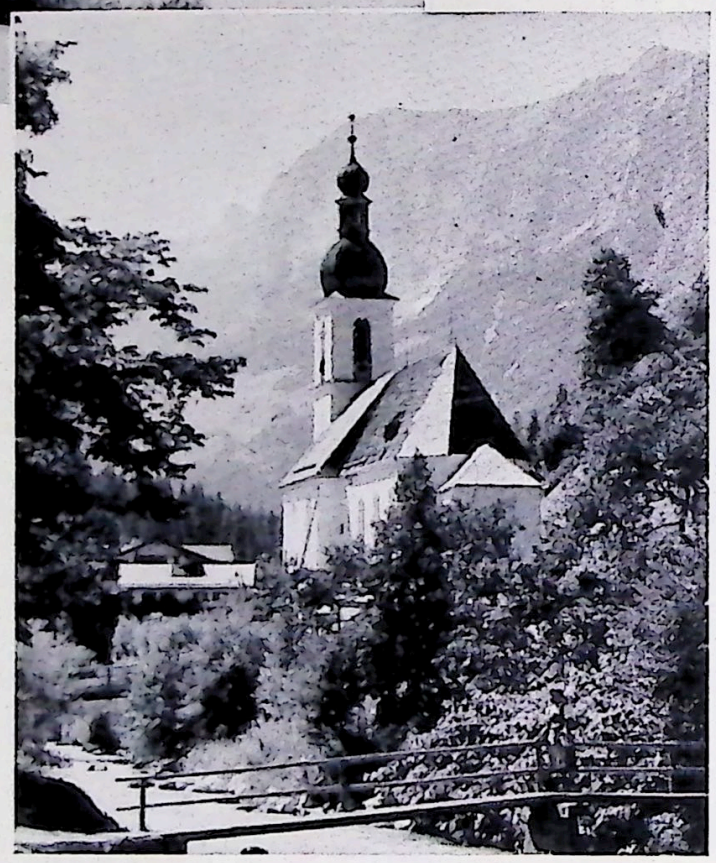
Vienna's ferris wheel is a noted landmark of the Prater, the city's amusement park. At the time of its construction in 1873, it was a marvel of technology.



View of Salzburg



Hunters' parade in Krakaudorf, Salzburg



Hintersee, Salzburg

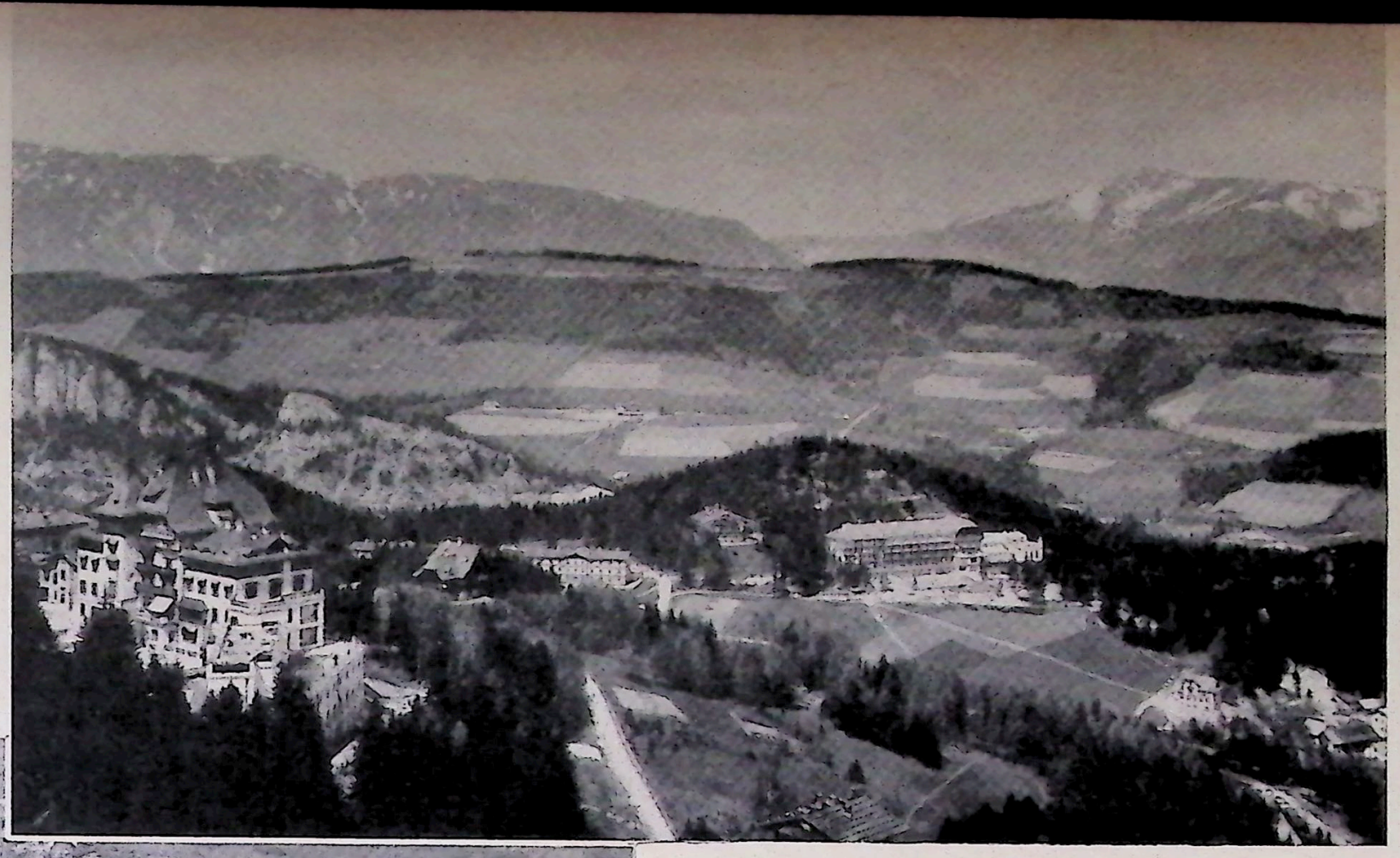
PROVINCES

The nine separate states (or provinces) which comprise modern Austria are distinguished by costume, tradition and dialect and in their total include rich farmlands, great forests, busy industries and sunny spas. Vienna and Salzburg, rich in treasures of art and tradition, figure prominently in any history of music; Carinthia, favored by sun-seekers, and the Tyrol, meeting place for skiers, annually lure world travelers. Lower and Upper Austria contribute the fruits of their quiet farms; Styria, with its iron ore, and Vorarlberg, with its textiles, are cornerstones in Austria's flourishing economy; and Burgenland, the newest province – long agricultural – has over 200 industrial enterprises.

Hallstatt, Upper Austria

Innsbruck, Tyrol

Dornbirn, Vorarlberg

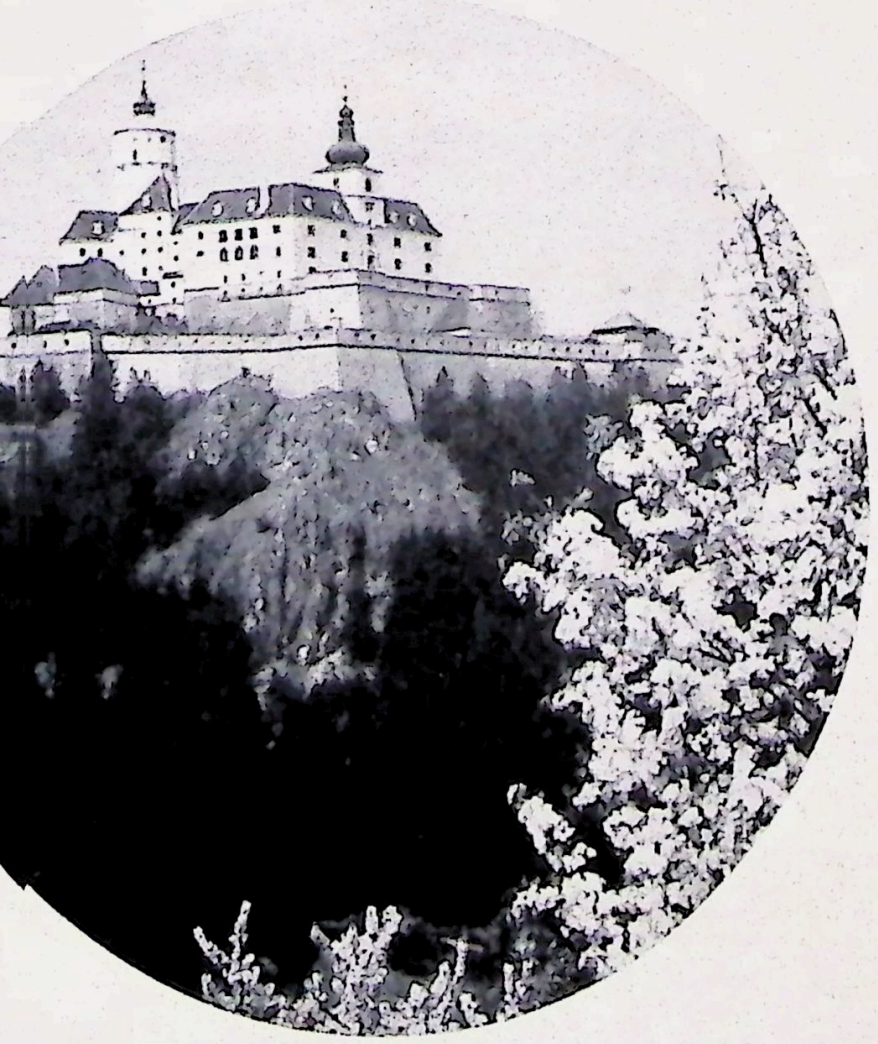


Semmering, Lower Austria

Dürnstein, on the Donau, Lower Austria

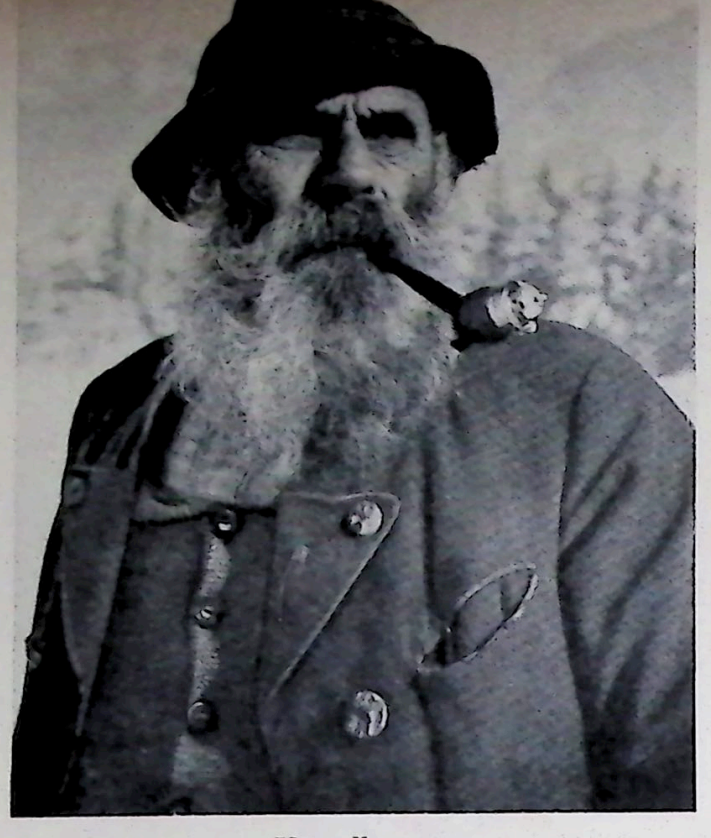
Skiing in Upper Austria

Heiligenblut (Grossglockner Mountain at rear), Carinthia



Forchtenstein Castle, Burgenland

Tyrol



Vorarlberg

Styria

THE PEOPLE

The people of Austria show the results of the country's central location. All the provinces but Vienna have frontiers with other countries; since prehistoric times, races have passed and mingled. In Burgenland, for example, waves of Bavarians, Magyars, Turks and Croats have left their marks on the province. In Vorarlberg, the original Roman settlers welcomed Germanic races from the Swiss province of Valais to help settle their thinly populated area. The Celtic peasants who were Carinthia's original inhabitants were mixed with Germanic, Slavic, Italian and other elements. Tyrolese are compounded of Bavarians, Allemanians and Latins, with traces of the aboriginal natives, so that from valley to valley — even from village to village — the blond and the dark, the gay and the serious, rub elbows with one another. And withal, each region jealously continues to maintain its own peculiar costumes and customs.

Carinthia

Upper Austria

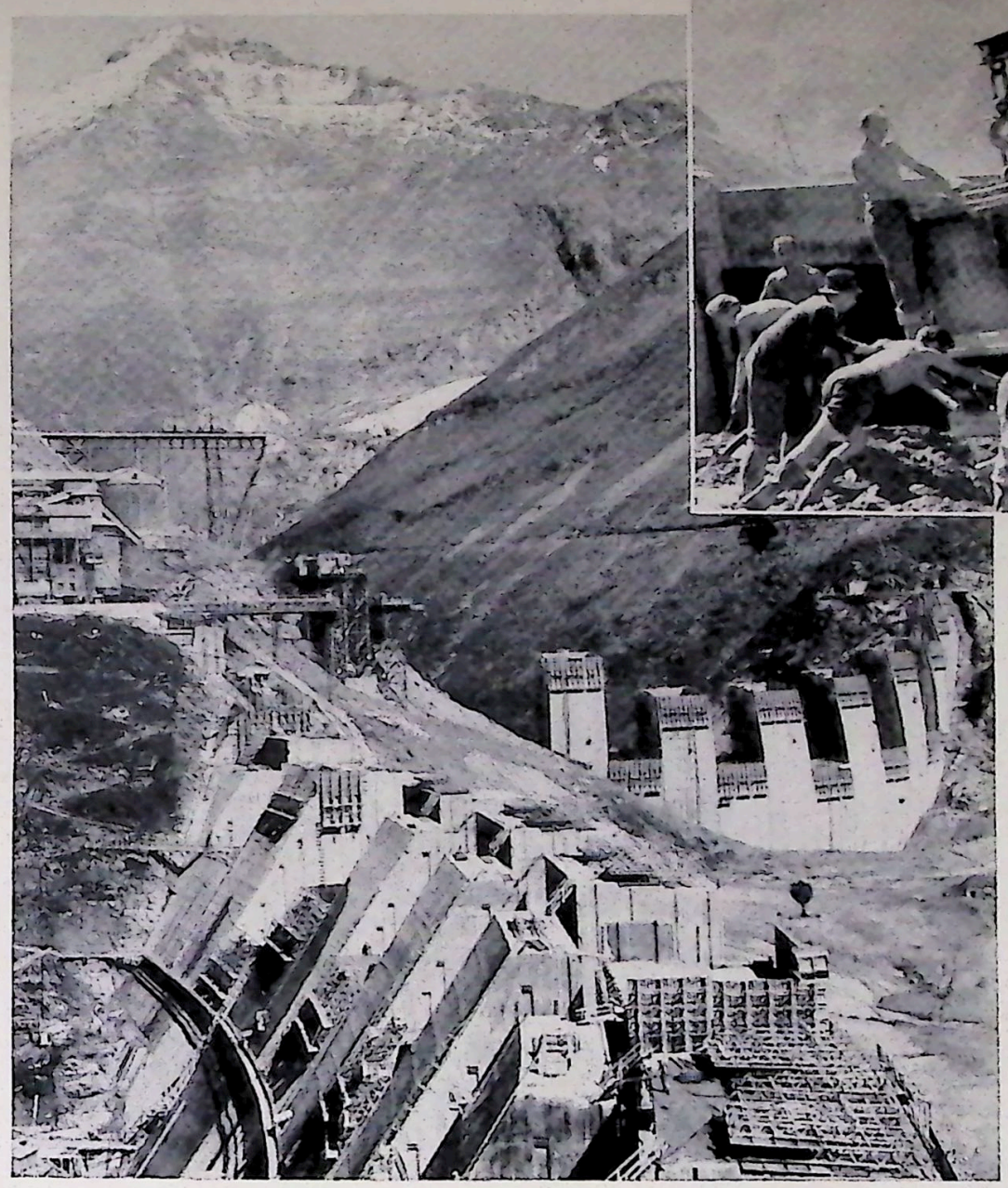
Wipp Valley

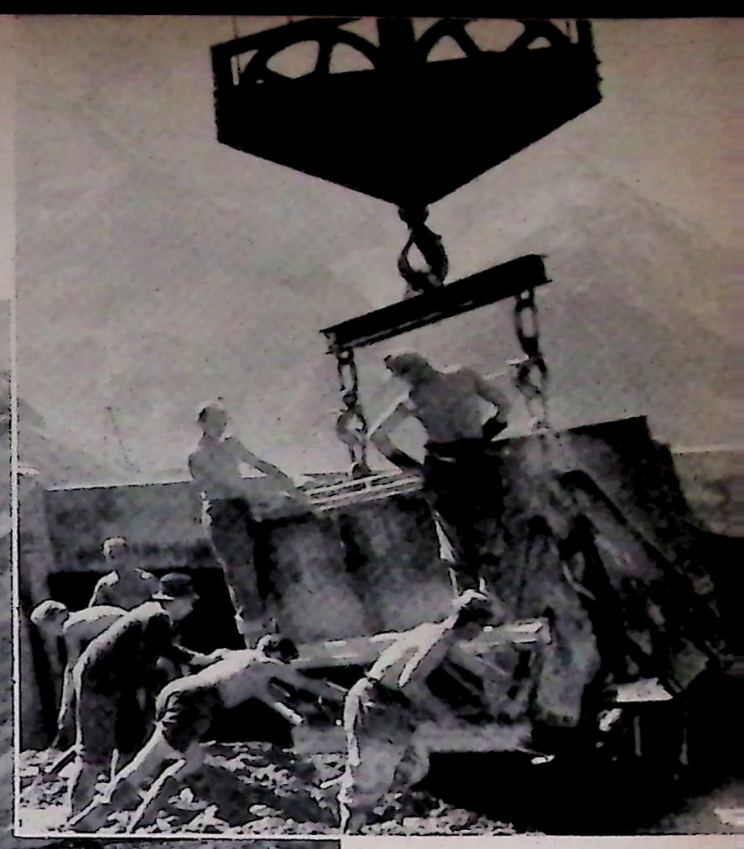
Ausleinz

Lower Inn Valley

United Austrian Iron and Steel Works, Upper Austria

Tauern power stations, Mooser and Drossen Dams at Kaprun, Salzburg

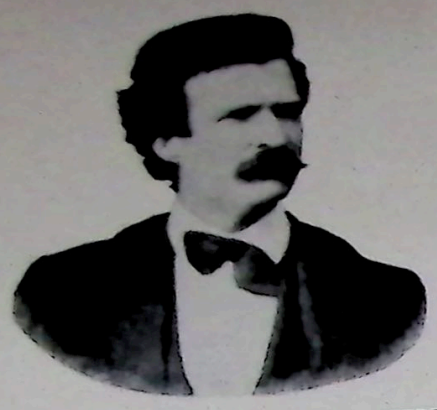




INDUSTRY

Some 70 percent of Austria's population is engaged in industry, trade and commerce. For her heavy industry, much power is necessary, and Austria is fortunate in being one of the most important producers of hydroelectric current in Europe. New projects are being developed, such as the Kaprun group, which will be Austria's largest. Gold and silver mines, once Austria's pride, are second now to such iron treasuries as Styria's mines near Eisenerz, worked since the dawn of the Iron Age by inexpensive quarrying methods. Oil, copper, lead and salt deposits are further sources of wealth. Austria's handmade articles and home-industry products are also important.

The Erzberg Iron Mine, Styria



Mark Twain

A Commentary on the Story of America's Boyhood Hero

Huckleberry Finn

by Lionel Trilling

In 1876 MARK TWAIN published *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and in the same year began what he called "another boys' book." He set little store by the new venture and said that he had undertaken it "more to be at work than anything else." His heart was not in it. "I like it only tolerably well as far as I have got," he said, "and may possibly pigeonhole or burn the manuscript when it is done."

He pigeonholed it long before it was done and for as much as four years. In 1880 he took it out and carried it forward a little, only to abandon it again. He had a theory of unconscious composition and believed that a book must write itself. The book which he referred to as "Huck Finn's Autobiography" refused to do the job of its own creation, and he would not coerce it.

But then in the summer of 1883 Mark Twain was possessed by a charge of literary energy which, as he wrote to novelist William Dean Howells, was more intense than any he had experienced for many years. He worked all day and every day, and periodically so fatigued himself that he had to recruit his strength by a day or two of smoking and reading in bed.

It is impossible not to suppose that this great creative drive was connected with (was perhaps the direct result of) the visit to the Mississippi he had made earlier in the year, the trip which forms the matter of the second part of *Life on the Mississippi.* His boyhood and youth on the river he so profoundly loved had been at once the happiest and most significant part of Mark Twain's life. His return to it in middle age stirred memories which revived and refreshed the idea of *Huckleberry Finn.*

Now at last the book was not only ready, but even eager, to write itself. But it was not to receive much conscious help from its author. He was always full of second-rate literary schemes and now, in the early weeks of the summer, with his immortal story waiting to complete itself, he turned his hot energy upon several of these sorry projects, the completion of which gave him as much sense of satisfying productivity as did his eventual absorption in *Huckleberry Finn.*

When at last it was completed and published and widely loved, Mark Twain became somewhat aware of what he had accomplished with the book that had begun as journeywork and been deprecated, postponed, threatened with destruction. It is his masterpiece, and perhaps he learned to know that. But he could scarcely have estimated it for what it is, one of the world's great books and one of the central documents of American culture.

Wherein does its greatness lie? Primarily in its power of telling the truth. An awareness of this quality as it exists in *Tom Sawyer* once led Mark Twain to say of the earlier work: "It is *not* a boys' book at all. It will be read only by adults. It is written only for adults." But this was only a manner of speaking, Mark Twain's way of asserting, with a discernible touch of irritation, the degree of truth he had achieved.

It does not represent his usual view of either boys' books or

Miss Watson

". . . she told me all about the bad place, and I said I wished I was there . . . She got mad then . . . SHE was going to live so as to go to the good place. Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But I never said so, because it would only make trouble . . ."

Jim

"Jim always kept that five-center piece round his neck with a string, and said it was a charm the devil give to him with his own hands and told him he could cure anybody with it and fetch witches whenever he wanted . . . Jim was most ruined for a servant, because he got stuck up on account of having seen the devil . . ."

Pap

"I used to be scared of him all the time, he tanned me so much . . . He was most 50, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no gray; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. As for his clothes – just rags . . ."

HUCK AND JIM EXPLORE THE CAVE. *"I wanted to go and look at a place right about the middle of the island that I'd found when I was exploring . . . This place was a tolerable long, steep hill . . . We had a rough time getting to the top, the sides were so steep . . . We tramped and clumb around all over it, and by and by found a good big cavern in the rock, most up to the top on the side towards Illinois. The cavern was as big as two or three rooms bunched together, and Jim could stand up straight in it . . . The door of the cavern was big enough to roll a hogshead in, and on one side of the door the floor stuck out a little bit and was flat and a good place to build a fire on . . ."*

HUCK AND JIM SAIL DOWNSTREAM ON THE RAFT. *"This second night we run between seven and eight hours, with a current that was making over four miles an hour. We catched fish and talked, and we took a swim now and then to keep off sleepiness. It was kind of solemn, drifting down the big, still river, laying on our backs looking up at the stars, and we didn't ever feel like talking aloud, and it warn't often that we laughed – only a little kind of low chuckle . . ."*

boys. No one, as he well knew, sets a higher value on truth than a boy. Truth is the whole of a boy's conscious demand upon the world of adults. He is likely to believe that the adult world is in a conspiracy to lie to him, and it is this belief, by no means unfounded, that arouses Tom and Huck and all boys to their moral sensitivity, their everlasting concern with justice, which they call fairness.

At the same time it often makes them skillful and profound liars in their own defense, yet they do not tell the ultimate lie of adults. They do not lie to themselves. That is why Mark Twain felt that it was impossible to carry Tom Sawyer beyond boyhood. In maturity, "He would lie just like all the other one-horse men of literature and the reader would conceive a hearty contempt for him."

Certainly one element in the greatness of *Huckleberry Finn*, as also in the lesser greatness of *Tom Sawyer*, is that it succeeds first as a boys' book. One can read it at 10 and then annually ever after and each year find that it is as fresh as the year before, that it has changed only in becoming somewhat larger.

To read it young is like planting a tree young – each year adds a new growth ring of meaning, and the book is as little likely as the tree to become dull. So, we may imagine, an Athenian boy grew up with the *Odyssey*. There are few other books which we can know so young and love so long.

The truth of *Huckleberry Finn* is of a different kind from that of *Tom Sawyer*. It is a more intense truth, fiercer and more complex. *Tom Sawyer* has the truth of honesty. What it says about things and feelings is never false and always both adequate and beautiful. *Huckleberry Finn* has this kind of truth, too, but it has also the truth of moral passion. It deals directly with the virtue and depravity of man's heart. *Huckleberry Finn* was once barred from certain libraries and schools for its alleged subversion of morality. The authorities had in mind the book's lying, the petty thefts, the reflections on respectability and religion, the bad language and the bad grammar. We smile at that excessive care, yet in point of fact *Huckleberry Finn* is indeed a subversive book.

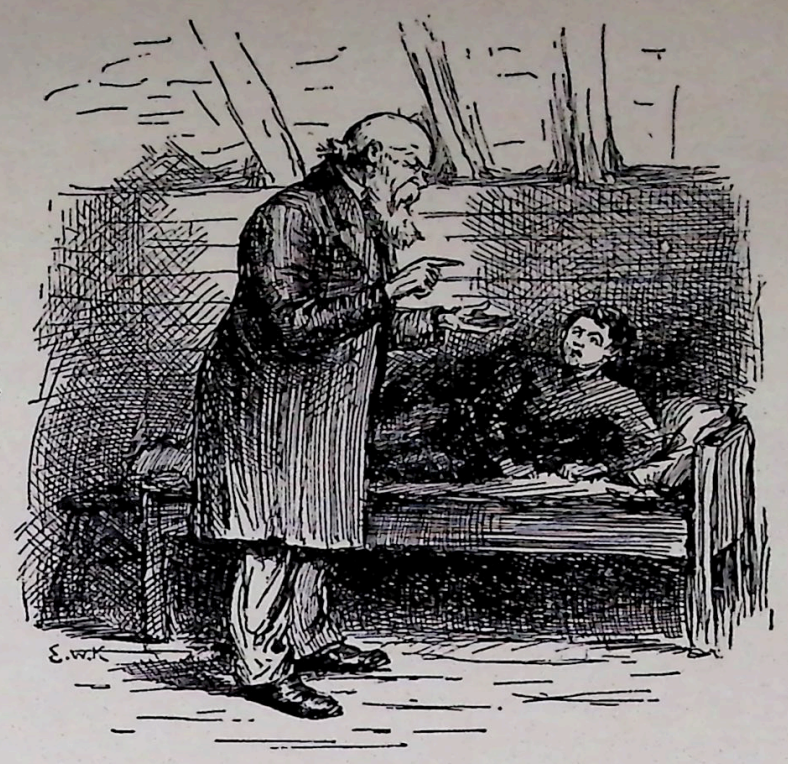
No one who reads thoughtfully the dialectic of Huck's great moral crisis will ever again be wholly able to accept without some question and some irony the assumptions of the respectable morality by which he lives. Nor will he ever again be certain that what he

THE "DUKE" PROCLAIMS HIMSELF TO HUCK AND JIM. *"He said we ought to bow when we spoke to him and say 'Your Grace', or 'My Lord' or 'Your Lordship'. . . he wouldn't mind it if we called him plain 'Bridgewater', which, he said, was a title anyway and not a name; and one of us ought to wait on him at dinner and do any little thing for him he wanted done. Well, that was all easy, so we done it . . . Jim stood around and waited on him, and says, 'Will Yo' Grace have some o' dis or some o' dat?' and so on, and a body could see it was mighty pleasing to him . . ."*

THE "KING" POSES AS A REFORMED PIRATE. *"He told them he was a pirate – been a pirate for 30 years out in the Indian Ocean . . . he was a changed man now, and happy for the first time in his life; and, poor as he was, he was going to start right off and work his way back to the Indian Ocean and put in the rest of his life trying to turn the pirates into the true path; for he could do it better than anybody else, being acquainted with all pirate crews in that ocean . . . When we got back to the raft and he come to count up, he found he had collected 87 dollars and 75 cents."*

HUCK STEALS THE "KING'S" MONEY. *"They took and shoved the bag through a rip in the straw tick that was under the feather-bed . . . and said it was all right now, because a darky only makes up the feather-bed, and don't turn over the straw tick only about twice a year, and so it warn't in no danger of getting stole now. But I knowed better. I had it out of there before they was halfway downstairs. I groped up to my cubby, and hid it . . ."*

THE "KING" LOOKS FOR HIS MONEY. *"About broad day in the morning the king and the duke come . . . and I see by their look that there was trouble. The king says: 'Was you in my room night before last?' 'No, Your Majesty' — which was the way I always called him when nobody . . . warn't around. 'Was you in there yesterday er last night?' 'No, Your Majesty.' 'Honor bright, now — no lies.' 'Honor bright, Your Majesty, I'm telling you the truth . . .'"*



considers the clear dictates of moral reason are not merely the ingrained customary beliefs of his time and place.

We are not likely to miss in *Huckleberry Finn* the subtle, implicit moral meaning of the great river. But we are likely to understand these moral implications as having to do only with personal and individual conduct. And since the sum of individual pettiness is on the whole pretty constant, we are likely to think of the book as applicable to mankind in general and at all times and in all places, and we praise it by calling it "universal." And so it is. But like many books to which that large adjective applies, it is also local and particular. It has a particular moral reference to the United States in the period after the Civil War.

In form and style *Huckleberry Finn* is an almost perfect work. Only one mistake has ever been charged against it — that it concludes with Tom Sawyer's elaborate, too elaborate, game of Jim's escape. Certainly this episode is too long (in the original draft it was much longer) and certainly it is a falling off, as almost anything would have to be, from the incidents of the river.

It is a rather mechanical development of an idea, and yet some device is needed to permit Huck to return to his anonymity, to give up the role of hero, to fall into the background which he prefers, for he is modest in all things and could not well endure the attention and glamour which attend a hero at a book's end. For this purpose nothing could serve better than the mind of Tom Sawyer, with its literary furnishings, its conscious romantic desire for experience and the hero's part.

The form of the book is based on the simplest of all novel-forms, the so-called picaresque novel, or novel of the road, which strings its incidents on the line of the hero's travels. The linear simplicity of the picaresque novel is further modified by the story's having a clear dramatic organization. It has a beginning, a middle and an end — and a mounting suspense of interest.

As for the style of the book, it is not less than definitive in American literature. The prose of *Huckleberry Finn* established for written prose the virtues of American colloquial speech. This has nothing to do with pronunciation or grammar. It has something to do with ease and freedom in the use of language. Most of all it has to do with the structure of the sentence, which is simple, direct and fluent, maintaining the rhythm of the word-groups of speech and the intonations of the speaking voice.

JIM IS SET FREE. *"We had Jim out of the chains in no time, and when Aunt Polly and Uncle Silas and Aunt Sally found out how good he helped the doctor nurse Tom, they made a heap of fuss over him, and fixed him up prime, and give him all he wanted to eat . . . and nothing to do . . . Tom give Jim 40 dollars . . . Jim was pleased most to death, and busted out, and says: 'Dah now, Huck, what I tell you? . . . I tole you I ben rich wunst en gwineter be rich ag'in . . .'"*

HUCK ENDS HIS STORY AND SAYS GOODBY. *". . . and so there ain't nothing more to write about, and I am rotten glad of it, because if I'd 'a' knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn't 'a' tackled it, and ain't a-going to no more. But . . . I got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before."*

In the matter of language, American literature had a special problem. The young Nation was inclined to think that the mark of the truly literary product was a grandiosity and elegance not to be found in the common speech. It therefore encouraged a greater breach between its vernacular and its literary language than, say, English literature of the same period ever allowed.

This accounts for the hollow ring one now and then hears even in the work of our best writers in the first half of the last century. English writers of equal stature would never have made the lapses into rhetorical excess that are common in Cooper and Poe and that are to be found even in Melville and Hawthorne.

Yet at the same time that the language of ambitious literature was high and thus always in danger of falseness, the American reader was keenly interested in the actualities of daily speech. No literature, indeed, was ever so taken up with matters of speech as ours was. Dialect, which attracted even our serious writers, was the accepted common ground of our popular humorous writing.

Nothing else in social life seemed so remarkable as the different forms which speech could take – the brogue of the immigrant Irish or the mispronunciation of the German, the "affectation" of the English, the reputed precision of the Bostonian, the legendary twang of the Yankee farmer and the drawl of the Pike County man. Mark Twain, of course, was in the tradition of humor that exploited this interest, and no one else could play with it so well.

Although today the carefully spelled-out dialects of 19th century American humor are likely to seem dull enough, the subtle variations of speech in *Huckleberry Finn*, of which Mark Twain was justly proud, are still part of the liveliness and flavor of the book.

Out of his knowledge of the actual speech of America, Mark Twain forged a classic prose. The adjective may seem a strange one, yet it is apt. Forget the misspellings and the faults of grammar, and the prose will be seen to move with the greatest simplicity, directness, lucidity and grace. These qualities are by no means accidental. Mark Twain, who read widely, was passionately interested in the problems of style. The mark of the strictest literary sensibility is everywhere to be found in the prose of *Huckleberry Finn*.

It is this prose that Ernest Hemingway had chiefly in mind when he said: "All modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain called *Huckleberry Finn*." Hemingway's own prose stems from it directly and consciously. So, too, does the best of William Faulkner's, which, like Mark Twain's own, reinforces the colloquial tradition with the literary tradition.

Indeed, it may be said that almost every contemporary American writer who deals conscientiously with the problems and possibilities of prose must feel, directly or indirectly, the influence of Mark Twain. He is the master of the style that escapes the fixity of the printed page, that sounds in our ears with the immediacy of the heard voice, the very voice of unpretentious truth. ♦

The world of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer is the world of imagination – a boy's imagination. In it happiness is a treasure hunt in a "real" pirate cave, a cruise down the river on a rickety raft, a swim in a secluded and wonderful pool or a lazy afternoon spent on a hilltop just watching the clouds roll by. Huck and Tom lived such a boyhood, and their story epitomizes its spirit. Hannibal, Missouri, was their town. Here stand their statues, marked with a plaque reading: *Cardiff Hill –This is the foot of Cardiff Hill made famous in Mark Twain's books "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." On the hill Tom, Huck and their gang roamed and played at will.*

The Spider's WEB

by Eleazer Lecky

WHO HASN'T BEEN SURPRISED and amazed by the filaments of a spider web? Perhaps the web was a tiny hammock, a space house, a parlor with a view – or an entangling alliance with a windowpane. Or perhaps it was a great two-dimensional kite suspended in the garden like some geometrical skeleton to entice and detain certain aerial travelers of good flavor. For his gossamer, all spinners, weavers, trappers, architects and engineers forgive the spider his legendary malice. To them he is not the symbol of cold cunning, stealth, and venom – the insatiable enemy – but the expert. They look at the means, not the end, and like the naturalists they avoid moral judgments. But unlike the naturalists, they fail to see the limitations of the spider as acrobat and fabricator. They do not care that he often wastes himself in futile repetition, impelled to build regardless of circumstances, as if he were a mere automaton.

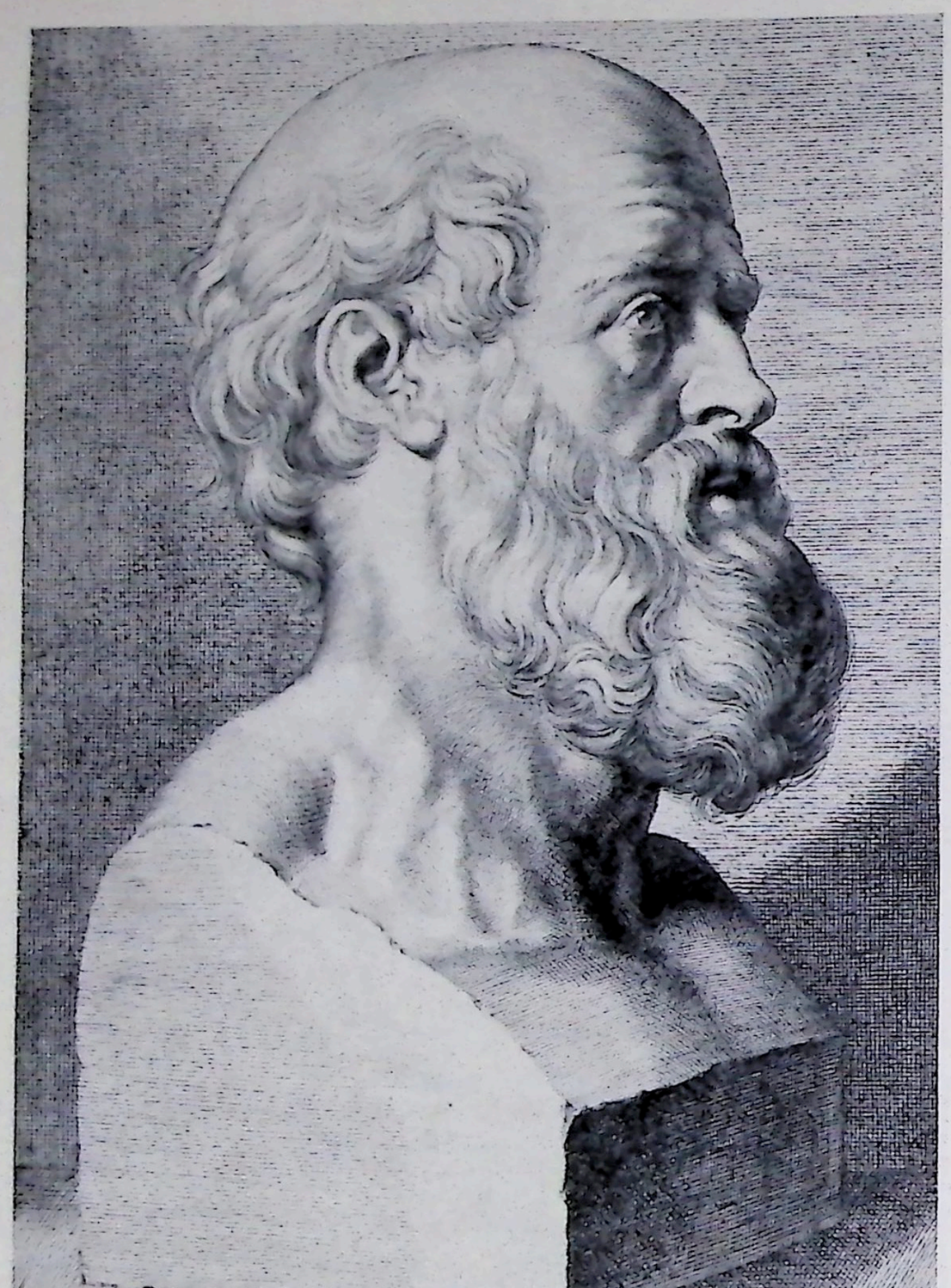
The moralists, too, ignore all but one aspect of the spider. They find, in the very activity that is often so futile, a moral quality. For them the lowly and despicable spider is a creature of will and purpose. Thus they tell us in our childhood to learn from the spider what Robert Bruce or Alexander learned. They tell us how the defeated and discouraged warrior happened to watch a spider build his web with incredible, endlessly repeated effort, and, when the web was torn, patiently rebuild it. The warrior was inspired to struggle on, to emulate the spider.

The lesson is useful, of course, but it may easily be carried too far: We may find ourselves emulating not so much the spider's persistence as his compulsiveness. We forget that there is a time for doing and – especially in this competitive world – a time for being still, a time for grasping and a time for letting go. Only when we sense this, however obscurely, can we begin to know in ourselves the "repose" of a calm sea or a landscape, the "serenity" of a giant redwood.

And, oddly enough, we can discover this very quality not in the spider but in his web – or rather in a fragment of a web such as sometimes hangs free from the ceiling. The spider has gone, but some filament dangles, almost invisible, swayed gently by the slightest current of air. It is almost as free as the air, but is not carried away. Gracefully, quietly, it waits. If there is a moral in the spider's energy, may there not be one in his product? Let him who would copy the spider without acquiring ulcers study the cobweb too. ♦

Healer
IN THE DAWN

by Grove Wilson



HIPPOCRATES

MAN'S FIGHT FOR HEALTH BEGAN IN THE JUNGLE, where accident played a leading role in limiting his years. Even in prehistoric days science was taking its part in this grim fight. Fossils have been found which prove that men of the Stone Age knew enough to set broken bones and bore a hole in the skull to let out the devil that was torturing the victim.

When history begins, the priests were the doctors and their gods were directly responsible for cures or fatalities. In Greece, Aesculapius was the god of healing. Ruins of temples erected to him still exist. He was a great god and a popular one, for what is more desirable than health and freedom from pain? At his shrine prayed the weak and the suffering.

Freewill offerings on the part of cured votaries were the sole means of support for the temple. The priests seldom looked kindly upon a scientific practitioner who threatened their income. The cult of the god had to be maintained.

Then appeared Hippocrates. He didn't care about the priests and probably he wasn't especially interested in Aesculapius. He wanted, before all else, to make men well, and, in order to do that, he had to find out why they were sick.

Hippocrates was born on the Island of Cos about 460 B. C. The physician Heraclides was his father and Phaenarete was his mother. At first he studied medicine with his father but went later to sit at the feet of a great doctor, Herodicus of Selymbria. It was this same Herodicus who used to make patients walk 20 miles in an effort to rid them of objectionable "humors."

Hippocrates rounded off his studies by traveling, but his wanderings were much more limited than those of his predecessors. The Far East he did not see and it is probable that he never got to Egypt. He practiced his profession on the Island of Thasos and in various towns of Thessaly.

His first distinguished patient was Perdiccas II, King of Macedonia. While he was in Macedon he decided that Greece was threatened with a plague and nothing that Perdiccas could say would induce him to remain abroad when his native land was in danger. He went at once to Athens and, by causing large fires to be lighted thoughout the town, averted the epidemic. He noticed that blacksmiths escaped the plague and this, it is said, gave him the idea for the purifying flames.

Born of a family of physician-priests, he broke clearly and finally with that cult. He was a rebel against the camp of Aesculapius. What the priests in the temple thought of all this it is now impossible to say. However, it does not appear that he was persecuted and it is not on record that any attempts were made upon his life. After all he was only one man and the sick were plentiful.

Only one man! But he shook down the temple of the god and started a reformation that is still sweeping mankind into clearer conceptions of disease and health.

He was fearless and he was honest. There were many things he did not know but one thing he clung to – his desire to know. His ethics were most exalted, and out of the regard he had for his profession and for men, he evolved the basic principle of the Hippocratic oath.

At the age of 90 or more Hippocrates died at Larissa in Thessaly and passed on into the ages.

He was the first in medicine to *see* and to reason about what he saw. He threw away legend and vulgar beliefs and tried to dig his way into the secret of health. He wanted to know, but he wanted to know for the purpose of curing the sick. He had no desire to dazzle his patients, to deal in the mysterious, to bluff. He said exhibitions of skill done to impress the patient were a form of deceit and, above all, he wanted to be honest with those who visited him. He carried this honesty to the point of refusing to treat anyone whose condition he thought hopeless.

He tore medicine away from philosophy and made it a science. He created a sound method of procedure and made it possible for those who came after him to take up the work where he dropped it. It was not his fault that for many centuries advance practically ended with his great successor, Galen. He had shown the way, and later, man returned to start where he stopped.

Hippocrates taught that the human body is warmed with a natural internal heat and the loss of this heat causes death. This heat, he thought, was most prevalent in the baby and throughout life slowly diminished until at death it vanished. He ascribed this heat to the heart – a surprising guess on the part of one who had dissected no human body and who knew nothing of the circulation of the blood.

When Hippocrates was called to attend a sick man he at once began his treatment. This, however natural it may seem to us, was a radical break with precedent. In Egypt and elsewhere it had been usual to let the sufferer lie, to do nothing until the fifth day. At the end of that time, if the patient still lived, an

THE OATH OF HIPPOCRATES

I do solemnly swear by that which I hold most sacred:

That I will be loyal to the profession of medicine and just and generous to its members;

That I will lead my life and practice my art in uprightness and honor;

That into whatsoever house I shall enter, it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of my power, I holding myself aloof from wrong, from corruption, from the tempting of others to vice;

That I will exercise my art solely for the cure of my patients and will give no drug, perform no operation, for a criminal purpose, even if solicited, far less suggest it;

That whatsoever I shall see or hear of the lives of men which is not fitting to be spoken, I will keep inviolably secret.

These things I do promise, and in proportion as I am faithful to this, my oath, may happiness and good repute be ever mine — the opposite if I shall be forsworn.

effort to relieve him would be made. Hippocrates saw no sense in this practice and entirely abandoned it.

He watched carefully what his patient ate and was thus the first of dietitians. To eat sensibly was to be healthy and to diet wisely was to regain health.

In his time there was no generally accepted system of treatment for acute diseases. Hippocrates had to pioneer his way. He upset all previous notions of treatment in cases of fever. He said that when the system was weakened by fever, great care should be taken in the matter of food and exercise — all changes at that time being dangerous. In this he approached rather close to modern ideas. Before his time many had been killed by the fever treatment, which called for violent exercise and heavy food. He strongly advised moderation in all things — the golden mean.

Though he had inherited from the physician-priests who preceded him 265 drugs, he used them sparingly. In the main he was content to rest on climate, water and diet and let nature take its course. He wrote of the influence of winds, waters and stars, and his analysis of the effects of climate is still considered sound.

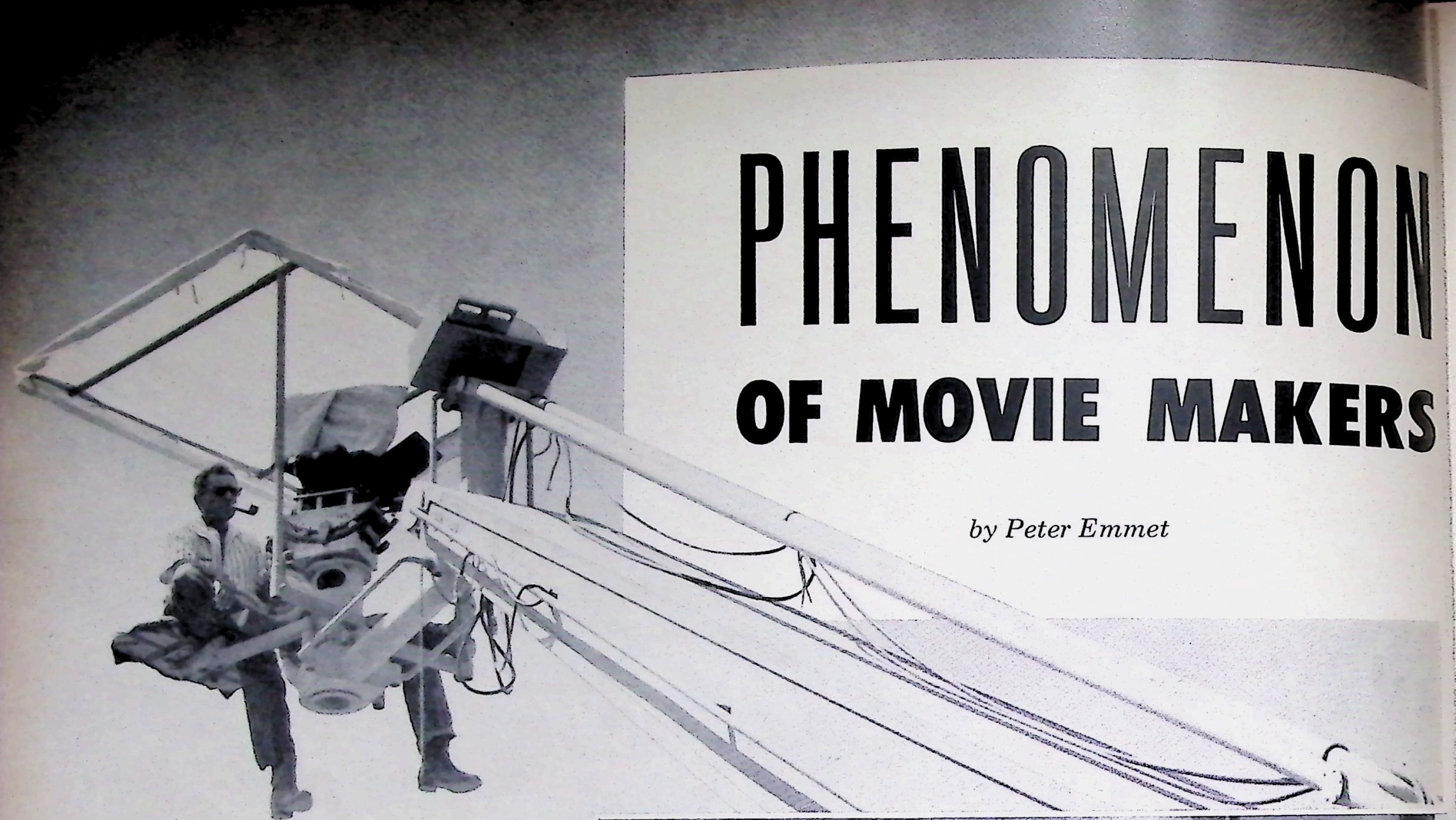
He repudiated the ancient notion that disease was sent by the gods as punishment. Even to the "sacred disease," epilepsy, he denied divine origin. No disease, he said, is more divine than another. All of them are caused by natural agents, and, among these natural agents, he enumerates heat and cold, wind and sun.

He knew something of the bones, their relations and positions. Of the muscles and the internal organs his ideas are confused and often wrong. Of nerves he knew nothing; the "nerves" to which he refers are really sinews or tendons.

It must be remembered that he had never seen a human body dissected, that he had no microscope and no chemistry. He knew nothing of microbes and nothing of the subtle processes of the glands. He was as one in an unlighted room, trying, without tools, to mend a delicate apparatus. His efforts were crude and clumsy — but he did not ruin the machine over which he labored.

On every side of him he toppled over the images of superstition, for he declared disease to be born of natural causes. He plucked away its false mystery and thereby robbed it of much of its terror. He found medicine dying in the temples of a worn-out religion. He left it dominant and vital, set upon its high mission of relieving pain. ◆

Hippocrates sailed against the currents of his time. He refused to accept the authority of the gods in matters of disease; he would not truckle to the superstitions of the priests who monopolized medicine. He even (as shown here) rejected gifts sent him by Artaxerxes, powerful ruler of Persia — refusing to compromise his principles.



PHENOMENON OF MOVIE MAKERS

by Peter Emmet

SAMUEL FULLER

Writer • Director • Producer

In a city where ideas are a commodity and movies are now generally made by artists for businessmen, Samuel Fuller is something of an anomaly, for, in his own person, he repairs this Hollywood schism. He writes an unbelievable number of stories, will direct only his own originals and produces the pictures he directs. To the writer's ability to recognize a good idea and the director's ability to get the most out of talent and equipment, Fuller adds the producer's function of knowing physical properties, costs, the management of personnel and the ability to choose good people and put them in the right jobs. His pictures have consistently caused an increased flow of blood in the veins of the audience and an ever increasing flow of revenue into the Hollywood coffers. In this day of movie specialists and television competition, Samuel Fuller has done a phenomenal amount of work with phenomenal success and become one of the most sought-after movie makers in Hollywood.

On the quiet lot of RKO Radio Pictures Studio in Hollywood, half-paralyzed by the bite of television, is a small enclave of frantic activity: Globe Enterprises — the offices of Samuel Fuller, writer, director and independent producer, whose pictures have been so successful he is now being billed as "The Hitmaker."

In a business that is currently sackcloth-and-ashing itself over diminished box office receipts, Fuller's pictures have proved themselves phenomenal money-makers. In an industry of increasing specialization, Fuller himself is that rarest of phenomena: a man who does everything himself.

At 11, he sold newspapers. At 13, he became copy boy on the New York *Journal.* At the age of 14 he became personal copy-jumper to Hearst's giant of journalism, the great editor Arthur Brisbane. At 17, he became the youngest police reporter in New York City and learned all aspects of the newspaper business. He came to the West Coast, and for years he ghosted for "name" writers; he wrote books on assignment for various publishers at so much per book. In 1938 he sold his first motion picture script. He was on his way.

When World War II came, Fuller chose the Infantry. While he was overseas, his book *The Dark Page* was published under his own name and won a critics' award for the best psychological novel of the year. He was too busy to care much, fighting his way through North Africa, Sicily, France, Belgium, Germany and Czechoslovakia. As a rifleman corporal, he was awarded the Bronze Star for capturing Germans on D-Day in Sicily and the Silver Star for action on D-Day in Normandy. (He is now writing *The Big Red 1*, the story of his old outfit — the First U. S. Infantry Division — covering the entire war, and will direct and produce it in September for RKO.)

On his return from overseas, he was offered a job at Warner Brothers. He wrote a screenplay, which the studio did not make. The agent took it to RKO, which hired him on the strength of the script. He wrote another screenplay; again it was not filmed. MGM hired him on the strength of that script. And so it went. "I was never out of work," he recalls, "but my wife was beginning to wonder what would happen if they ever *did* shoot one."

Meanwhile Fuller was working on an idea which fascinated him: What goes on in the mind of an assassin? He began to do research on the life of Robert Ford, the man who shot Jesse James. The result was a story: "I Shot Jesse James."

"Everybody wanted it and offered me big money — not just twenty-five or thirty thousand but *big* money for it. Robert L. Lippert was interested in it. I told him he could have it for minimum, twenty-five hundred, if he let me direct it, without interference." Fuller shot the picture in 10 days. It made almost a million dollars.

He made two more for Lippert. When *The Steel Helmet* made over $1,400,000 (over 10 times its cost) within 60 days after its release, Fuller decided to branch out. He shot another money-maker for Twentieth Century-Fox, then moved into independent production, for a share of the picture, his system at present.

Yet all this does not tell who Samuel Fuller is. He is, primarily, a writer and as such finds the germ of his stories in the emotional reactions or psychological state of a man under certain circumstances. He is a researcher (he still does his own research, and real enthusiasm appears in his voice when he talks about a valuable "find" he has made). To this emotional situation and interesting background he adds his specialty: action, and lots of it. "We're selling entertainment," he says. "People spend their dollar-ten to buy excitement. It's like an amusement park. I don't care if people buy popcorn. I like that. But if I can make them forget they have a popcorn bag in their hands, I've got a hit."

Directing was the natural move for the movie writer. Too many scripts are injured by unsympathetic direction, and Fuller is a man who knows exactly what he wants. He can explain, act out a scene as he goes. He can rewrite or improvise as the picture progresses. Rehearsal time is cut down. The fifth day of rehearsal is with camera. Next day, with film — the picture is under way.

The next logical step was producing. That is a giant step and one which few take, for writing, directing or producing is a full-time job, and individuals with Fuller's energy are rare in Hollywood. Still, for a man who hates compromise, who is determined to add to a writer's pride in his work the thrill which comes from "seeing your ideas become real human beings, the way you see them on the screen," producing is not only a logical but even a necessary next step. "Besides," Fuller explains, "it expedites things. I know exactly what properties I want in the picture. I know exactly what people. We can settle it in an hour instead of two weeks. We don't have to wait for the writer to come in and describe what sets he had in mind or the director to say what would make things easiest for him. And I can't stand interference with my ideas. I never show my scripts — even to potential backers."

Fuller designs his own sets, too, whipping out quick sketches for his artists as he explains what he wants. He designs the costumes, for he has already done the research. He directs the cameramen. Thus he commands the respect of technicians who are specialists in each particular job, since he stages everything in detail with a thorough knowledge of their own departments.

His *modus operandi* is equally phenomenal. He may be directing a picture one day, out surveying locations for his next production the following day and writing still another film over the weekend. He divides a giant blackboard into three sections for the beginning, middle and end of a film (in his writing he demands not only that a story, but even each sequence, have these three parts) and chalks the events on it, using different colors — blue for love scenes, red for action etc. "If I see one red mark at the end of the first act, two or so in the second and three or four in the third, I know things are going right."

He makes no secret of his inspiration: Brisbane (who gave him a healthy respect for facts), Beethoven (whose music gives him the emotional drive he puts in his stories) and "Beloved," (his wife Marta, who is a stabilizing force). About the secrets of his success he is rather more reticent. But they seem to be willingness to take the entire responsibility ("I can't blame the writer or the director for failure") and, most particularly, enthusiasm for an idea, energy enough to put it into effect and the stamina to bear up under a schedule which often includes only three or four hours' sleep a night. Plus, of course, an amazing ability to reflect audience tastes.

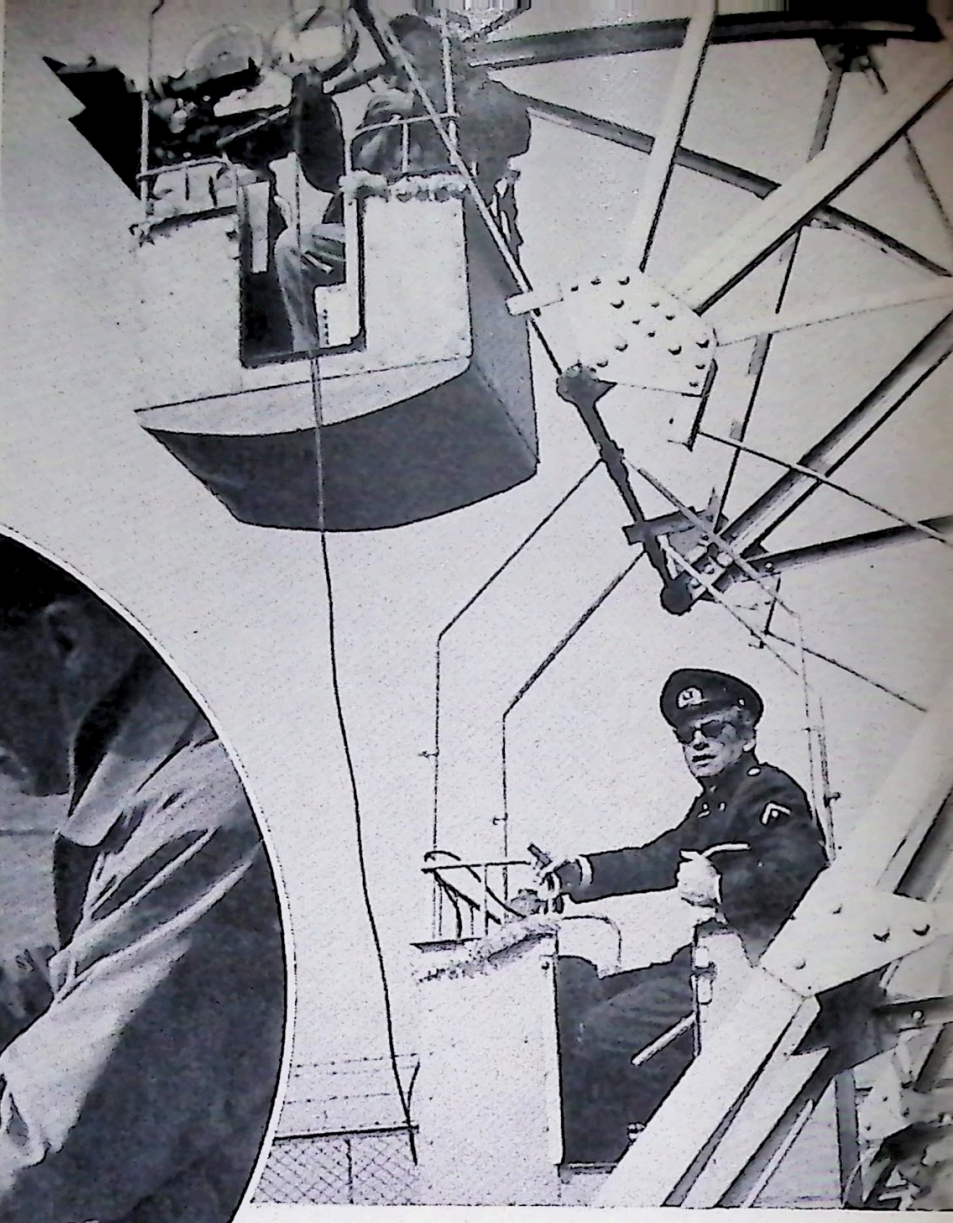
He is a man who is never at rest. He has little or no social life. As he describes a script, he paces up and down the office, almost compelled to act it out. As he talks, his imagination is constantly at work, inventing tales about his surroundings or the people with him. As he sketches a set for a designer, he is thinking about camera angles, making up little stories to show against such a background and with such a shot. He has "a million things I want to do and shoot and write. I can't help it." And, he is lucky: "I like my work."

He thinks — hopes, rather — that his successful activities may start a trend for future writer-producer-directors. The advantages are obvious: faster, less expensive, more coherent motion pictures. And best of all, such a man is spared a producer's main headache — mediating between temperamental writers and directors.

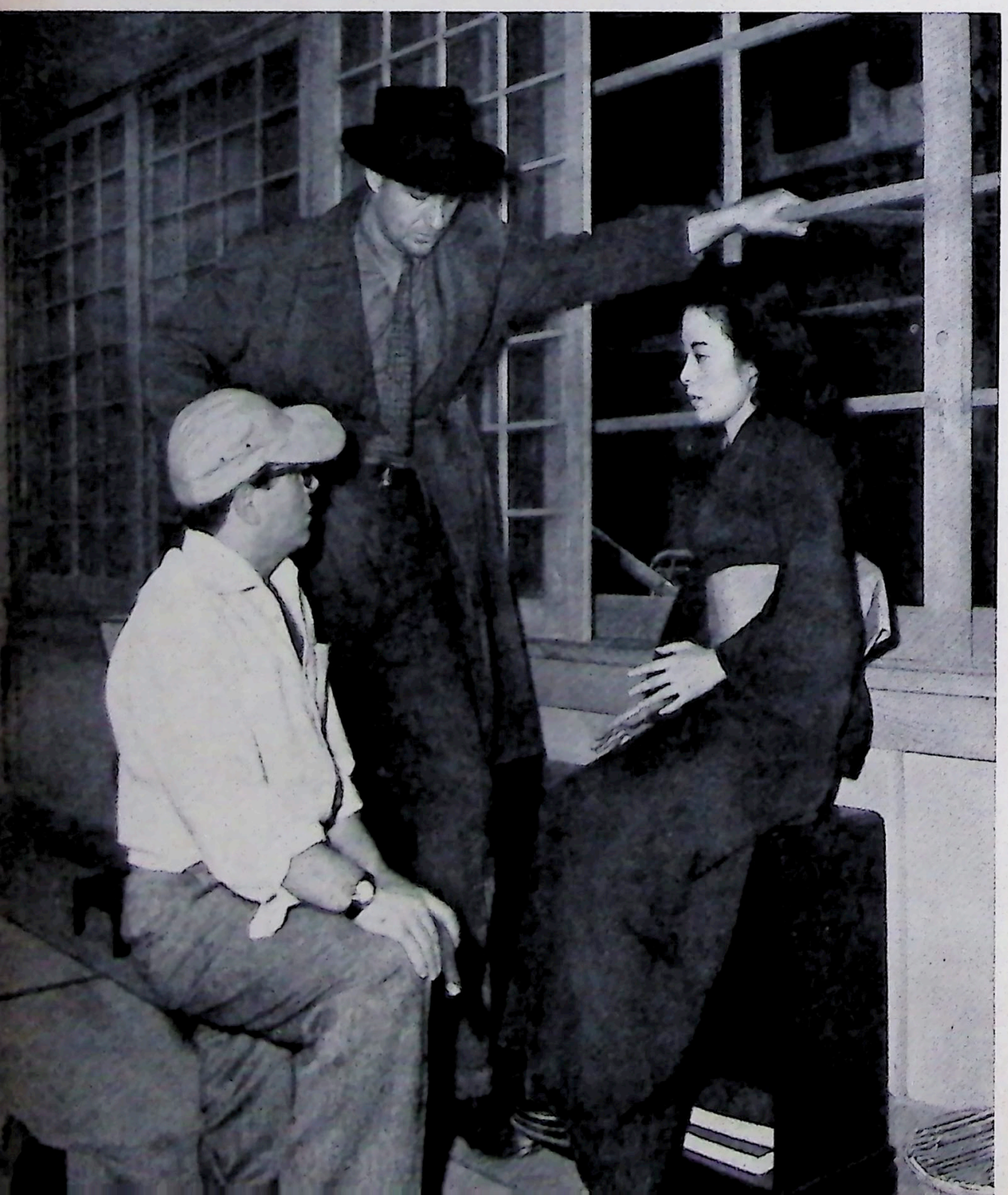
This year three motion pictures by this phenomenon of movie makers will be released: *Run of the Arrow* for RKO, *China Gate* and *Woman with a Whip* for Twentieth Century-Fox, all of which he wrote, produced and directed. This is the final evidence, the reason he may properly be called a phenomenon. ♦

JAPAN

For "House of Bamboo" Fuller took his CinemaScope camera to Japan for an on-the-spot story of postwar Americans there, the first U. S. film produced in Japan by a "major." He obtained full official cooperation.



In a scene where a Japanese policeman was to be hit in the neck by a bullet, Fuller was concerned, since the Japanese are not familiar with the American "bullet squib," a patch of powder that is detonated by electric switch and gives the illusion of a bullet's hitting a target. If the actor is not careful, the squib can take his eye out. Fuller had himself dressed as a Japanese policeman to play the scene, going so far as to operate the switch himself.



Robert Stack and Shirley Yamaguchi watch Fuller, in his capacity as director, go through a scene for them. As a director, Fuller is best qualified to draw out every possible effect that Fuller the writer intended in the script. The saving in time is extremely valuable from a production standpoint (as Fuller does not, of course, have to refer to the script), and there are no moments lost puzzling out possible ambiguities; the writer's intention – even if vaguely expressed – can be either clarified or even developed on the spot. Fuller acts out every scene for star and bit-player alike, it being his practice to transfer to the screen intact his original intentions. His not asking the actors to "feel" their way through a scene makes things much easier for them, and a coherence in the production as a whole offsets the possible loss in individual interpretations of each scene.

Dealing as he does in the more straightforward types of effect, Fuller was not overly harassed by the language barrier in Japan. For specific instructions, of course, he relied on interpreter Joe Markaroff (right) to relay his directions to the Japanese extras. When the interpreter became ill, Fuller depended on his own ability to convey or raise emotions. In order to make two extras laugh blushingly (below, left) he walked them several times toward the camera, speaking gibberish into their ears, finally drawing from them the reaction he sought. Striving for realism, Fuller swooped down on a group of women at work crushing rocks and called camera and actress Yamaguchi to shoot the scene on the spot. It was all done so quickly that no crowd had time to gather. So impressed were several Japanese companies with Fuller's methods of working that they made offers to him to produce and direct pictures in Japan for them. Fuller had to turn them down, since he directs only what he has written.

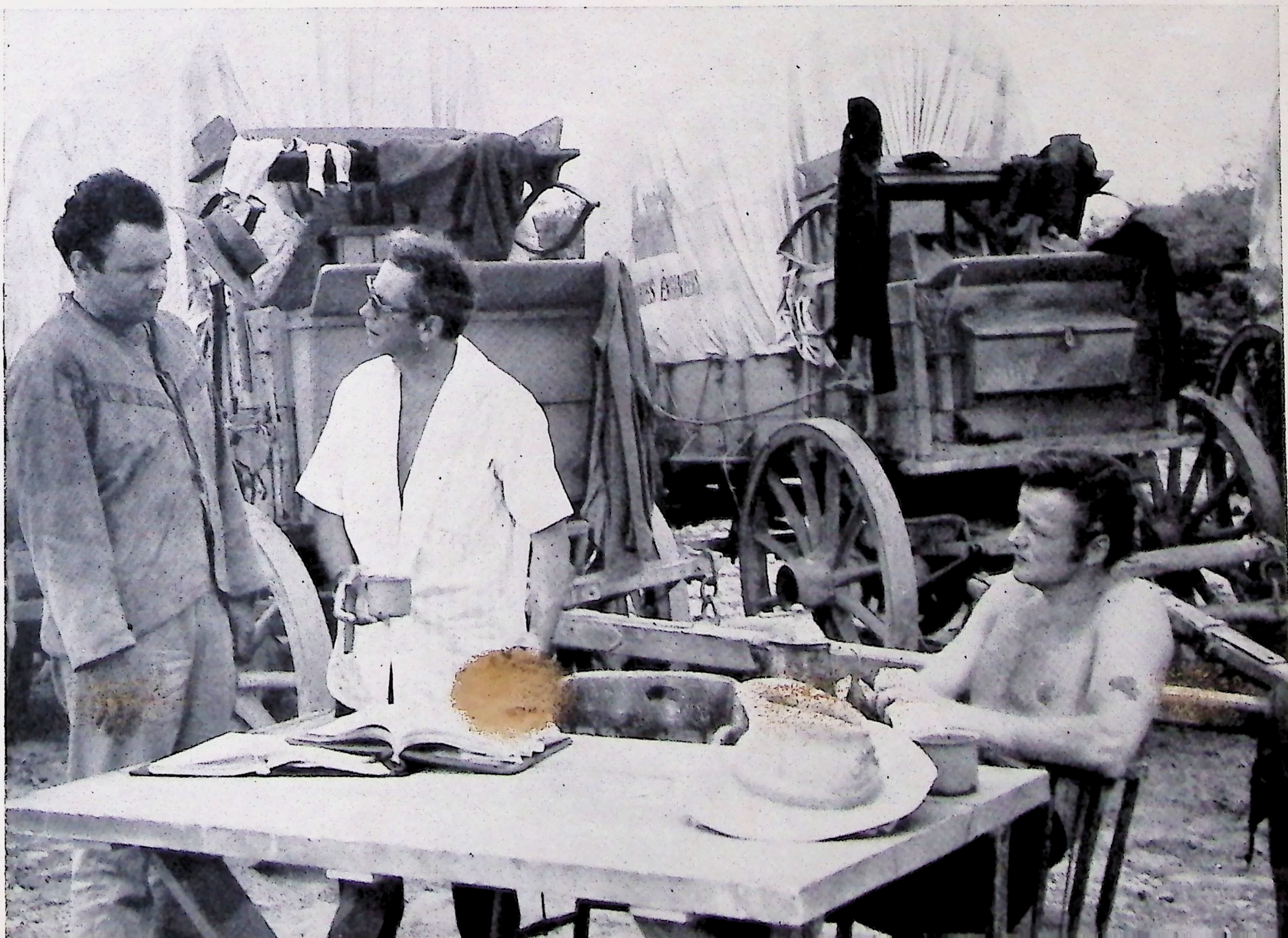
UTAH

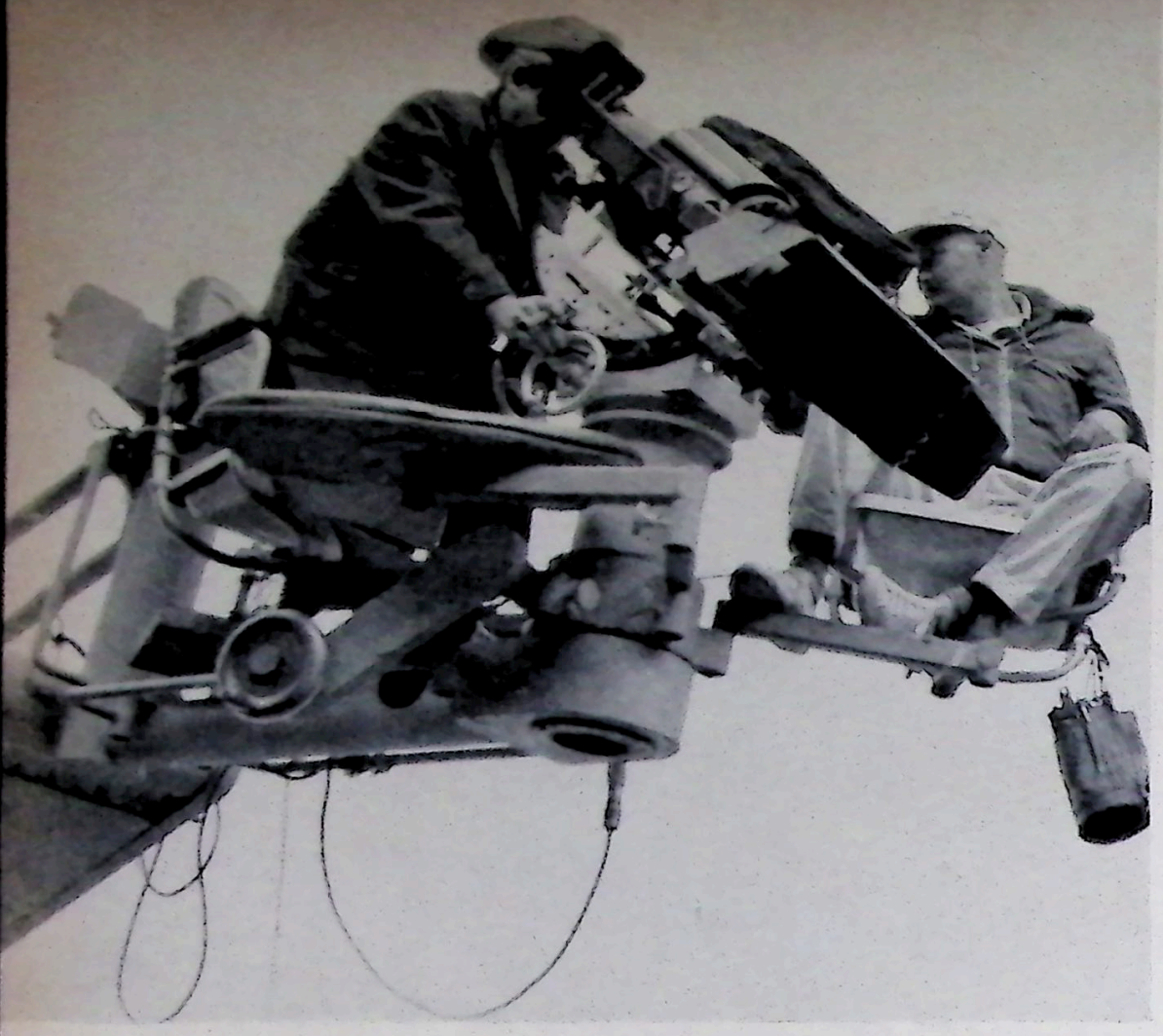
A post-Civil War epic about an unregenerate Rebel who chooses to live with the Indians rather than return to a defeated South, "Run of the Arrow" was filmed entirely on location in Utah, the first all-exterior movie ever made. Technicolor heightens the film's realism.

Love in a tepee is watched by director Fuller as Sarita Montiel and Rod Steiger go through their paces (left). Fuller is watching particularly for her emotional reaction, striving to give the scene its proper "punch." At right, Fuller is giving instructions (through an interpreter) to the Sioux and Navajos who are to ride for the scene. Fuller used real Indians, at many times the cost of simple extras, for his film, sparing no expense to heighten the realism. Even the paintings on the sides of the ponies (the bareback-riding Indians' own, incidentally) are authentic. Since the Indians did not use rifles until the late 1880s, and then infrequently, as ammunition was difficult to obtain, Fuller's Indians are armed only with bows, arrows, lances and fire.

Fuller's infantry experience during World War II proves useful as he gives actor Rod Steiger directions for sighting and firing his weapon.

Fuller goes far beyond the usual directorial chores of giving instructions to the talent. He holds impromptu "story conferences" with them on the set, even in (as below) location temperatures ranging up to 100 degrees in the shade. The sequence under discussion is the climax of a scene in which the Yankee officer, played by actor Brian Keith (seated) accuses Rebels of terrorism and Ku Klux Klan activity. Steiger explains how the South feels toward the North and vows that it will never allow itself to be dictated to – thus, by the way, strongly foreshadowing contemporary events. When Keith asks, "Have you ever heard of Aaron Burr?" Fuller's clenched fist indicates the emotions of shame, resentment and hurt which he feels should be expressed.





INDO-CHINA

Fuller's next release, to follow "Run of the Arrow," will be "China Gate," a story of the French Foreign Legion's fight in Indochina. It will contain a strong problem love element.

One of Fuller's main advantages, derived from his combined functions as writer, producer and director, is that he is definitely a man of the movie business. He orders sets with the director in mind, directs with a knowledge of costs; his writing is not done in a vacuum and does not have to undergo a lengthy adaptation process. To further this advantage, he always watches a scene through the camera (left) to make sure he will get the shot he wants and always uses the same crew, experienced in his requirements. He carries this further, on occasions, as when he has Warren Hsieh (below, left), who plays the boy in "China Gate," look through the camera to familiarize him with what the audience will see. Then (in line with his custom of demonstrating the scene to the principals) he takes a fall for the boy, making a game of it in order to draw him into the necessary mood. The scene involves Warren's fleeing with his dog – the last animal alive in the village – lest a starving native eat it. The demonstration pays off as the boy executes a perfect fall (below, right).

For authenticity in his picture, Fuller chose three characters who actually fought in Indochina. Above, the boy has taken refuge with them in their machine gun nest.

Darryl F. Zanuck thought so highly of Fuller's "Hell and High Water" that (left) he gave the ex-corporal his U.S. Army colonel's hat, memento of World War II. At right, Fuller displays the Bronze Lion of St. Mark, awarded to him at the Venice Film Festival for his film "Pickup on South Street."

The Language of LOVE

by
Archibald Rutledge

PERHAPS THERE IS NO OTHER WORD in the language so often misused, so frequently misapplied, as "love." Yet the definitions of this term, even by the latest dictionary, leave one cold. One who really knows the meaning of love (and he can learn it only by life's experience) feels that a mere definition is totally inadequate for a word that can have a connotation so deep and splendid. Those who have had the great and noble experiences of love know that its meaning is too complex, its nature too august, to be comprehended in a definition. They feel as would one who, having spent years in another land, is asked by a friend to tell all about it in one sentence.

It should be remembered at the beginning that love, properly considered, is an evolution of the spirit — a mysterious flowering of the lordly tree of the soul — and any attempt to blueprint and pigeonhole it is both ludicrous and pathetic. Within its own world, science is admirable, but the moment it enters the realm of the human spirit and undertakes to explain matters of the heart as if they were so many sines and cosines, it betrays its weakness. Love moves in an ampler orbit than any yet discovered or even imagined by astronomers.

Much of the misunderstanding about love comes these days from the stage, the standardized love story, screen, radio, television. In relation to the truth, the psychology of all these is nearly always bad, but in catering to human weakness and folly, the psychology, while spurious, is effective. Despite so classic an example as *Jane Eyre* to the contrary, all heroines must be fabulously ravishing, and heroes at once cave men physically and seers mentally. A movie queen meets a movie king — any time and anywhere — and immediately, for no more reason than that the public prefers excitement, they "fall in love."

Is there, to discerning and thoughtful persons (and, one might add, to a person of modest and spiritual mind), anything less convincing than a typical love story of the screen? Often the scene is laid on a tropical island where the "love-making" is more torrid than the equatorial sun and where the aborigines are far more reticent and refined than the visitors from supposed civilization. Worst of all, perhaps, is the fact that physical attraction, or, at least, love in the kindergarten stage, alone appears to be recognized and emphasized.

That two young persons, commonly total strangers, looking so much like Venus and Apollo that in real life they would have been married to other persons long before, should meet and immediately collapse into each other's arms, does not seem to indicate that the authors and directors of such a spectacle know what love can mean. They would make far better pictures if they did not represent of love only what Cleopatra called her "salad days."

According to the dictionary, love means ardent affection; it means superior regard; it means solicitude for the welfare of another. But these mechanical definitions do not satisfy us.

As to the places where love is to be found, one thing is certain: It is never found in the market place. And as to its companions, it is never found associated with personal ambition or with selfishness. Perhaps the Bible, which illumines so much that else were dark, sheds the eternal light of truth on love: "God so *loved* . . . that He *gave* . . ." Completely understood, that statement carries one great revelation about love: It walks hand-in-hand with selfless generosity. The average person may say he loves you — and may even think he does — but if he is not willing to sacrifice for you, he does not really care.

Insofar as two human beings are concerned, the love of each for the other might be expressed in this way: Love means that there is someone for whom I long to be perfect; someone who longs to be perfect for me. And except in love, perfection is denied all of us.

Such an idea of deep and abiding affection as the foregoing does not seem to carry with it any Hollywood atmosphere at all.

Changeless in a life of change, "love never faileth." When we hear that two people no longer love each other, we have a right to conclude that whatever tie first held them together must have been something other than love. The records of human experience often refer to the changeless nature of love. Out of the tremendous depth of background of the Old Testament we hear the golden words: "Many waters cannot wash out love; neither can the floods drown it."

Generous and not subject to change, love is likewise mysterious, moving in a splendid and stately orbit far outside that of mere reason. Many moderns make the ghastly mistake of supposing that love can be F.O.B. Detroit, like a shiny new car. But just as no man can explain electricity, or how the earth, obeying mighty laws, swings pendulous in vast abysses or how the autumn-blooming gentian's retiring beauty is delicately fringed — so no man can give the formula for a Leonidas or a Joan of Arc, and no man can plot or bound the mystic, wild parabola of love.

That love is mere youthful passion is the unfortunate conviction of many sophisticates, whose trouble is not that they know too much of life, but too little. It is the belief of all who announce with a superior air that they "are going to take a realistic view of things." Whenever I hear of one of these realistic views I cannot escape concluding that somebody is ready to commit a villainy.

Whenever I am in great doubt about some human question, I look into the realm of nature to see whether a parallel does not exist there, a similitude that suggests a solution. Here, for example, is a tiny brown acorn. In time it develops into a lush, green oak. The years pass; it towers higher, spreads more broadly, is stronger and more imposing, gives more shade and shelter. At length, after a thousand years, we see the massive trunk of a mighty live oak that has received its grace from the sun, its power from the storm. Standing in its cradle that will be its grave, it makes me think of the growth of true love: at first, characterized by frailty, by beauty, by the charm of its symmetry; finally, by its splendor, its might, its tolerance, its sense of peace and abiding glory. Love is even such a growth.

As we become more mature, we begin to discover that love is not solitary but is accompanied by her winsome companions, which are her true qualities: honor and self-sacrifice, valor and patience, reticence and modesty, faith and fidelity, nobility and generosity. When I see and hear young people blush and stammer when love is mentioned, I feel that they have not yet come to an understanding of its splendor. Love alone is capable of making people heroes and heroines.

True love, of course, can be manifested in many ways, and this glory is not denied the humblest. Its increasing splendor can be a heritage of all true hearts. The best way, perhaps, to show deep remembrance is to live in such a way that someone still alive, or gone into the world of light, is paid a tribute by your behavior. Nor

is there any other tribute equal to the one which one person pays another by living, for the sake of the beloved, a more generous and noble life, which is a spiritual peerage accessible to all.

The people in this life who really break our hearts are not those who hate us, but those who care – but not much; never to the point of doing anything. This person who cares for you, but never enough to do a hand's turn for you, is really a tragic figure, for he has not learned that self-sacrifice is not only the noblest gift, but perhaps the only gift, to lay upon the high altar of love. His trouble is either spiritual ignorance or spiritual inertia. The world is afflicted with lukewarm people.

Yet now and then we meet one to whom love means action, and such a one is always a benefactor of the race. Probably millions of Englishwomen felt sorry for the wounded soldiers of the Crimea. Florence Nightingale *did* something about it. The most significant people in the world (perhaps the *only* significant ones) are those who go beyond being sorry for others. They always go the second mile, and the second mile is always love's.

I recall once reading with a boy of typically modern scientific mind one of the great love sonnets of John Keats. Finally he said with unconcealed impatience, "I can never understand why people rave so about love. It is nothing but a simple biological process." Such a view, if maintained, would condemn him to lead an essentially vulgar life. He would look on majesty and see nothing. His wife would be so wounded by his mechanical concepts that even in paradise she would not be able to hide her wounds. Nothing else ever hurts the heart quite so much as to give love to another who does not set much store by it.

The trouble seems to arise from a failure to recognize the mystery of the nature of love. It should not be difficult for us to accept mystery. It is all about us. Only those who lose their capacity to wonder lose their sense of the mystery of life, love and death. The old prophets clearly recognized such people. One of them says succinctly, "Their talk is of bullocks." It has always seemed to me that the moonlight of life is just as genuine as the sunlight – and far more beautiful; romance can be as real a thing as any scientific fact.

There are always abroad in the world two diverse spirits: the spirit of selfishness, greed and hatred; and the spirit of love. Upon the question of which can be made to prevail, depends the destiny of man. Every human being can have a share in the triumph of love. Whatever his own spirit may be, he must make it give place in his heart to the spirit of love. This is not fancy; nor is it theory. It is immediate, practical and of boundless importance daily in the life of every one of us.

In the long ages of history there have been numerous attempts made by ambitious, perhaps demented, individuals to conquer the world. I think their undertaking not impossible; but they rendered it impossible by using the wrong means. Force is usually of but temporary effect; it is always uncertain; it must needs destroy what should be preserved; and it causes wounds that centuries will not heal. Love, and love alone, could conquer the world. Even the Romans, who carried military might about as far as it can be carried, left us, in three words, both the story of the failure of force and the story of the triumph of love: "*Amor omnia vincit*." Of what else can it be said that it conquers all?

Since love is a growth of beauty in the human heart, we can recognize the mystery of its nature if we consider the wonder of the growth of beauty in nature. Loveliness is always drawn from dim and occult sources. When I look at a great pine, lifting its might to the sunshine and the rain, mating darkly with the mysterious soil, I feel all the while that its symmetry is shaped by a shadowy Hand which the heart may not comprehend but must worship. And so it is with human love. In realms of wonder and somewhere in the far dominions and broad estates of the spirit it has its birth. Not otherwise could such splendor come to the heart. It has its origin in realms of beauty and the home of eternal grace. If it were not so, how else could it sometimes achieve celestial valor? And how else could we account for love's golden harp and life-sustaining wings?

The universal human experience that is hardest to bear, and that tests most severely character and faith, is grief. Its power can be so great that only the power of love can be greater. Love not only can transform sorrow, but can even transform it into an ennobling experience. Any real achievement is always a triumph over difficulty, and the highest valor of which we can conceive is love's triumph over grief. That is why the mighty prophet Isaiah speaks of "the treasures of darkness." It is because the human spirit is usually at its best in hours of trial. Security cannot develop the soul, but danger and shadows can.

If we appraise the harvest of our joy, we shall find it disappointing. Grief is the wise and mighty builder, or it *can be* if love will take the power of grief and use it for noble ends. It was in this way that "Lycidas," "Adonais" and "In Memoriam" were born; thus that our Constitution, "the greatest work struck off by the hand of man," had its origin; thus that the eternal tears of the Shah Jehan built the majesty of the Taj Mahal. Love masters grief, employing the strength of sorrow, which is negative, to create grandly what is positive and beautiful. A great work coming out of grief is an image of the spirit that has felt it. Grief has a way of awakening love: We hold hands in life's dark.

We live a life of compensations. For every trouble there is a remedy of some character. For sorrow there is love. Swinburne, in his beautiful but pessimistic lyric, asks, "What love was ever as deep as the grave?" Apparently he was thinking of love merely in its physical aspect, for love is the one glory that does survive the grave. It is the one star that shines upon us from that world of light whither our beloved are gone; it is the one bond that holds us forever to them.

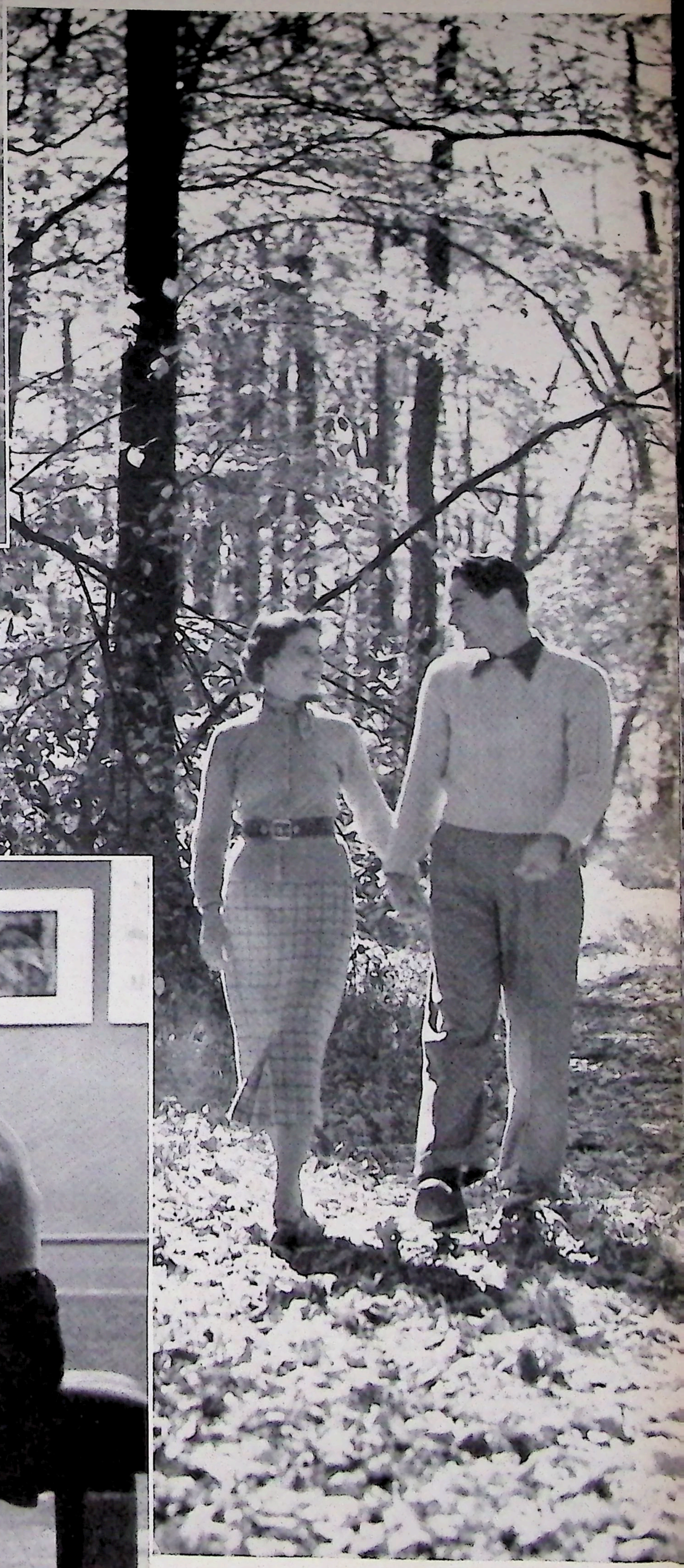
Love may have a small beginning; yet, properly nurtured, it may become for you and for all who know you the greatest thing in the world. The passion arising from the merely sensual cannot of itself endure; but, as we are both dust and fire, out of that fading dust may arise a cool clear flame that will always burn. It is always the *quality* of love that determines its capacity to survive. From youthful extravagance of delight, it may, and it should, develop, through the affinity of spirit, into a mysterious union of minds. Is it not always magical to be loved? Do we not feel, beneath our failing strength, a strength that never fails? We do if we are loved.

Generous, compassionate, patient, understanding, such is the spirit of love; it alone has power to endure; it alone lays mighty hold on immortality. If we were in doubt as to the importance of love in human existence, we have, from the highest source, those great words of eternal life: "Beloved, this is my commandment: that you love one another, even as I have loved you." ♦

F. B. GRUNZWEIG PHOTO

He is in love with an ideal, a creature of his own imagination, a child of air, an echo of his heart; and, like a lily on a river floating, she floats upon the river of his thoughts.

LONGFELLOW



RAY SHORR PHOTO

To renounce your individuality, to see with another's eyes, to hear with another's ears, to be two and yet but one, to so melt and mingle that you no longer know you are you or another, to constantly absorb and constantly radiate, to reduce earth, sea and sky and all that is in them to a single being, to give yourself to that being so wholly that nothing whatever is withheld, to be prepared at any moment for sacrifice, to double your personality in bestowing it: That is love.

GAUTIER

GRETE MANNHEIM PHOTO

BERT HARDY PHOTO

Love! What a volume in a word! An ocean in a tear! A seventh heaven in a glance! A whirlwind in a sigh! The lightning in a touch — a millennium in a moment! What concentrated joy, or woe, in blessed or blighted love!

TUPPER

LOU JACOBS JR. PHOTO

SUZANNE SZASZ PHOTO

When we speak truly, is not he only unhappy who is not in love? His fancied freedom and self-rule — is it not so much death? He who is in love is wise and is becoming wiser: He sees newly every time he looks at the object beloved, drawing from it with his eyes and his mind those virtues which it possesses. Therefore, if the object be not itself a living and expanding soul, he presently exhausts it.

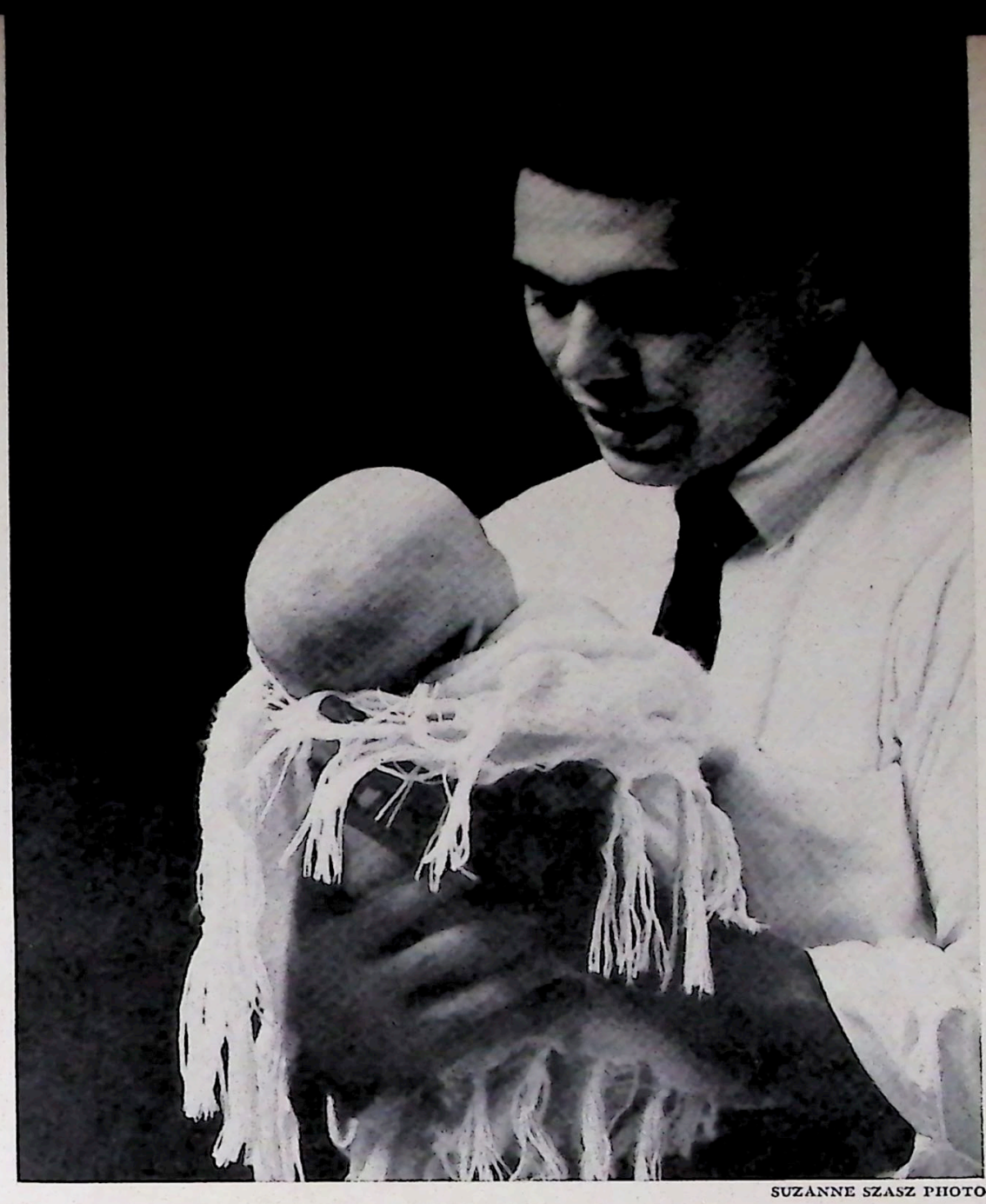
EMERSON

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart:
'Tis woman's whole existence!

BYRON

Remember that love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure and a madness of desire — oh, no, love is not that; and it is the best thing in the world — and the thing that lives longest.

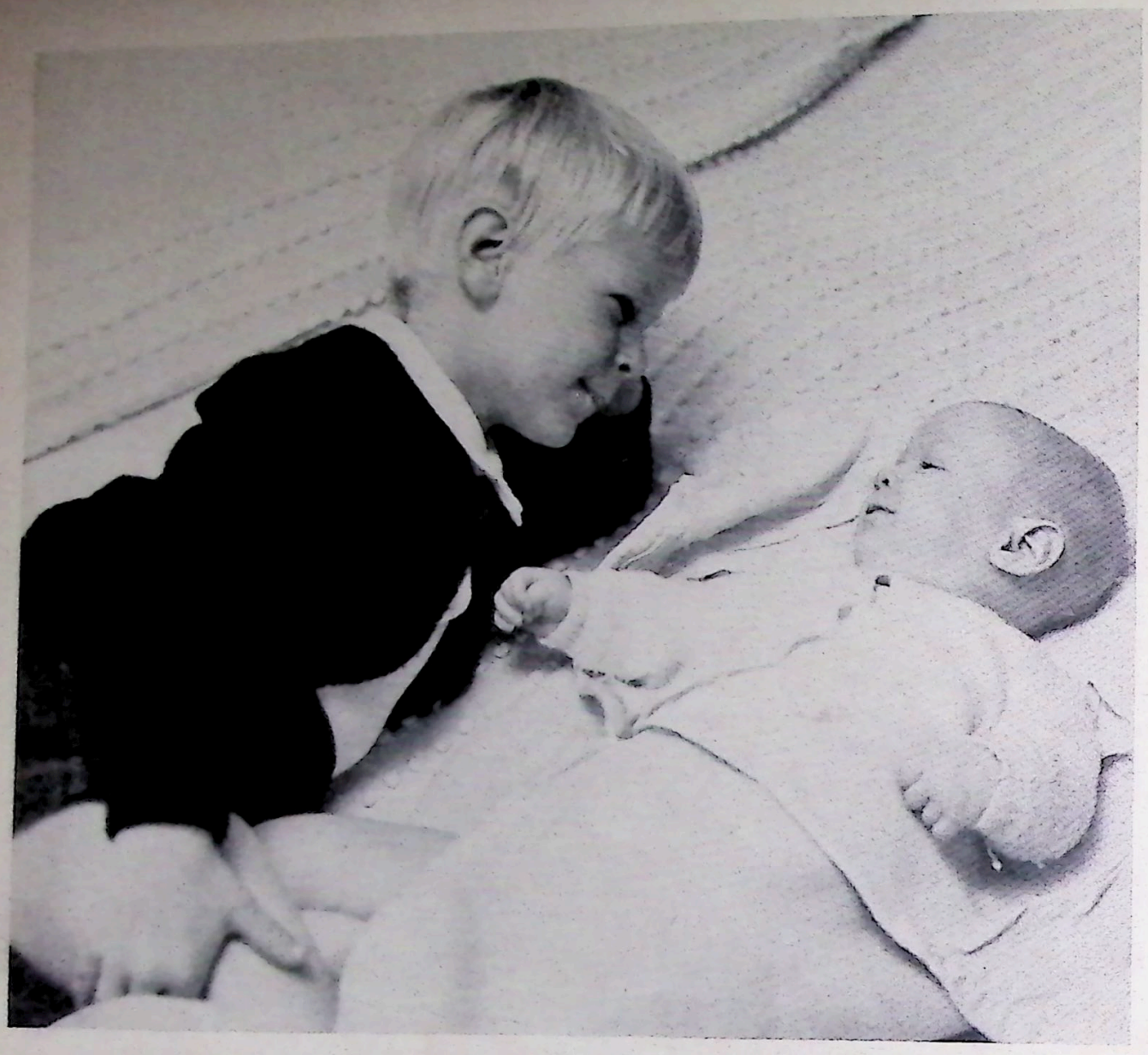
VAN DYKE



SUZANNE SZASZ PHOTO

The first sound in the song of love scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound. Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings of that mysterious instrument, the soul, and play the prelude of our fate.

LONGFELLOW



I think I know what love is for, although I'm not quite sure. I think that love is given us so that we can see a soul. And this soul we see is the highest conception of excellence and truth we can bring forth. This soul is our reflected self. And from seeing what one soul is, we imagine what all souls may be — and thus we reach God, who is the Universal Soul.

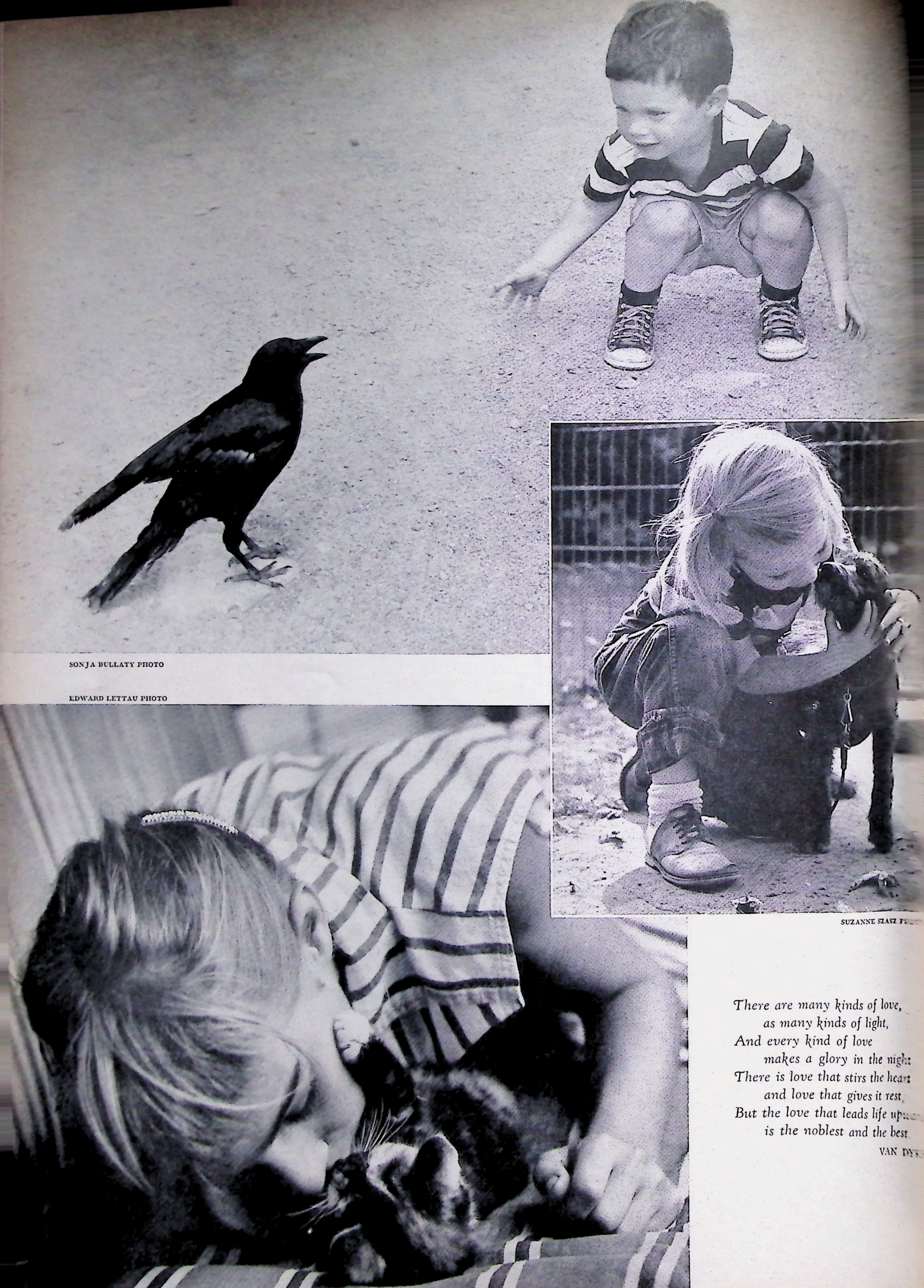
HUBBARD

SUZANNE SZASZ PHOTOS

When modesty and virtue enlighten her charms, the luster of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven. The whiteness of her bosom transcends the lily, and her smile is more delicious than a garden of roses. The innocence of her eye is as of an angel, and simplicity and truth dwell in her heart; her kisses are sweeter than honey, and the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.
Do not shun the tenderness of love; for if its flame is pure, it will ennoble your heart and will soften it to receive the fairest impressions.

DANDEMIS

SUZANNE SZASZ PHOTOS



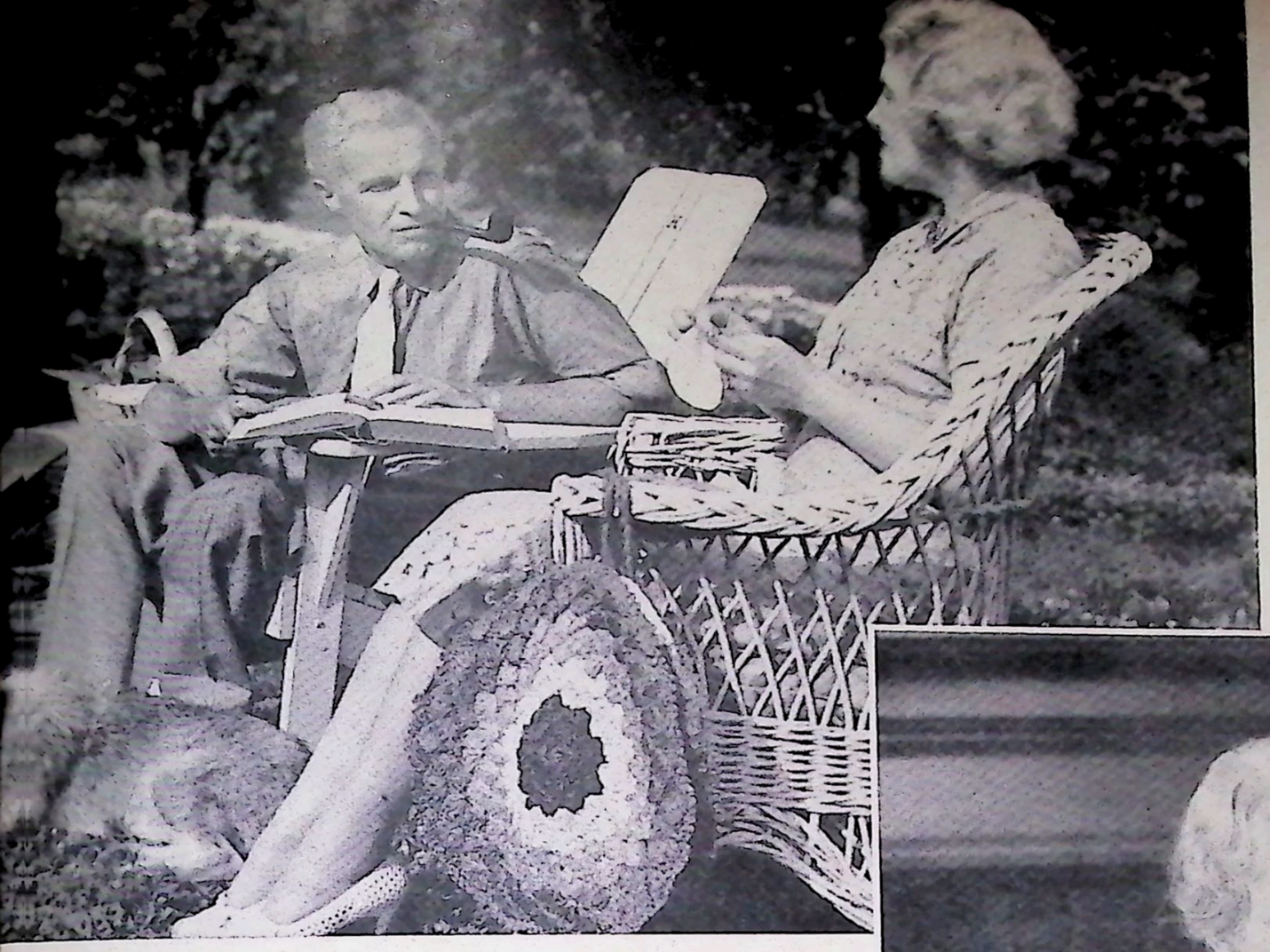
SONJA BULLATY PHOTO

EDWARD LETTAU PHOTO

SUZANNE SZASZ PH

There are many kinds of love,
as many kinds of light,
And every kind of love
makes a glory in the night
There is love that stirs the heart
and love that gives it rest,
But the love that leads life up
is the noblest and the best.

VAN DY



I will love you that I may possess you upon earth, and I will possess you that I may one day love you in heaven.

JOSEPH ROUX

They lie who tell us love can die; with life all other passions fly — all others are but vanity. In heaven ambition cannot dwell, nor avarice in the vaults of hell; earthly, these passions of the earth, they perish where they had their birth; but love is indestructible. Love's holy flame forever burneth; from heaven it came, to heaven returneth. Too oft on earth a troubled guest, at times deceived, at times oppressed; it here is tried and purified, then hath in heaven its perfect rest — it soweth here with toil and care, but the harvesttime of love is there.

SOUTHEY

"Paris Self-Portrait with Seven Fingers" *(1912-13)*

Marc Chagall

POET of th

THE ART OF MARC CHAGALL is one to which the spectator must be prepared to surrender, or from which he must retreat. If he is prepared to come to terms at all – and Chagall will go far to meet him – he must at least surrender all solemnity and all preconceptions of such a proper ordering of things as a proper upbringing may have instilled in him; he must accept the pictorial poetic image with the same willingness that he would accept the verbal poetic image of, say, Shelley on the one hand or Edward Lear on the other.

Few people with any willingness to accept the arts at all would take exception to the superb imagery contained in the famous lines: "Life, like a dome of many-colored glass, Stains the white radiance of Eternity," and yet how unwilling some of the same people might be to accept a comparable lyrical association in terms of paint. Chagall has projected just such an image of many-colored facets, determining the light which falls upon his magic village, in his famous painting *I and the Village*, coupling his glowing colors with an illogical iconography which should be no less acceptable to the heart and mind than "There was an old man of Dundee, Who frequented the top of a tree."

Not that Chagall is an illustrator of literary concepts; his poem is pictorial and in no way explicable by words or as derived from words. But the visual image, if it is not prosaic, is notoriously less easy to accept than its verbal counterpart. If, therefore, Chagall has been misunderstood, it is because he has been taken too seriously and not seriously enough. The life work of Chagall has been to compose in paint an exotic mythology of such emotional simplicity that it has baffled those who can neither smile nor weep when they see a picture or bring themselves to accept the poetic truth of so unequivocal a statement as "The cow jumped over the moon." Hence the spectator must, if he is to enjoy Chagall's work, abandon gravity in both senses of the word and must accept without prejudice the sight of poetic images in paint, empowered as those images are in Chagall's case by his magnificent technical accomplishment.

For Chagall's art is as elusive as a moonbeam, however powerful his means of expression may make his visions – even if they seem solid and sometimes even violent. Once one accepts his magical proposition, one can walk up his moonbeam as securely as do the actual participants in his secret dramas and gentle comedies. Take for instance those tracks in the snow across the village square in which *The Musician* plays his melancholy tunes, tracks perhaps made by the artist as he explored his heart's landscape. Are logic and technology such fixed stars with 20th century man that he must cavil at these things, dismissing them as the perquisite of the psychiatrist? Again, must one gibe at a big man with a green face in *I and the Village* when one accepts so easily the everyday spectacle of a big man with a red face? Is it so difficult to fly over a village in an enjoyable trance when it is so easy to fly over a city in an uncomfortable airplane?

If one is compelled, both by his high reputation and by those yardsticks and divining rods so dear to critics and historians, to cajole Chagall into the extensive dovecots of modern art-classification, one is at once entrapped in the toils of inapplicable designations. Is Chagall a surrealist, was he an expressionist and was he really a cubist? If not, why not? Prod him into his pigeonhole; but what pigeonhole? No pigeon alights plump and equipped with a message in a little tin case, to take its proper and logical place among the pouter postulates and the fantailed trends of modern painting. Chagall's bird is too busy playing the mandolin and sheltering with its tail feathers the whispered confidences of a lovers' meeting.

Nevertheless, some attempt must be made to establish Chagall in relation to his contemporaries and to those orthodoxies which have striven so hard to make him their specific property. Apart from such poets as Guillaume Apollinaire and Blaise Cendrars, who were among the first to acclaim the young Chagall when he arrived in Paris in 1910, and who (in recognizing Chagall as a poet-painter and not a perverse and eclectic exhibitionist) were nearer the mark than many have subsequently been – apart from

Costume Design
for *Aleko*

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

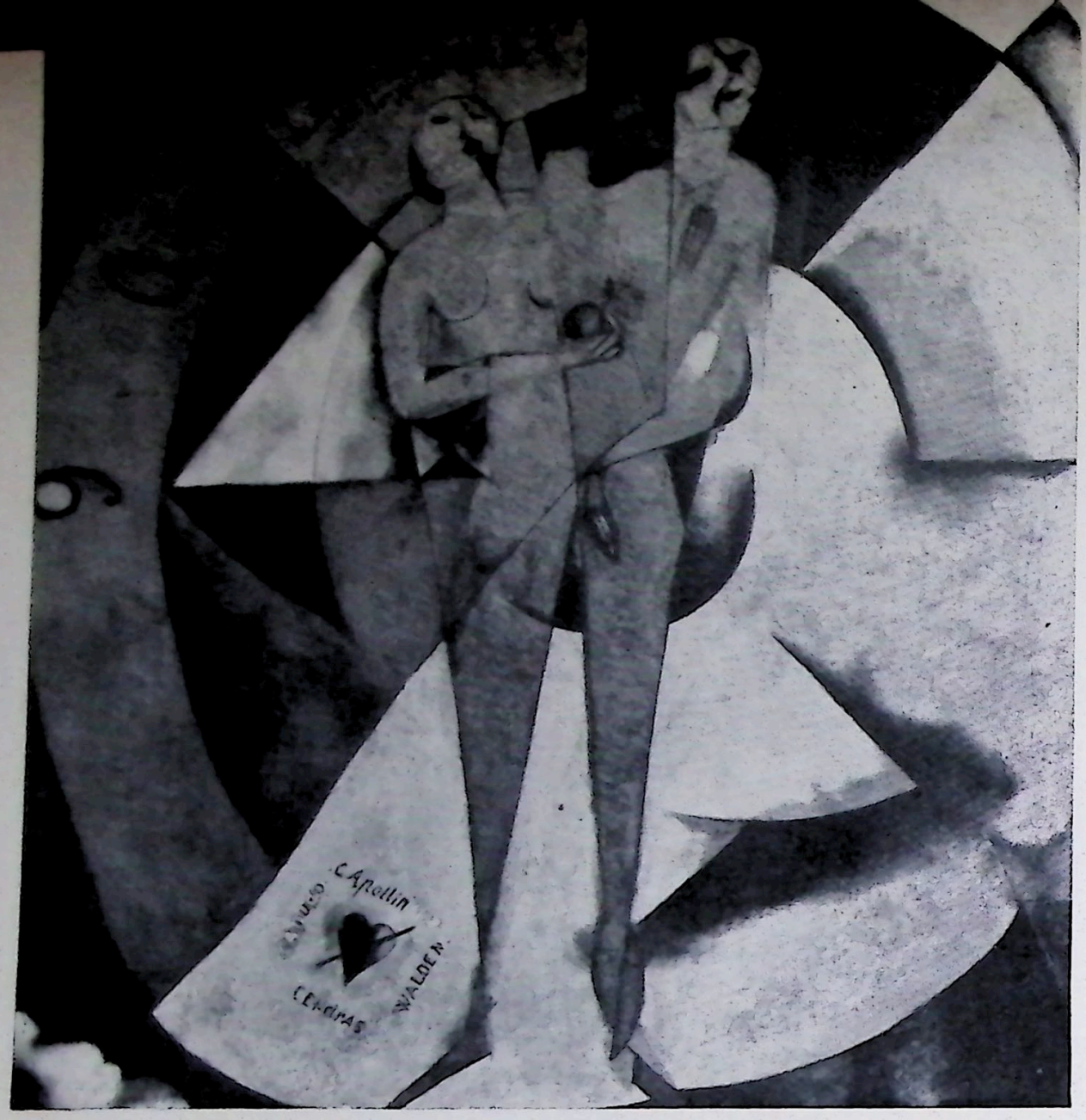
PALETTE

by Michael Ayrton

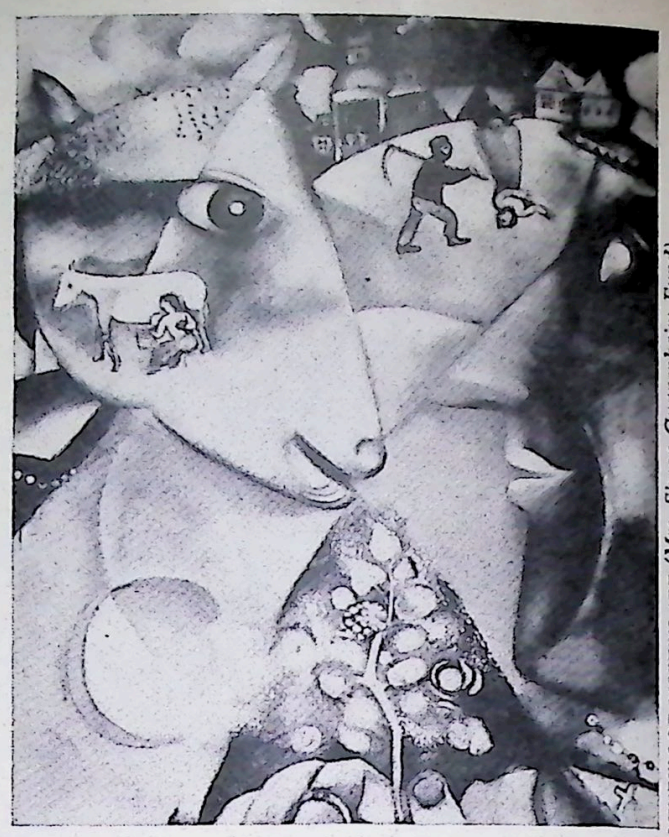
LOTTE JACOBI PHOTO

LOTTE JACOBI PHOTO

Artists are notoriously unwilling or unable to talk about their work, and Marc Chagall is no exception. But if certain of his statements are disregarded – such as, that the woman who appears on his easel in the "Paris Self-Portrait with Seven Fingers" is headless because he happened to need an empty space there – others provide valuable guides to his painting. He once said, "I don't understand them at all . . . They are only pictorial arrangements of images that obsess me." Such obsessive figures recur constantly in his work: roosters, cows, scenes from his native village. And in all, in flesh or in feeling, there is his wife Bella, whom he painted again and again, and who was perhaps the determining factor in his happy view of life. His daughter Ida is shown at left with one of these early paintings of Bella.



"Homage to Apollinaire" *(1911-13)*



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund)

"I and the Village" *(1911)*

Chagall's early work in Paris reflects the cubist tendency to reduce painting to design based on geometric solids. Despite the emphasis on abstract forms, Chagall's Vitebsk is easily recognizable in "I and the Village" and "The Soldier Drinks."

these poets, the first group of artists to express pride of ownership in Chagall's elusive fowl were the German expressionists, particularly those partisans who rallied beneath the banner of Herwarth Walden's famous review, *Der Sturm*. Walden was responsible for Chagall's first one-man exhibition, which took place in June 1914 in two little rooms in the Potsdammerstrasse, Berlin.

At the same time, his association with Apollinaire, the poet-spokesman of the cubist movement in Paris, and his employment of a curious brand of romantic cubism which disciplined his tumultuous vision to a marked extent, bring Chagall at least to the threshold of the cubist pigeonhole. But to Chagall, cubism in its restricted, formal sense was too material a doctrine to be entirely sympathetic. He regarded orthodox cubism as "earth-bound." Nevertheless, as a vehicle, as a firm container for the cupola- and peasant-filled maelstrom with which he was and has always been concerned, cubism could and did serve a most valuable purpose in the powerful architecture, the integration of design which it imposed upon his wayward vision.

"In 1910," says the artist himself, "I penetrated to the heart of French painting and hooked myself there." And it is indeed the ability to assimilate the virtues of French painting, without losing his native quality, which has raised Chagall to the level he has attained. Despite this acceptance of French discipline, Chagall himself was deeply suspect by the *avant-garde* of Paris before World War I for the so-called "literary" flavor of his painting, which betrayed his unwillingness to remain content with such time-honored props as the guitar, the pipe, the apple and the playing cards as sufficient subject matter for pure cubist expression. Thus it was that his first direct encouragement came from poets and then from the expressionists, concerned, as their collective title implies, with the expression of intensity of emotion whatever the cost to pictorial unity.

To artists whose work stemmed from Cézanne, Chagall's strange fantasy, which even contained so improper a constituent as a vein of simple humor, was untenable and irrelevant to the true course of painting as practiced in France. Indeed, one can see their point of view. To anyone brought up on Chardin, on Ingres, Seurat and Cézanne, the art of Chagall might at first glance seem to have little connection with those accepted canons of what is and what is not a good picture.

Chagall was born in 1889 of Jewish parents in the tumble-down city of Vitebsk, at the time of his birth a struggling community of some 60,000 inhabitants on the constantly changing borders of Russia and Poland. He belongs by birth and in his childhood memories to that fabulous country of limitless spaces, of miraculous icons and of a pictorial and decorative tradition fundamentally unchanged in 1000 years. Added to this, his parentage should, by implication, remove him still further from any contact with Western pictorial traditions, for the law of Moses forbids the graven image; the spiritual power and emotional depth of this tragic race are of course another matter. But it is certainly remarkable that he has not only become one of the most important living painters but has also contrived to combine in an extraordinary marriage those positive and negative traditions of the Russian, the Jewish and the French without sacrifice of, or loss to, one of them.

His early life in Vitebsk is, to this day, his most potent source of inspiration. With his recollection of old peasants, rabbis, cows, chickens, songs and superstitions set in the unhampered, illogical architecture of a village in a child's eye and unchained by such mundane postulations as gravity, Chagall has contrived during his painting life to convey tragedy, nostalgia, passion, satire, humor and an uncloying sweetness of sentiment as gentle as the young spring wind.

His pictures have the appearance of dreams, and yet they are

"The Soldier Drinks" *(1912)*

The innocent, medieval quality of his later work is deliberate. Chagall likened it to the simplicity of prayer in an open field as opposed to cubism's ornate church. Though he rejected these formal techniques, his work is neither simple nor unschooled.

"Paris through the Window" *(1913)*

not dreams in any immediate sense. Certainly they are not the transitory figments of the moment between sleeping and waking so dear to the psychiatrists. Chagall's visions are more substantial and less particular than that. They are childhood emotions recollected without tranquillity, to paraphrase a famous dictum, and they are the irrational but highly tenable passions and beliefs of a man whose work is not determined either by the familiar coinage of painting – the landscape, the still life, the portrait or the "abstract" – or, in life, by the general merchandise of ordinary 20th century existence: the railway timetable, the stocks and shares, the statistics and balances of that sane, upright, sensible and idiotic phenomenon, the businessman.

The point of real significance is that the visions of Chagall, primitive, archaic, remote and unfamiliar though they may seem, and products of unalloyed memories, superstitions, obsessions and instincts though they may be, are realized with the full power of the Western European tradition of painting. That is their strength, and it is that which raises them above the level of charming fantasies, above the level of all provincialism and of accusations connected with "folk art."

It is not, perhaps, unreasonable that an artist whose vision is the product of a sense of an inner reality and is unhampered by logic should be seized upon by the surrealists as one of their own. But this is the third pigeonhole in which Chagall's strange bird has failed to find a resting place. It is implicit in surrealism to find virtue in a Freudian interpretation of the workings of the subconscious, and this is completely alien to Chagall. Apart from his complete avoidance of the inevitable morbidity present in the work of all the orthodox surrealists, Chagall as a painter is in absolute control of his pictures in all circumstances, a phenomenon which undermines many of the tenets of surrealism.

In all his best work there exists a conscious technical mastery gained in France, the sober, exquisite France of Seurat and Braque. Side by side with this are the pride and the deep religious conviction of the Jew, from whose tragedy of race devolves the profound vein of sadness which runs through even the gayest of Chagall's pictures. His color and his wild and vital gaiety are the product of Russia, a rich, vibrant, Oriental opulence filled with huge tearful laughter and covering a multitude of improbable intoxications – the Russia of Gogol and Pushkin. But the magic, the gentleness and the lyrical poetry, the incredible ability to pluck at one's heartstrings with an absurdity – these are Chagall's own gifts. These several, fully integrated parts of Chagall's heritage have empowered him to create many beautiful pictures and several unquestionable masterpieces.

The chronology of his life is, for an artist, a remarkable one. Few painters would have survived the uprooting and transplanting in which his life has consisted, for most painters sink deep roots early in life and howl like the mandrake if these are torn up. It may be that Chagall's simplicity is so profound that it saved him from the specious cosmopolitanism which has wrecked so many expatriates. But between his first journey as a student from Vitebsk to St. Petersburg in 1907 – with 27 rubles in his pocket – he has shifted his ground for extended periods, partly through force of circumstances, from Russia to Paris, from Paris to Berlin, back to Russia, and again to Berlin and then to Paris, to the United States and now back to France.

Outside the immediate field of painting, two men, each a giant in his particular field, have had an immense, direct and significant influence on those whose reputations are associated with the school of Paris – Serge Diaghilev, the almost legendary creator of the "Ballets Russes," and Ambroise Vollard, the dealer whose publishing ventures resulted in a series of illustrated books of an opulence and expense probably unrivaled since the invention of printing.

Of the artists whose names we now recognize as famous among the painters of the 20th century school of Paris, scarcely one exists whose reputation was not greatly enhanced by one or both of these great impresarios. Picasso, Derain, Rouault and many others worked for both. Chagall for one only. Curiously enough, despite their common Russian heritage, despite Chagall's experience of theater design in Russia between 1917 and 1921 and despite the fact that the young Chagall had been recommended to Diaghilev, he was never employed to design a ballet during Diaghilev's lifetime. This deficiency in the field of ballet design was not made good until Chagall was commissioned by Léonide Massine in 1942 to design the scenery and costumes for a ballet based on Pushkin's "Aleko." This production was followed in 1946 by a revival of Stravinsky's famous ballet *The Fire Bird.*

The impresario of the book, Ambroise Vollard, in no way neglected Chagall. One vast project after another was placed in the painter's hands. Chagall undertook the first of these commissions in 1923 when he began the 96 original engravings for Gogol's novel *Dead Souls.* It is a tribute to Vollard's gift of selection that one cannot conceive of another artist alive or dead more exactly suited to the visual interpretation of this strange book, and it is also worthy of remark that, in the Paris of the early '20s, Chagall was far from being the established master he is now generally recognized to be. Even before completion of the plates for *Dead Souls,* Vollard approached Chagall with another and even more difficult project — the illustration of the 17th century *Fables* of La Fontaine. The final, and by far the most exacting, of Vollard's commissions for Chagall was the illustration of five books of the Old Testament. For this the artist made a pilgrimage to Palestine, Egypt and Syria before beginning the 105 existing plates.

Chagall's work divides itself into several distinct but interrelated groups. The first, the very early, work is, on the whole, somber, with occasional flashes of rustic gaiety. The second represented the first Paris period and is predominantly cubist. These pictures, filled with a wild enthusiasm, are stark in design but gorgeous in color. The third period is that of the postwar return to Paris, the Paris of the '20s. Here the robust and Oriental opulence is transmuted into a gentle and poetic romance, a tale wherein the lovers, Marc and his wife Bella, are seen, as in so many of his pictures since 1910, to walk hand in hand, sharing not the huge secret joke of the prewar pictures but a quiet communion among flowers or on the backs of soft-muzzled circus ponies. The twilit farmyard is at peace, and the acrobats perform in the gentle afternoon light with neither effort nor thought for the morrow. Some of Chagall's later work recapitulates his early mood, though the distillation of his meditations on the vast Jewish tragedy enacted in Europe begins to appear shortly before the outbreak of World War II.

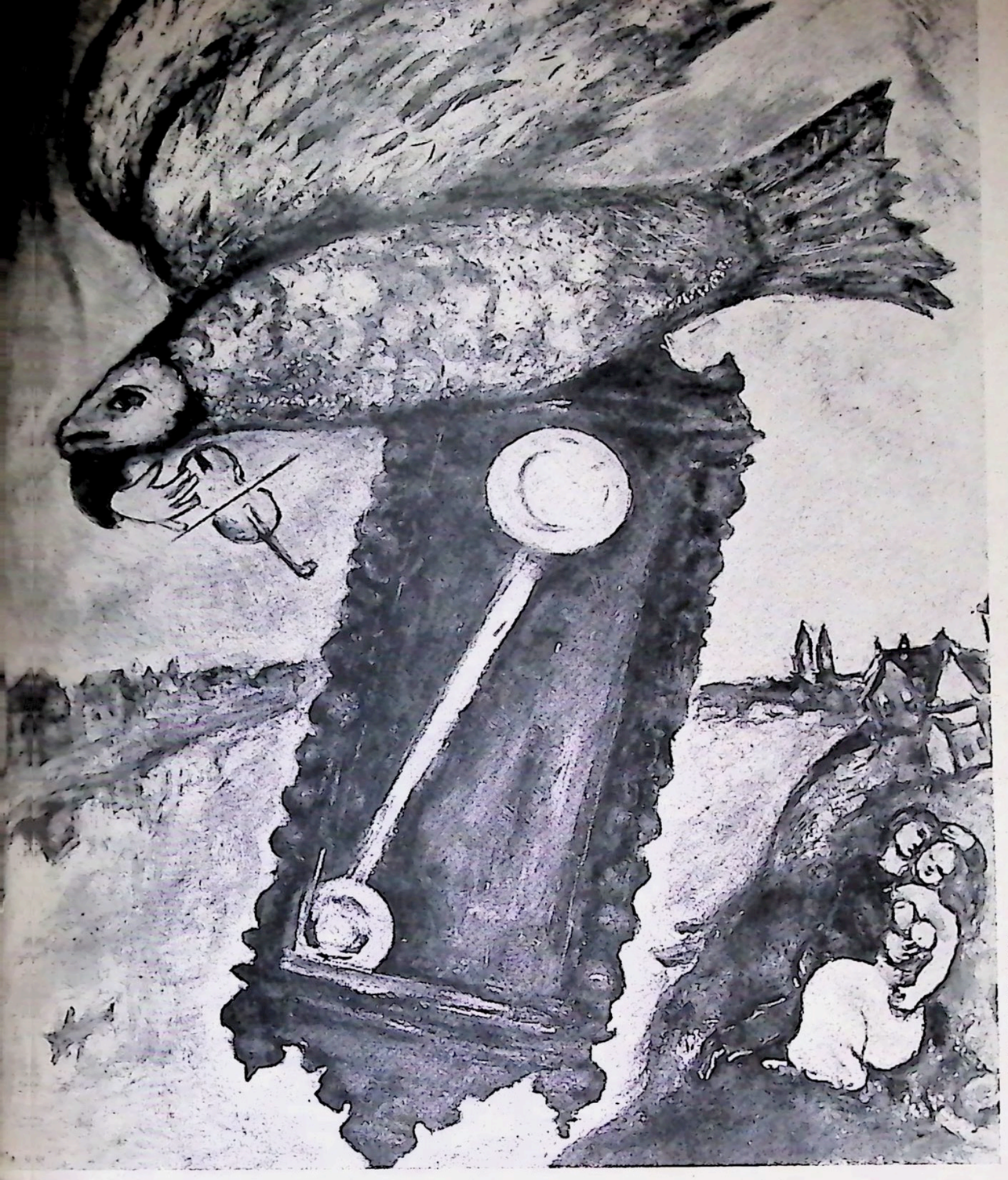
Chagall's painting is one man's hymn to the absurd, moving spirit of man in its illogical joy and inevitable sorrow. ♦

"The Birthday" *(1915-23)*

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

"The Green Rabbi" *(1914)*

For all Chagall's traveling and study, his work remains intensely local and personal. Realist perspective gives way to primitive, an object's size being determined by its importance in the artist's eyes. Memories from childhood become fetishlike: a herring (his father worked in a herring depot), rabbis, a church steeple — psychological symbols, not allegories. Cows jump over the moon in childish glee, people float with joy and poetic metaphor is transformed into visual imagery.



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

"Time Is a River without Banks" *(1930-39)*

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART *(Gift of Harry C. Oppenheimer)*

"Joseph the Shepherd" *(Etching for the Bible)*

An outstanding colorist, Chagall mastered the difficult black-and-white, line technique of engraving when called upon to illustrate La Fontaine, Gogol and the Bible.

"In the Night" *(1943)*

"The Fall of the Angel" *(1923-33-47)*

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (*Lillie P. Bliss Bequest*)

Set for Act III of *Aleko (1942)*

Despite his strong roots in the past, Chagall felt strongly the oncoming of catastrophic war and painted it in such fierce works as "The Fall of the Angel," in which the vivid colors add to the violence of design and obvious symbolism of the figures. Chagall worked on this painting from 1923-47; his final version shows an obvious lessening of tension. Calling on experience gained with the Moscow Jewish Art Theater, for which he designed costumes and sets and painted murals, Chagall undertook the sets for "Aleko," Tchaikovsky's ballet of Pushkin's poem, and followed with sets for Stravinsky's "The Firebird" in 1952, after the death of his wife. Throughout these later paintings, the fluidity of line and the rhythmic motion create a poetic, peaceful, dreamlike atmosphere which has its own meaning, far beyond any discernible portrait.

"Violinist in Blue" *(1947)*

"The Flying Fish" *(1948)*

"The Red Sun" *(1949)*

The BLESSING of ADAM

LOTTE JACOBI PHOTO

by C. E. Montague

A MAN WITH SOME DARLING CRAFT OF HIS OWN must scratch his head in wonder when he hears some of the things that are daily said about work. One day he finds labor put down as a curse that came on Adam at the Fall – as if Adam had never done a day's digging before his eviction. Another day we are bidden to hope that, if the invention of tricks to save labor can only go on at its present frenetic pace, we may yet have no need to work more than two hours a day, or possibly one.

As if we could not see for ourselves that one of the saddest men on earth is he who has made his pile in some business early in life, and who looks in at the office for only one or two hours a day to bully the clerks and then returns to his old masters and roses, the wife of his bosom and the spectacle of the firmament.

As if we had never seen children or artists or scientific researchers! A normal child has no spite against work until you have inoculated him with some serum of *dis*education. You put him out in a sunny garden to play: He has about him everything that some modern educators rate highest – sand for engineering science, a paintbox for art, dolls for his affections, a foreground of agreeable landscape and the whole dome of the heavens to contemplate. No good; in half an hour he is plaguing you to let him do some "real work"; he wants to sweep up dead leaves or help with the mowing. He will not tire of doing it either, except in a physical way, and then he will come again, thirsting for toil, the next morning. So powerful is this innate craving for labor that it may take all the massed resources of a great public school and of a famous and ancient university to make a boy believe that real work is a thing to flee from, like want or disease, and that work and play are naturally and immutably opposed to each other.

Or look at the man of science, the mighty hunter of knowledge, when his nose is well down on a hot scent. Offer him a release from all but two hours' work a day. He will hoot at you. When he goes to bed at night he probably thinks greedily, "Only just the few hours that I'm asleep – and those don't really count – then time for dressing and breakfast, and I can get at it again."

There is no kind of work which is not loved passionately by some of those who do it – loved sometimes to the point of selfishness, so that a man will sooner let wife and children go short of

HAL ROTH PHOTO

Most children will entertain themselves readily if they can find something to occupy their minds and hands. This penchant for creative self-expression in individuals of all ages supplies the motive energies for productive work.

When creative impulses of the individual personality are realized and channeled, "interests" result. Ideally, individuals should work in fields where these interests are expressed and gratified, but this is not always possible. A task that fails to utilize a worker's special interests becomes drudgery.

Habits of work are developed early, and those activities that occupy young minds as avocations during formative years can frequently result in lifetime vocations. Experience and facility in any productive activity nurture future interest in it.

The need to be working productively in a satisfying manner is not characteristic of youth alone. After a lifetime of activity, senior citizens often find retirement distasteful and feel a need to fill their days with useful pursuits. Inclination and habit are not easily set aside.

food and schooling than give up the work of his choice for some other work on which the family could live better.

Besides, there is the mischief of so much of our work having been bedeviled by unavoidable changes of circumstance. Childish as it is to think of going back, on any large scale, to archaic handwork and petty production of all sorts, still the sentimentalists of hand-spinning, hand-weaving and hand-sewing have discovered one truth – that there is more joy in a person who, singlehanded, has slowly and clumsily made a whole piece of cloth than in 10 persons who have made a thousand pieces of cloth between them in the same time, with the aid of several cunning machines that they only half-understand.

To make the whole of a boat or wheelbarrow or vase with your hands is to live again through a heart-warming triumph of early mankind; you become a more or less conscious creator, a chuckling dominator of intractable elements and resistant forces. Little of the glee may be left if your part in making the vase be only to sift or wet the clay for somebody else to throw on the wheel.

But it cannot be helped. At this point in the life of our world, we can no more go back to be like Omar Khayyam's solitary master potter, wetting his clay for himself in the market place, than middle-aged men can return to the use of their first teeth or the vocabulary of the nursery. The caravan has to go on; to loiter at any distance behind is to court extinction sooner than it need come.

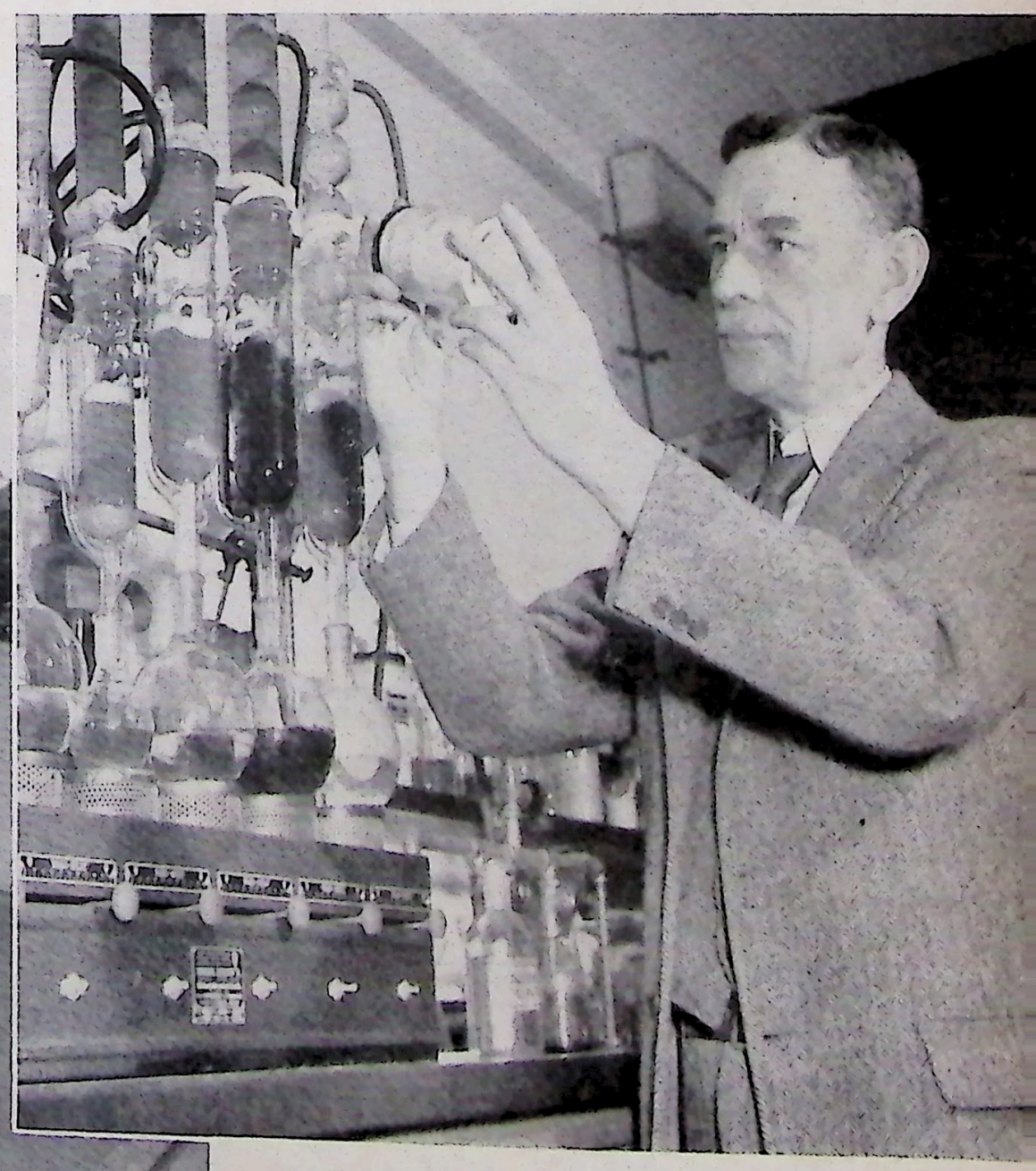
Machinery and mass production are our fate, and if they have taken the natural delightfulness of work out of a great deal of it, *that* was when the real Fall came, not when Jehovah told Adam that there was a great deal of perspiration before him.

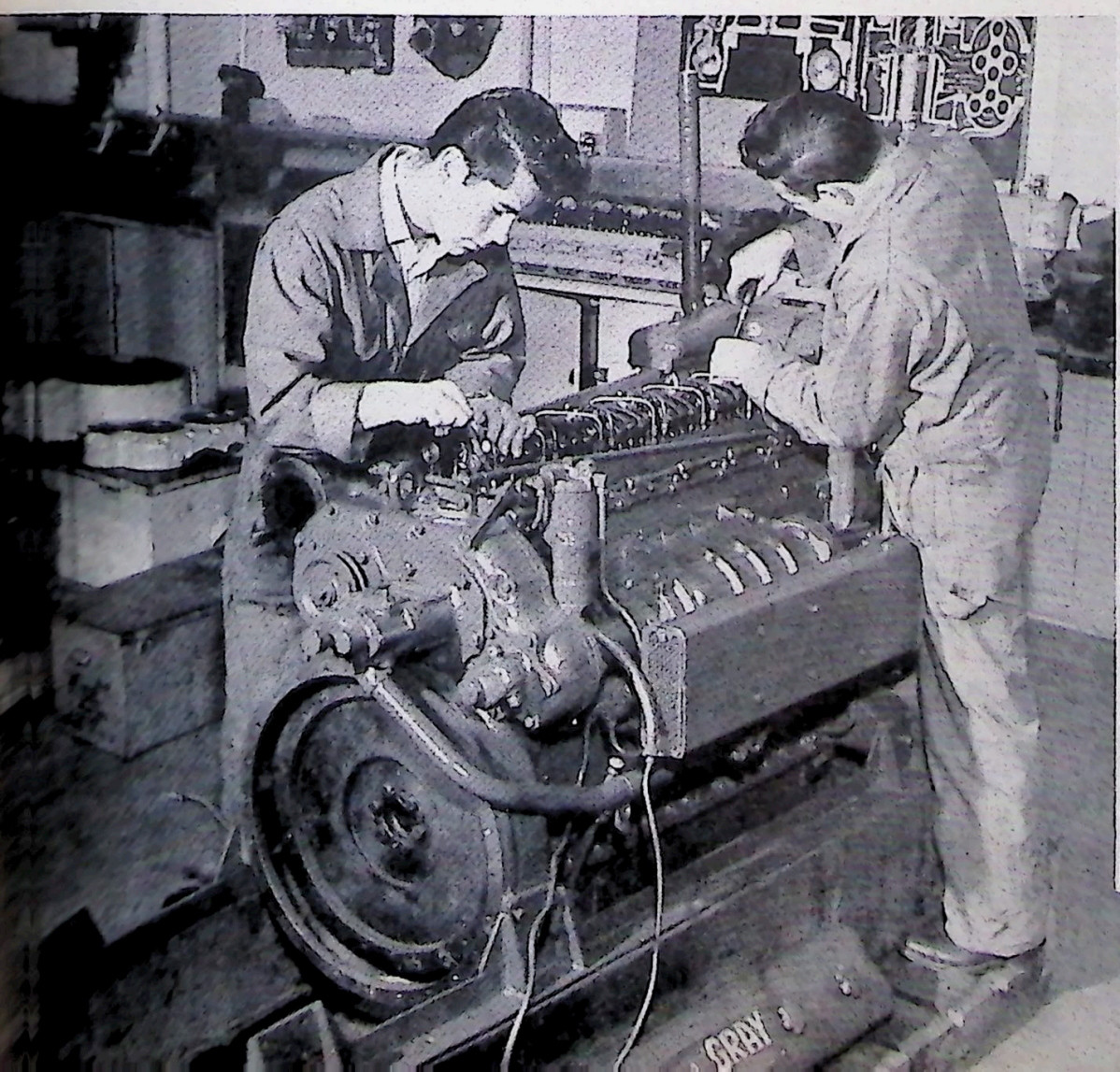
Art is only work utterly unspoiled, and drudgery is only art gone utterly wrong. But there was no necessary curse on Adam in this matter of work. He went out of Eden – with Rome and Athens, Venice and Constantinople to build, and with all the rest of the world to turn, if he chose, into gardens where people could knit in the sun, and workshops where they could whistle over the making of delectable implements, weapons and playthings for their use.

That was all blessing, as far as it went, whatever mess the poor fellow since may have made of his chance. ♦

The dedication of the scientist to his laboratory represents perhaps the highest type of coordination of personal needs and interests with one's work. When the demands and rewards of work coincide with the temperament, ability and interest of the worker, enjoyment and labor are synonymous.

For the mechanic, mastery of the principles and parts that comprise a modern engine produces much the same gratification the artist feels on completing a painting. Visible results can satisfy man's need to be productive.





Listening and Learning

THE VICTOR TALKING MACHINE is the ideal gift for children. It develops the musical sense by teaching them the best in song and music as rendered by the leading artists of the world.

Sousa plays only for the Victor; Jules Levy, the wonderful cornetist, plays only for the Victor; the greatest opera and vaudeville stars sing only for the

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE

No other machine will reproduce their masterpieces faithfully, naturally, perfectly. Simple mechanism and indestructible records make it a perfect instrument for home or public use. Send for catalogue and record list. **Agents everywhere.**

Chicago, Ill.—The Talking Machine Co., 107 Madison St.
Lyon & Healy
New York, N. Y.—Maguire & Bascus, Ltd., 44 Pine St.
Boston, Mass.—The Eastern Talking Machine Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—P. J. Conroy, 1115 Olive St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Western Electric Co., 903 Market St.
New Orleans, La.—National Automatic Fire Alarm Co. of La., 614 Gravier St.
Kansas City, Mo.—J. F. Schmelzer & Sons Arms Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.—P. A. Powers, 643 Main Street
San Francisco, Cal.—Sherman Clay & Co.
Baltimore, Md.—H. R. Eisenbrandt's Sons
Cincinnati, Ohio—The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Carlin & Lennox
Cleveland, Ohio—Cleveland Talking Machine Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Grinnell Bros.
Pittsburg, Pa.—S. Hamilton.

ELDRIDGE R. JOHNSON Maker

Stephen Girard Building Philada.

1901

UPHAMS HAIR DYE

1864

1890

PREPARED by J. J. KROMER

The BATTLE of

1903

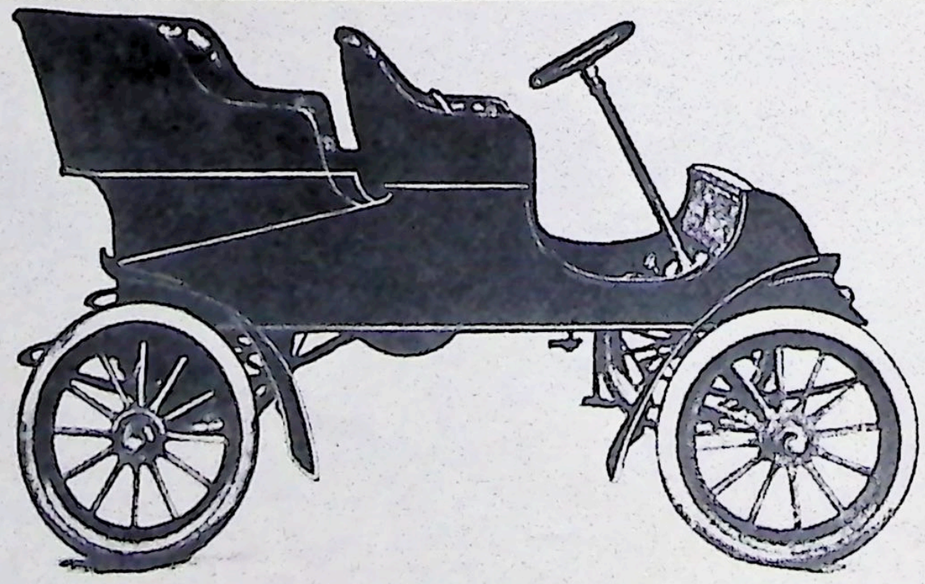
D. SPALDING & CO.'S

UNRIVALLED BUCKSKIN GLOVE

1860

THE LATEST AND BEST

Immediate Delivery



BOSS of the ROAD

The FORDMOBILE with detachable tonneau, $850

This new light touring car fills the demand for an automobile between a runabout and a heavy touring car. It is positively the most perfect machine on the market, having overcome all drawbacks such as smell, noise, jolt, etc., common to all other makes of Auto Carriages. It is so simple that a boy of fifteen can run it. For beauty of finish it is unequaled —and we promise **IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.** We haven't space enough to enter into its mechanical detail, but if you are interested in the **Newest** and **Most Advanced Auto** manufactured to-day write us for particulars.

FORD MOTOR CO., 690 Mack Ave., Detroit, Mich.

WHEN BRAND NAMES BEGAN TO APPEAR in country newspapers after the Civil War, they roused little comment and disturbed few, if any, local businessmen. Nonetheless, they revolutionized merchandising procedures.

During the first half of the 19th century, shoes, clothing, groceries, machinery – all types of goods – were almost always sold without brand names. Merchants shopped where they pleased and bought from the manufacturer or jobber of their choice.

Manufacturers gradually learned, however, that newspaper advertising could force storekeepers to carry specific brands of goods. Once Singer sewing machines had been widely advertised, for instance, women demanded to see them before making a final choice, and retailers had to carry Singer models or lose trade to stores which did. Any item whose quality and price had been widely praised in advertising literature had to appear in local stores even though merchants felt that a competitive product was better. In this way, manufacturers and wholesalers influenced selection of goods, prices and even methods of retail selling.

Evidence of the effectiveness of such advertising had been available for many years. Patent medicine companies spent enormous sums on advertising before the Civil War, with testimonials of the wonder-working powers of such remedies appearing as paid advertisements in country newspapers everywhere. As soon as such a campaign opened, customers began to ask their local druggists to supply them with the product. Patent medicine firms thus clearly proved that a market could be created and stores compelled to stock specific items by aggressive advertising in country weeklies.

Other manufacturers may have been slow to adopt the same technique because of the chicanery associated with the patent medicine business. An essay on the subject by humorist Josh Billings in 1865 concluded: "P.S. Let me advise you as a friend, if it is indispensably necessary to cheat a little in the manufaktur ov the 'Salvashun Bitters,' let it bi all means be in the rutes; don't lower the basis." Such gibes at the heavy alcoholic content of patent medicines did not retard their sales.

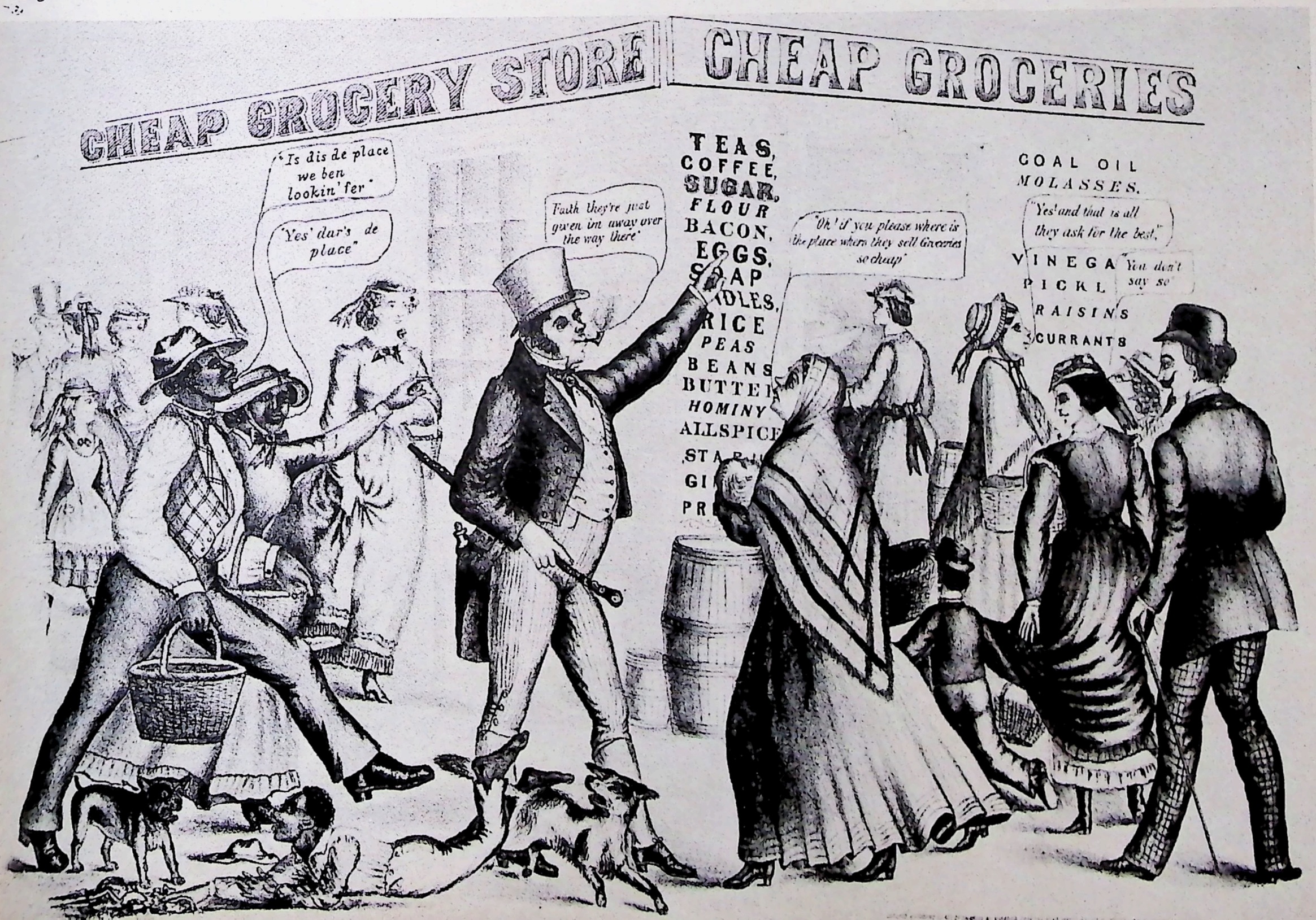
Basic skirmishing for what became a 20th century "Battle of the Brands" developed in the 1860s and '70s in durable goods like pianos, farm machinery and, most of all, sewing machines. Manufacturers of such products went over the heads of retailers by offering to send goods on approval to customers, by seeking local salesmen to represent them and by offering an agency to any local store willing to carry their merchandise.

The growing volume of brand advertising seems to have pleased country towns. Editors liked the increased revenue, and storekeepers were more than willing for manufacturers to underwrite advertising costs. Additional help with store displays, salesmanship

BRANDS

The U.S. economy, based as it is on mass production, could not exist in its present form without a mass market. This was made possible by nationally established buying preferences, developed via the advertising of name brands during the last century — a fascinating chapter in America's history.

by Lewis Atherton



1854

1892

1886

procedures and accounting methods impressed merchants, who often knew little about such things.

Customers also reacted favorably. Standardization of quality was essential if brands were to mean anything. Once achieved, this made shopping easier for the consumer. If he liked a particular grade of goods, he could purchase it under its brand name, where once he had been compelled to rely on the judgment of the storekeeper or his own limited knowledge of merchandise.

Measured in column inches of advertising in country papers, brand goods were not overly important in the '70s and '80s, but readers and businessmen alike were adjusting to them. While local businessmen seldom mentioned brand names in their advertising, manufacturers put more and more money into advertising specific brands of pianos, sewing machines, patent medicines and other products that did not have local representatives. By the '90s, these campaigns had succeeded in turning local stores toward brand advertising, and each decade of the 20th century saw it forge rapidly ahead.

Promoters of durable goods invaded new territory by advertising in local papers their desire to establish agencies. Once some local retailer accepted an agency, the manufacturer was then inclined to deal strictly through his store. Exclusive agencies on style or durable goods (and even on grocery items) were quite common during an early period. Edwin Clapp shoes, W. L. Douglas shoes and even Chase and Sanborn coffee made exclusive-agency contracts with local stores in the '90s. Similar arrangements applied to automobiles, electric refrigerators and other durable items as they came on the market.

Manufacturers of convenience goods, which were frequently and widely demanded, generally preferred to have their brands available in all retail stores, even if this meant paying all local advertising costs. The manufacturers of Price's baking powder spent large sums in the '70s and later to call attention to its virtues and to announce that it would be available at all grocers'. Postum, Grape-Nuts, Wrigley's chewing gum, Bayer aspirin and Yeast Foam followed the same policy in long and costly advertising campaigns in local papers.

Brand advertising prepared the way for startling changes. In the years immediately following the Civil War every country town had a flour mill, owned and operated locally. Farmers deposited wheat with the miller and drew on him for their yearly supply of flour as needed. Though country editors cited local millers as prime examples of the strength and possibilities in village industry, national brands began to offer serious competition in the '80s. In less than half a century the makers of Pillsbury and other national brands virtually eliminated village flour mills and competed only with one another.

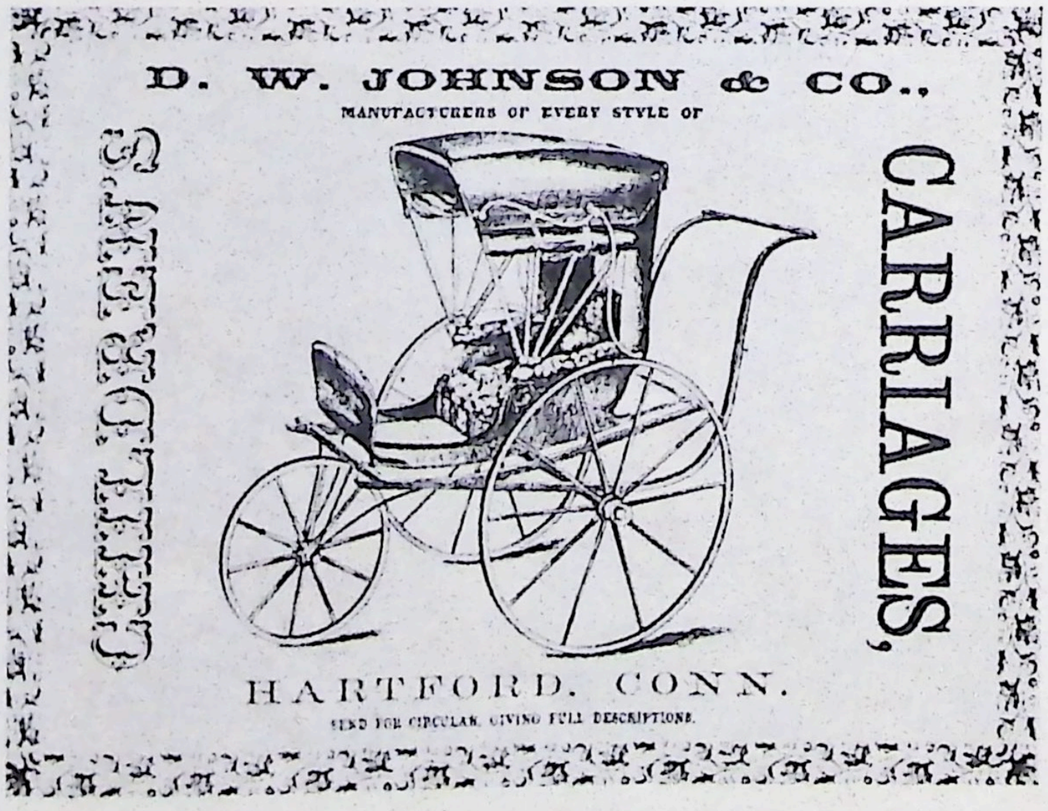
Some campaigns centered on poorly prepared foods. Country stores had sold soggy crackers out of barrels long before the National Biscuit Co. started an extensive advertising campaign near the turn of the century to popularize soda crackers. Large advertisements informed readers that the story of Uneeda biscuit came from two ideas: Soda crackers could be made better, and they could be conveyed to the home fresh, crisp and clean.

Older bakers argued that it was impossible to keep a cracker clean, but younger minds invented the "in-er-seal" package. United States Government reports were cited as proof that soda crackers contained all elements necessary to make fat, muscle and tissue.

1904

11 Cents a Week OR 48 Cents a Month
FOR ONE YEAR
FOR 12 MONTHS
THAT'S OUR PRICE
FOR THE WONDERFUL
MISSISSIPPI WASHING MACHINE
SIX MONTHS
FREE TRIAL
$5.75 IN ALL
WITH its SPRING MOTIVE POWER AND ROLLER BEARING ROTARY ACTION,
Washing made EASY QUICK, CLEAN AND ECONOMICAL.
OUR OFFER,
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

1889



Crackers should be a part of every meal. And, of course, they should be purchased in clean, sealed packages, free from kerosene smells and other noxious odors which had permeated the old cracker barrel. In words such as these, small-town Mid-America was coaxed to change its buying habits.

As early as the '90s, advertisements of national brands of clothing began to make men style-conscious. By 1896 Hart Schaffner and Marx was furnishing country retailers with advertising material stressing quality, style and proper buying habits. Such advertising encouraged customers to buy several pairs of trousers on the ground that frequent changing of clothing made it last longer. From this it was only a step to emphasis on being in style.

Pictures of properly dressed men leaning on golf clubs while being admired by beautiful women and Russian wolfhounds appealed to village boys who wanted the same attention. Older men liked the luxurious fabrics and "executive-type" cut of expensive brands. The growing volume of such advertising indicated that small-town Mid-America had begun to respond. Father's black broadcloth and mother's best silk dress no longer marked the boundary between proper dress and merely getting by.

The number of early brand names which have survived to the present is legion. Bissell sweepers, Pepperell sheets, Baker's chocolate, Ivory soap ("It Floats") and Aunt Jemima's pancake flour were winning converts in the '90s. Quaker oats, Victor talking machines ("His Master's Voice"), Red Cross shoes and Stearns and Foster mattresses were not far behind. Three generations of small-town citizens have succumbed to brand names going back to the '90s and even earlier.

Many brands won their way against bitter competition, and not all efforts were successful. Some, like Battle Axe chewing tobacco, "The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10c," were widely advertised until consumer habits changed, thus seriously impairing the goodwill value of their names. Other brands disappeared from the market as rivalry for the consumer's dollar became more intense.

Manufacturers naturally became disturbed when chain stores began to push their own manufactured products, thus endangering brand supremacies which had been won at great financial cost. But the "Battle of the Brands" preceded the arrival of the chain stores. Chase and Sanborn coffee competed heavily with Lion coffee in the late '90s and early 20th century. Promoters of Lion coffee spent thousands of dollars on advertising and on premiums to purchasers, while Chase and Sanborn depended solely on heavy advertising. Of the two brands, Chase and Sanborn alone has survived in household usage.

As storekeepers joined with manufacturers in advertising particular brands week after week, consumers began to accept their claims as valid. At least, they wanted to try the products. The manufacturer of Majestic ranges sent factory representatives to hold a week of demonstrations in local stores and to distribute free cooking utensils to purchasers; free cocoa and servings of new food lines, with an orchestra playing as an additional attraction, became commonplace in village grocery stores on Saturday afternoons.

In thus accepting brand goods the local merchant ceased to block the path between manufacturer and consumer. He had let the outside world in. As never before, customers could compare his prices with those of his competitors. When he sold Baker's chocolate for a penny more than the price being asked in a competing store, he no longer could insist that his product was superior and therefore worth the extra sum. Consumers could compare brands as well as prices, for standardization of products developed quickly. As soon as a means of rapid, short-range transportation appeared, the storekeeper faced competition the like of which he had never seen before. ◆

The branding of products is not new; bricks from even the earliest excavations bear the manufacturer's mark. Medieval guilds used brands extensively – their rights protected by laws far-reaching as those today –but brands practically disappeared with the guilds. In the mid-19th century U.S., railroad construction laid the grounds for nationwide distribution of goods, a prerequisite of mass production. This called for (and made possible) a similar distribution of advertising matter, newly effective through the increase in literacy. The packaged cracker and the mail-order catalogue were about to revolutionize American life. The first U.S. trademark was issued in 1870; while enabling the manufacturer to publicize his product, it likewise imposed upon him the responsibility for his product and the obligation to maintain consistent standards. The idea spread rapidly. In 1881 and again in 1905 Congress had to pass new laws governing the use of trademarks. By World War II some 300,000 were registered, and even more in use.

GERMANIC
IVORY SOAP
WILL FLOAT
THE BEST for the BATH
ESTABLISHED IN 1780.
BAKER & CO
PREMIUM
CHOCOLATE
COCOA
BROMA
DORCHESTER, MASS.
OFFICE 26 SOUTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
AND FOR SALE BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL GROCERS IN THE UNITED STATES
These articles, to which first Premiums have been awarded by the chief Institutes and Fairs of the Union, are an excellent diet for children, invalids, and persons in health; allay, rather than induce, the nervous excitement attendant upon the use of tea or coffee, and are recommended by the most eminent physicians. Being manufactured from Cocoa of the best kind and quality, they are warranted equal, if not superior to any other Chocolates made in the United States, and may be returned if found unequal to the recommendation.
AGENTS.
D. C. MURRAY, New York.
GRANT & TWELLS, Phil'a.
THOS. V. BRUNDIGE, Balt.
KENNETT & DUDLEY, Cincinnati.
WM. BAGALEY & CO., Pittsburg.
WATT & COATES, Albany.
LOCKWOOD, WARD & CO., Troy.
VOSE BROTHERS, New Orleans.
S. H. HOWELL, Georgetown, D. C.

INSPIRATION

Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means. —CHARLES B. NEWCOMB

Think of yourself, therefore, nobly, and you will live nobly. You will realize on earth that type of character and faith which is the highest ideal of philosopher and hero and saint. —CHARLES W. WENDTE

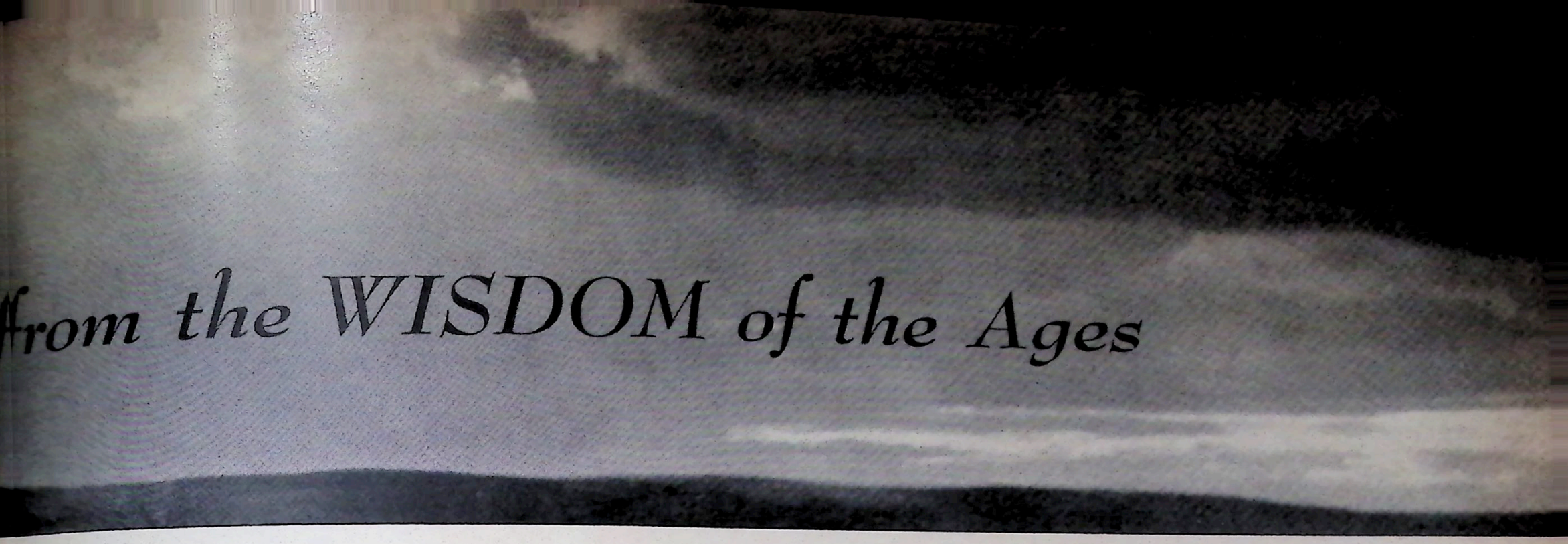
Do not look forward to what might happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you today will take care of you tomorrow and every day. Either He will shield you from suffering, or He will give you unfailing strength to bear it. Be at peace then and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginations. —ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

When anyone has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offense cannot reach it. —RENE DESCARTES

Remember that there is one thing better than making a living—making a life. —CHARLES DICKENS

Learn to be pleased with everything; with wealth, so far as it makes us of benefit to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for; and with obscurity, for being unenvied. —PLUTARCH

He who has conferred a kindness should be silent; he who has received one should speak of it. —SENECA



The way of a superior man is threefold: Virtuous, he is free from anxieties; wise, he is free from perplexities; bold, he is free from fear. —CONFUCIUS

A man has to live with himself, and he should see to it that he always has good company. —CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

Our greatest happiness does not depend on the condition of life in which chance has placed us but is always the result of a good conscience, good health, occupation and freedom in all just pursuits. —THOMAS JEFFERSON

This is eternity now; you are sunk as deep in it, wrapped as close in it, as you ever will be. The future is an illusion; it never arrives; it flies before you as you advance. Always it is today—and after death and a thousand years it is today. You have great deeds to perform and you must do them now. —CHARLES FERGUSON

How soon the millennium would come if the good things people intend to do tomorrow were only done today. —ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you—and the storms, their energy—while cares will drop off like autumn leaves. —JOHN MUIR

He is a wise man who does not grieve for the thing which he has not but rejoices for those which he has. —EPICTETUS

THE NAKEDNESS OF MAN

by Earnest Albert Hooton

IF YOU WERE RESPECTABLE ANTHROPOID APES catching your first glimpses of a specimen of man, your modesty would be shocked by the spectacle of his obscene nakedness. Indeed, even to man himself it is a well nigh insupportable sight, unless he be a savage devoid of culture or a nudist devoid of sensibility.

For here is a mammalian anomaly which lacks the customary covering of fur or hair and displays only clumps and tufts disgustingly sprouting from inappropriate areas. What strange capillary blight has afflicted this animal so as to denude his body of the hairy coat which protects the tender skin from bruises and abrasions, insulates the vital organs and prevents too rapid loss of heat or scorching of the tissues by the actinic rays of the sun? Why has man retained abundant hair only in places where it is relatively useless – such as the brain case, which is already adequately protected by a thick shell of bone, and the face, where whiskers merely interfere with feeding?

To cover his bodily nakedness, man has been forced to slay more fortunate animals so that he may array himself in their furs, or to weave fabrics from their shorn hair or from vegetable fibers wherewith to make inconvenient, unhygienic and generally ridiculous garments. On the other hand, in order to get rid of the superfluous and entangling hair on his face and head, man has been driven to invent many contrivances for eradicating, cutting and shaving. The adult male has experimented unhappily through several millenniums, trying everything from a flint flake to an electric lawn mower in order to clear his face from hirsute entanglement without flaying himself. Each morning he immolates himself for 10 minutes upon the altar of evolutionary inefficiency, until, at the age of threescore and 10, he has paid his full tribute of some 3047 hours of suffering – physical torture if self-inflicted, both physical and mental if he has patronized a barber. And even this staggering total is exclusive of haircuts.

Probably most theories advanced to explain the vagaries of human hair growth have been evolved by scientists during their matutinal shaving periods. We may dismiss summarily the naive supposition that parts of the body have been denuded of hair by the friction of clothing. The least amount of body hair growth is found, on the one hand, in Negroid stocks which have gone naked, presumably for at least 30,000 years, and, on the other hand, in Mongoloids, who have probably sewed themselves up for the winter during a considerable part of that period. I do not recall the origin of the suggestion that human hairlessness was evolved in the tropics to enable man to rid himself of the external parasites commonly called lice. It need be remarked only that, if such was the case, the evolutionary device has been singularly unsuccessful.

Darwin applied his vigorous mind to the task of explaining man's irregular and disharmonious hair growth by his theory of sexual selection. He supposed that nakedness of the skin could not be a direct advantage to man and therefore that his body could not have been divested of hair through natural selection. He observed that in several species of monkey the posterior of the body has been denuded of hair and that these naked surfaces are brilliantly colored. It appeared to him that the hair had been removed in order to display more effectively the bright skin color and thus attract the opposite sex.

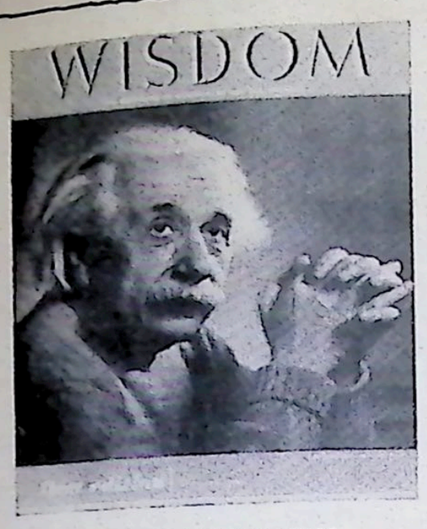
Darwin noted further that the female in man, and even, to some extent, among the anthropoid apes, is less hairy than the male and suggested that denudation began earlier in that sex – far back in the prehuman period. He imagined that the process was completed by the incipiently hairless mothers' transmitting the new characteristic to their offspring of both sexes and exercising both for themselves and for their comparatively naked daughters a discriminatory choice of mates. The smooth-skinned suitor would be preferred to the shaggy and hirsute. Thus Darwin, like Adam, blamed it on the woman.

The great evolutionist made a rather feeble attempt to explain the excessive growth of head hair in women and of beards in men. He suggested that long hair is greatly admired, alleged that in North American Indian tribes a chief was selected solely because of the length of his hair and finally fell back upon St. Paul's statement, "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her." He entirely suppressed the preceding verse of St. Paul's Epistle, which reads: "Doth not even nature itself teach you, that, if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him?" Darwin toyed with, but rejected, the theory that the beard of the male serves to protect his throat in fighting and cogently remarked that the mustache, which presumably had the same origin, could serve no such practical purpose. In the end he had to resort once more to the æsthetic preference of the mating female.

His assumption of the dominating role of the capricious and fastidious female, a sort of prehuman Delilah, is far from convincing. Abundant body hair in the male is traditionally, and probably physiologically, associated with an excess of strength and virility, and the prehuman female probably liked her man hairy. In any case, zoological studies of the habits of contemporary subhuman primates indicate in no indecisive fashion that the female is not asked, but taken, that she is passive, acquiescent and devoid of æsthetic perception. She does not choose but only stands and waits. Darwin might have done better with his subject if he himself had formed the habit of shaving. Perhaps he had built up a defense around an inferiority complex with respect to his beard.

Recent students have ascribed more importance to nutrition and glandular functioning in explaining human hair growth than to the romantic theory of sexual selection. Thus Sir Arthur Keith has pointed out that the human baby is not only less hairy than the anthropoid baby but also considerably more plump. The secretions of the thyroid gland probably affect the nourishment of both skin and hair. If man's ancestors at any early time obtained command of an adequate food supply, hairlessness might have been one of the first effects of incipient human culture. As man waxed fat his hairiness waned. The layer of subcutaneous fat would discourage the growth of the hair follicles and take over the insulating function of the hairy coat.

There are other theories to account for this deplorably glabrous condition of man, but none which would satisfy a critical anthropoid ape. Chivalry, as well as common sense, dictates a rejection of the blame-it-on-your-wife theory. I adhere rather to the supposition that we have retained a fetal condition, normal in the third month of prenatal development and, on the whole, disadvantageous but correlated with other persistent fetal features which have a positive survival value. Thus we stand naked, and not unashamed, but claiming that we have done our best to remedy a situation which is not of our making. ♦



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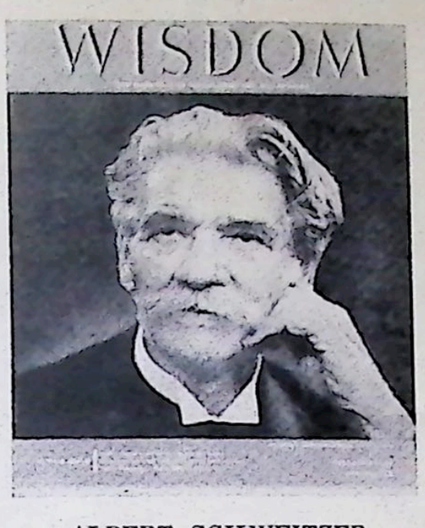

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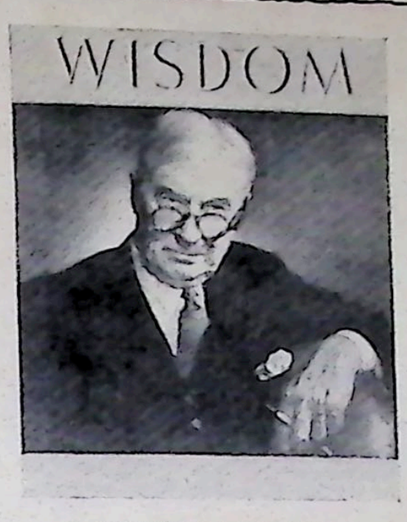

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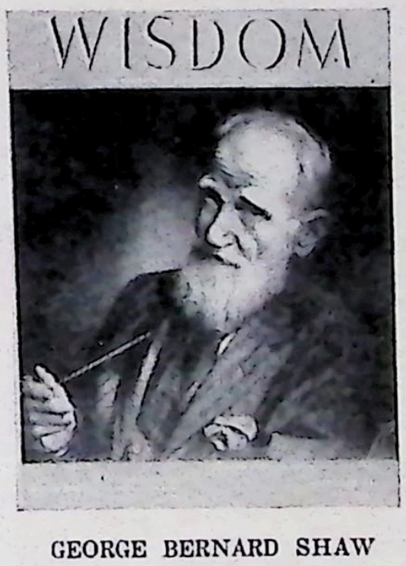

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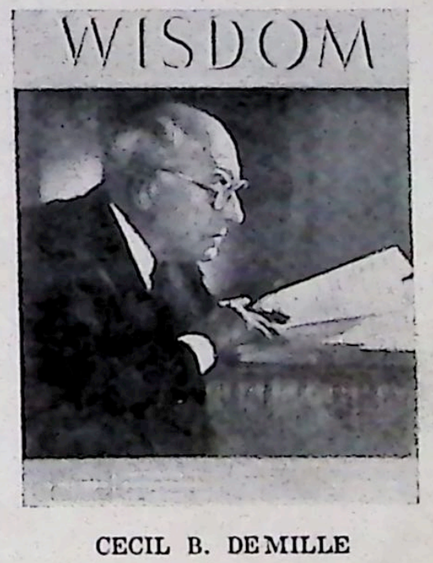

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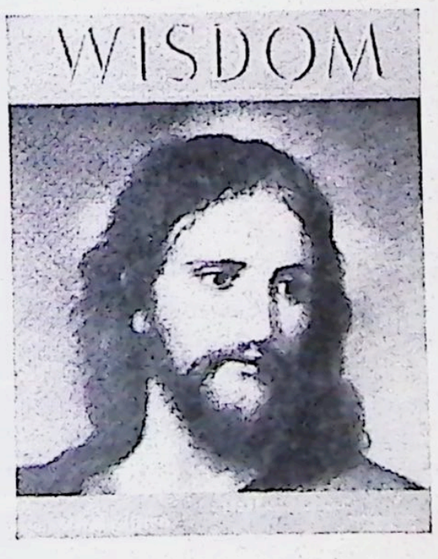
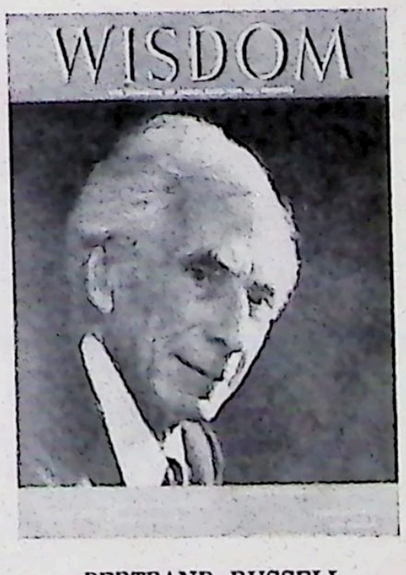


JESUS

THE THINKER



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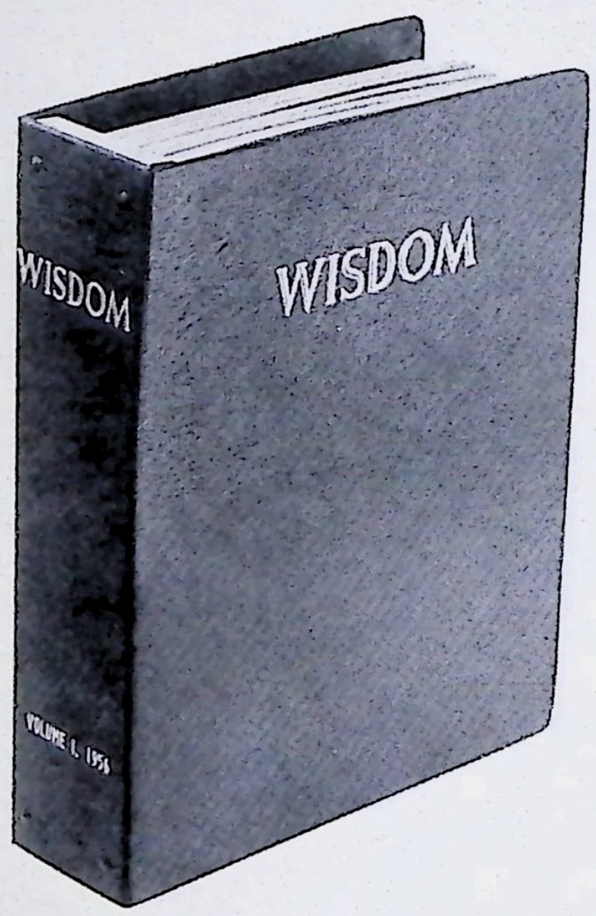

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CLARENCE DARROW: If a man is happy in America, it is considered he is doing something wrong.

* *

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ: The greater the philosopher, the harder it is for him to answer the questions of the average man.

* *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: I am only an average man but, by George, I work harder at it than the average man.

* *

MARTIN HENRY FISCHER: Half the modern drugs could well be thrown out the window, except that the birds might eat them.

* *

OLIVER HERFORD: Charity is the sterilized milk of human kindness.

* *

WILL ROGERS: America is a nation that conceives many odd inventions for getting somewhere but can think of nothing to do when it gets there.

* *

NICHOLAS CHAMFORT: The success of many books is due to the affinity between the mediocrity of the author's ideas and those of the public.

* *

CHARLES READE: We go on fancying that each man is thinking of us, but he is not; he is like us: He is thinking of himself.

* *

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON: Our wisdom, whether expressed in public or private, belongs to the world, but our follies belong to those we love.

* *

SAMUEL JOHNSON: That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that a wrong one.

* *

ALEXANDER DUMAS *(père)*: It is often woman who inspires us with the great things that she will prevent us from accomplishing.

* *

WALT WHITMAN: Damn all expurgated books; the dirtiest book of all is the expurgated book.

* *

HELEN ROWLAND: A woman marries the first time for love, the second time for companionship, the third time for support and the rest of the time just from habit.

FINLEY PETER DUNNE: A lie with a purpose is one of the worst kind, and the most profitable.

* *

ROBERT FROST: The reason why worry kills more people than work is that more people worry than work.

* *

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE: What is love? The need to escape from oneself.

* *

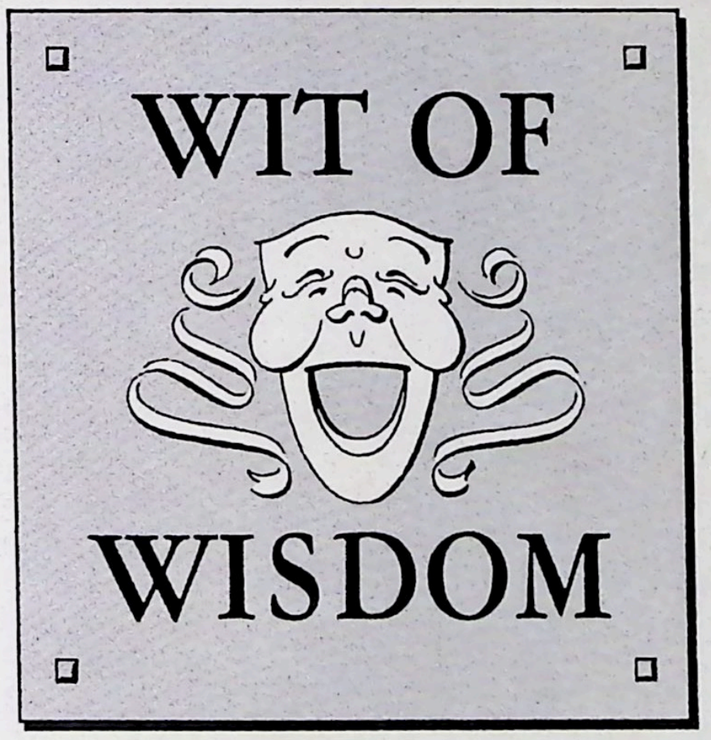
MARY WILSON LITTLE: There is no pleasure in having nothing to do; the fun is in having lots to do and not doing it.

* *

SAMUEL BUTLER: Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without being found out.

* *

CHARLES CALEB COLTON: Many speak the truth when they say that they despise riches, but they mean the riches possessed by other men.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN: I don't know who my grandfather was; I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be.

* *

OGDEN NASH: Why did the Lord give us so much quickness of movement unless it was to avoid responsibility?

* *

AUSTIN O'MALLEY: All things come to him who waits – even justice.

* *

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.

JOSH BILLINGS: A woman will sometimes confess her sins, but I never knew one to confess her faults.

* *

ARNOLD BENNETT: Good taste is better than bad taste, but bad taste is better than no taste at all.

* *

MARQUIS OF HALIFAX: Education is what remains when we have forgotten all that we have been taught.

* *

VOLTAIRE: The secret of being a bore is to tell everything.

* *

H. L. MENCKEN: The older I grow, the more I distrust the familiar doctrine that age brings wisdom.

* *

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: First love is only a little foolishness and a lot of curiosity.

* *

DON HEROLD: There's no reason why any child should lack a complete knowledge of life, since there is no censorship of drugstore windows.

* *

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: If a man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.

* *

DON MARQUIS: If you make people think they're thinking, they'll love you; but if you really make them think, they'll hate you.

* *

RABELAIS: God forbid that I should be out of debt – as if, indeed, I could not be trusted.

* *

THOMAS ROBERT DEWAR: Four-fifths of the perjury in the world is expended on tombstones, women and competitors.

* *

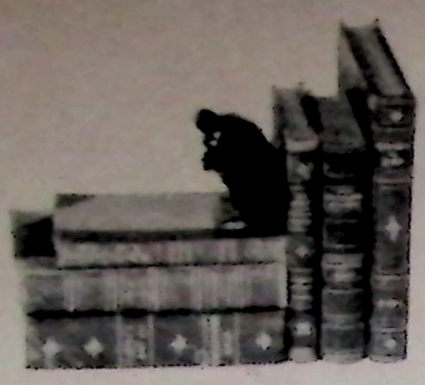
OSCAR WILDE: The world is a stage, but the play is badly cast.

* *

ANATOLE FRANCE: We do not know what to do with this short life, yet we want another which will be eternal.

* *

FRANCOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: Virtue would not go far if vanity did not keep it company.



BOOKS FOR WISDOM

U. S. CAMERA, 1957

edited by Tom Maloney (associate editors, Mary P. R. Thomas & Jack L. Terracciano)

The 22nd *U. S. Camera Annual* is one of the most useful, comprehensive guides to camera artistry the world over. The acknowledged masters, as well as unknown talents, are represented in this book. The photography, in both black-and-white and color, encompasses a wide spectrum of human philosophy and experience from the never-never fantasy land of fashion to the tragic, the humorous, the earthy and the ethereal. This work will be a gratifying experience to those who enjoy the visual arts.
U. S. Camera Publishing Co. (Duell, Sloane & Pearce), $6.95

THE MEANING OF AMERICANISM

by Robert N. Beck

This work won the $1000 prize in a national essay contest sponsored by the Philosophical Library. The author, who teaches at Clark University, traces the spiritual and philosophical foundations of the American mind. Especially eloquent is his chapter on the role of justice in American life; his discussion of the conflict between liberalism and conservatism is also extremely well done. This work is designed for both layman and scholar. Those who would like to explore the subject more fully will appreciate the extensive bibliography.
Philosophical Library Inc., $4.75

ARCHITECTURE, NATURE AND MAGIC

by W. R. Lethaby

Concentrating on the human side of architecture, the author indicates how ideas and social conditions influence the progress of art. "All the arts," he writes, "had their origin in efforts to satisfy the needs of the body and the mind, and for long in the youth of the world the mind was deeply immersed in magic . . . The greater buildings were not only for ritual purposes, but they themselves were embodied magic." The book is well illustrated and should be of interest to the general reader as well as to the student of architecture.
George Braziller Inc., $3.95

THE PORTABLE EMERSON

edited and with an introduction by Mark Van Doren

This is a notable collection of Emerson's works, with a most readable introduction by a brilliant literary scholar. Mark Van Doren, a Pulitzer Prize winner, has long been interested in the philosophy of Emerson, and he knows what ideas of Emerson are most important to the general reader. Emerson's portraits of Thoreau, Carlyle and Montaigne are especially eloquent. The book concludes with letters which Emerson wrote to famous personalities, including Margaret Fuller and Martin Van Buren. His correspondence with Carlyle is especially fascinating. In a letter to Carlyle, Emerson remarked: "Our existence looks to me more than ever initial. We have come to see the ground and look up materials and tools. The men who have any positive quality are a flying advance party for reconnoitering." This optimistic statement is symbolic of the faith of Emerson, whose ideas will inspire the thoughtful reader. *Viking Press, $1.45 (paper-bound)*

THE PAPERS OF CHRISTIAN GAUSS

edited by Katherine Gauss Jackson & Hiram Haydn

Christian Gauss was one of the unforgettable educators of our time and was involved not only in the advancement of Princeton University but also in many literary activities. He corresponded with such outstanding writers as Edmund Wilson and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Generally, he was a conservative who had little understanding for the rebellious spirit of the 1920s. Thus, his ideas clashed with those of Fitzgerald, who was the apostle of rebellion. When the latter wanted to lecture at Princeton, Gauss refused to extend an invitation. Gauss believed that man could advance only through self-control. This idea he expressed most eloquently in an essay entitled "The Younger Generation." Anyone who reads his *Papers* will be impressed by the sincerity of Gauss, who made many distinguished contributions to education and influenced many young Princeton students to become disciplined scholars.
Random House, $6

PORTRAITS FROM MEMORY

by Bertrand Russell

One of the great philosophers of our time has written a most delightful book about his friends and acquaintances. A descendant of one of the notable families of England, Bertrand Russell, a tireless traveler, has met many of the famous men of our time. His descriptions of Conrad and Shaw are especially impressive. He is not always objective, as can be seen by his discussion of American ideals. Russell writes with clarity and beauty: "I like precision . . . I hate misty outlines." This creed is manifest in all his writings, which have had a great influence upon the Western World. As a skeptic, Russell dislikes both religious orthodoxy and political dogmatism. He is a keen seeker of truth, and thus, when he describes individuals such as Whitehead, he writes about both their positive and negative qualities. *Portraits from Memory* should be of interest not only to philosophers but also to the general reader.
Simon & Schuster, $3

CHAGALL

by Lionello Venturi

"Chagall's natural impulse is all toward kindness, pleasure, joy, confidence and happiness.

". . . Nevertheless even his least unclouded joys are never quite free from apprehensions of disaster; hence the melancholy that dogs him throughout his life and the satanic element lurking even in his most blissful pictures."

In these two sentences Lionello Venturi, one of Chagall's oldest friends and his most authoritative critic, epitomizes the spirit of Chagall's art, an art so expertly filled with poetry, fantasy, reality, myths, the conscious and the unconscious that the impossible becomes credible; the unreal, evident; the fantastic, familiar — and the world is bathed in friendly magic.

Chagall, in Skira's *The Taste of Our Time* series, is a happy, cheerful book even when the "satanic element" lurks in the merriest of paintings. The reader's interest is captured at first glance by the reproductions of those richly imaginative paintings which upset the laws of nature and ignore the pull of gravity and all accepted rules of color relationship. From the soaring "Man Leaping over City" on the front of the jacket to a brilliant "Red Rooster" on the back, this book is filled with superb reproductions of Chagall's paintings from 1908 to 1956. Professor Venturi has written an engaging biography of a complex artist; in his text he reveals the warm, human personality of a man to whom nothing is unreal or impossible. *Skira Inc., $5.75*

GOVERNMENT AND ART

by Ralph Purcell

Ralph Purcell, a professor of government at Sweet Briar College, has written a most significant book about the relationship of the Federal Government to æsthetic endeavor. He starts with the ideas of Jefferson, who was an early patron of the fine arts, and ends with some of Eisenhower's proposals to promote these arts in the United States. Furthermore, Professor Purcell deals with the promotion of art on the part of State Governments, especially in North Carolina and Minnesota. Since private patronage is decreasing, it appears that the Government should take a more active part in sponsoring works of music, painting, sculpture and other artistic undertakings.

We realize today that the arts are significant not only as an expression of national life but also as an enrichment for the individual. The art of Greece remains as a symbol of a lofty way of life. Can America make the same contribution to civilization? This book by Professor Purcell should increase our awareness of the role of art in promoting the ideals of democratic civilization. *Public Affairs Press, $2.75*

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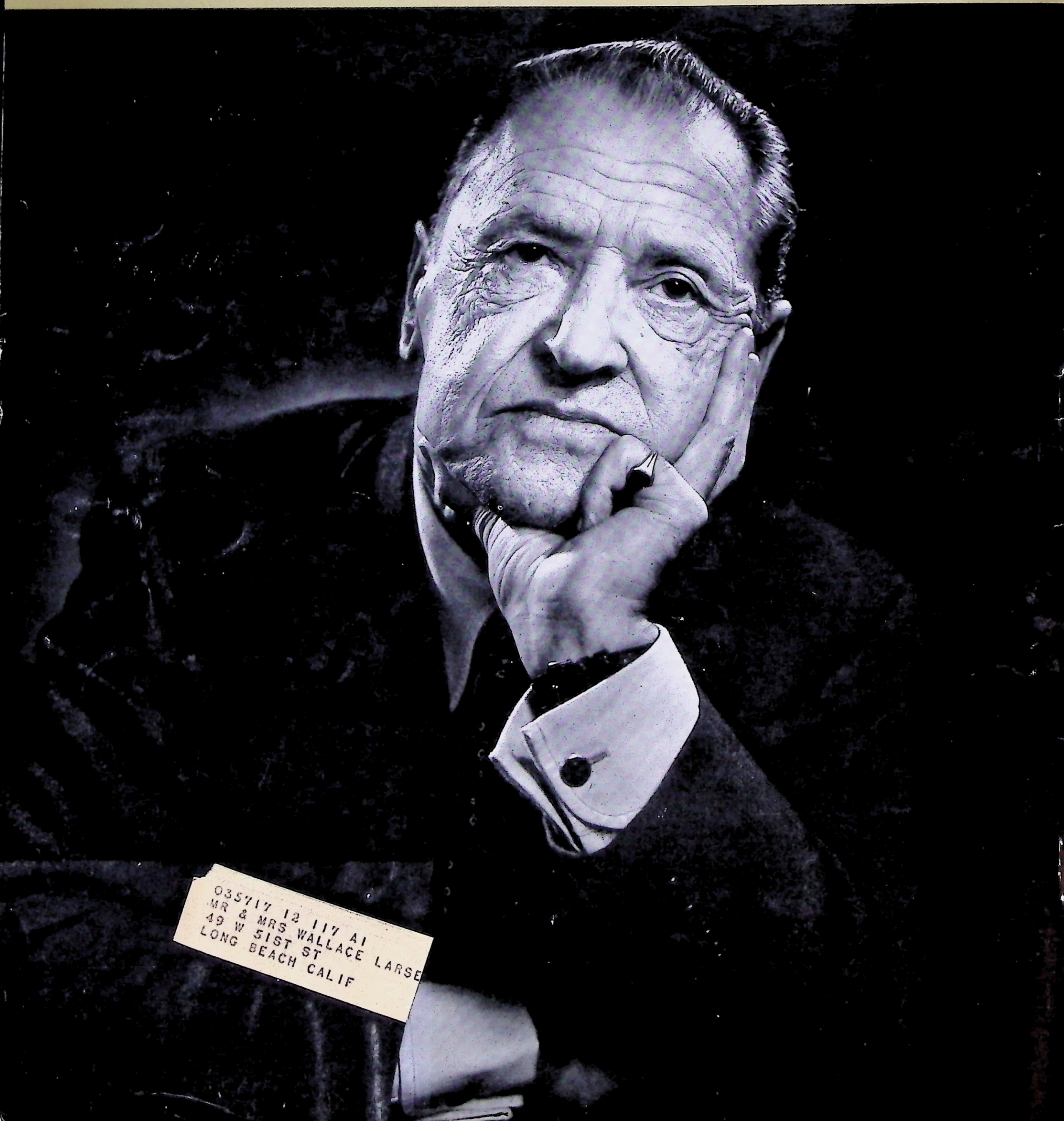

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